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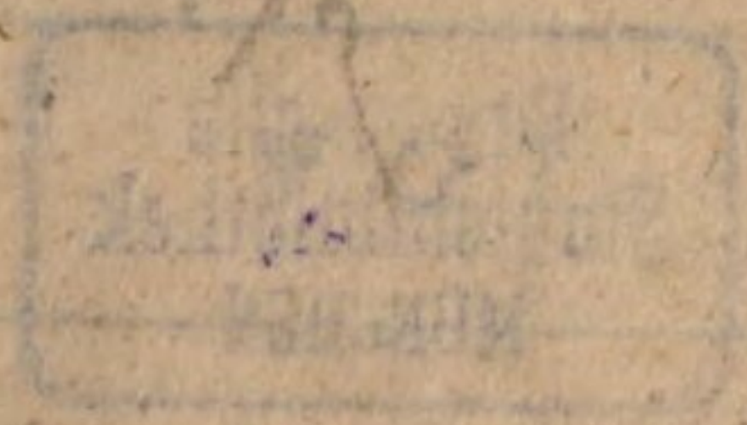

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8

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE DISTREST MOTHER.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

Mr. AMB. PHILIPS.

LONDON:
Printed for T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.
M.DCC.LXVII.

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BIBLIOTHECA
MONACENSIS

To Her GRACE the

Dutchess of *Montague*.

MADAM,

THIS Tragedy, which I do myself the Honour to dedicate to Your GRACE, is form'd upon an Original, which passes for the most finished Piece in this kind of Writing, that has ever been produc'd in the *French* Language. The principal Action and main Distress of the Play is of such a Nature, as seems more immediately to claim the Patronage of a Lady: And, when I consider the great and shining Characters of Antiquity, that are celebrated in it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a Person, whose illustrious Father has by a long Series of Glorious Actions, (for the Service of his Country, and in Defence of the Liberties of *Europe*) not only surpassed the Generals of his own Time, but equalled the greatest Heroes of former Ages. The Name of *Hector* could not be more ter-

rible to the *Greeks*, than that of the Duke of *Marlborough* has been to the *French*.

The refin'd Taſte You are known to have in all Entertainments for the Diverſion of the Publick, and the peculiar Life and Ornament Your Preſence gives to all Aſſemblies, was no ſmall Motive to determine me in the Choice of my Patroneſs. The Charms that ſhine out in the Perſon of Your GRACE, may convince every one, that there is nothing unnatural in the Power which is aſcribed to the Beauty of *Andromache*.

The ſtrict Regard I have had to Decency and good Manners throughout this Work, is the greateſt Merit I pretend to plead in Favour of my Preſumption; and is, I am ſenſible, the only Argument that can recommend it moſt effectually to your Protection.

I am, with the greateſt Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your GRACE'*s moſt Humble,*

and moſt Obedient Servant,

AMB. PHILIPS.

THE PREFACE.

IN all the Works of Genius and Invention, whether in Verſe or Proſe, there are in general but three Manners of Style; the one ſublime, and full of Majeſty; the other ſimple, natural, and eaſy; and the third, ſwelling, forc'd, and unnatural. An injudicious Affectation and Sublimity is what has betray'd a great many Authors into the latter; not conſidering that real Greatneſs in Writing, as well as in Manners, conſiſts in an unaffected Simplicity. The true Sublime does not lie in ſtrained Metaphors and the Pomp of Words; but riſes out of noble Sentiments and ſtrong Images of Nature; which will always appear the more conſpicuous, when the Language does not ſwell to hide and over-ſhadow them.

Theſe are the Conſiderations that have induced me to write this Tragedy in a Style very different from what has been uſually practiſed amongſt us in Poems of this Nature. I have had the Advantage to copy after a very great Maſter, whoſe Writings are deſervedly admired in all Parts of *Europe*, and whoſe Excellencies are too well known to the Men of Letters in this Nation, to ſtand in need of any farther Diſcovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the Beauties of Monſieur *Racine* in my Attempt, and to do him no Prejudice in the Liberties I have taken frequently to vary from ſo great a Poet, I ſhall have no Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the Labour it has coſt me to bring the compleateſt of his Works upon the *Engliſh* Stage.

I ſhall trouble my Reader no farther, than to give him ſome ſhort Hints relating to this Play from the Preface of the *French* Author. The following Lines of *Virgil* mark out the Scene, the Action, and the four principal Actors in this Tragedy, together with their diſtinct Characters; excepting that of *Hermione*, whoſe Rage and Jealouſy is ſufficiently painted in the *Andromache* of *Euripides*.

Littora-

Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Chaonio, & celsam Buthroti ascendimus Urbem ——
Solemnes cùm fortè dapes, & tristia dona
Libabat cineri Andromache, Manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespite inanem,
Et geminas, causam lacrymis, sacraverat Aras ——
Dejecit vultum, & demissâ voce locuta est:
O Felix una ante alias Priameia Virgo,
Hostilem ad tumulum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Jussa mori! quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
Nos, Patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquore vectæ,
Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, Juvenemque superbum
Servitio enixæ tulimus, qui deinde secutus
Ladæam Hermionen, Lacedæmoniosque hymenæos ——
Ast illum ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
Conjugis, & scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad Aras.

Virg. Æn. lib. III.

The great Concern of *Andromache*, in the *Greek* Poet, is for the Life of *Molossus*, a Son she had by *Pyrrhus*. But it is more conformable to the general Notion we form of that Princess, at this great Distance of Time, to represent her as the disconsolate Widow of *Hector*, and to suppose her the Mother only of *Astyanax*. Considered in this Light, no doubt, she moves her Compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any Distress for a Son by a second Husband.

In order to bring about this beautiful Incident, so necessary to heighten in *Andromache* the Character of a tender Mother, an affectionate Wife, and a Widow full of Veneration for the Memory of her deceased Husband; the Life of *Astyanax* is indeed a little prolonged beyond the Term fixed to it by the general Consent of the antient Authors. But so long as there is nothing improbable in the Supposition, a judicious Critick will always be pleased when he finds a Matter of Fact (especially so far removed in the dark and fabulous Ages) falsified, for the Embellishment of a whole Poem.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, *Written by Mr.* STEELE.

SINCE Fancy of itself is loose and vain,
The Wise by Rules that airy Power restrain:
They think those Writers mad, who at their Ease
Convey this House and Audience where they please:
Who Nature's stated Distances confound,
And make this Spot all Soils the Sun goes round:
'Tis nothing when a fancy'd Scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden *to* Peru.
But Shakespear's *Self transgress'd; and shall each Elf,*
Each Pigmy Genius, quote great Shakespear's *Self!*
What Critick dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out Limits for such boundless Wit!
Shakespear *cou'd travel thro' Earth, Sea and Air,*
And paint out all the Powers and Wonders there.
In barren Deserts He makes Nature smile,
And gives us Feasts in his Enchanted Isle.
Our Author does his feeble Force confess,
Nor dares pretend such Merit to transgress;
Does not such shining Gifts of Genius share,
And therefore makes Propriety his Care.
Your Treat with study'd Decency he serves:
Not only Rules of Time and Place preserves,
But strives to keep his Characters intire,
With French *Correctness, and with* British *Fire.*
This Piece presented in a Foreign Tongue,
When France *was glorious, and her Monarch young,*
A hundred times a crowded Audience drew;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.
Pyrrhus *provok'd, to no wild Rants betray'd,*
Resents his generous Love so ill repay'd;
Does like a Man resent, a Prince upbraid.
His Sentiments disclose a Royal Mind,
Nor is he known a King from Guards behind.
Injur'd Hermione *demands Relief;*
But not from heavy Narratives of Grief:
In conscious Majesty her Pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her Wrongs, but not bemoan.
Andromache —— *If in our Author's Lines,*
As in the great Original, she shines,
Nothing but from Barbarity she fears.
Attend with Silence, you'll applaud with Tears.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Pyrrhus, the Son of *Achilles*, and King of *Epirus*, in Love with *Andromache*, but betrothed to *Hermione*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Phœnix, Counſellor to *Pyrrhus*.	Mr. *Boroman*.
Oreſtes, the Son of *Agamemnon*, Ambaſſador from the *Greeks* to *Pyrrhus*, in Love with *Hermione*.	Mr. *Powel*.
Pylades, Friend to *Oreſtes*, ſeparated from him in a Storm, driven on the Coaſts of *Epirus*, and detained by contrary Winds in the Court of *Pyrrhus*.	Mr. *Mills*.

WOMEN.

Andromache, *Hector*'s Widow, Captive to *Pyrrhus*, and Mother to *Aſtyanax*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Cephiſa, Confidante to *Andromache*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Hermione, Daughter to *Menelaus* and *Helen*, betrothed to *Pyrrhus*.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Cleone, Confidante to *Hermione*.	Mrs. *Cox*.

Attendants to Pyrrhus *and* Oreſtes, *&c.*

The SCENE *a great Hall in the Court of* Pyrrhus *at* Burthrotos, *the Capital City of* Epirus.

THE

THE DISTREST MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oreſtes *and* Pylades.

ORESTES.

O *Pylades!* What's Life without a Friend!
At Sight of thee my gloomy Soul chears up;
My Hopes revive, and Gladneſs dawns within me.
After an Abſence of ſix tedious Moons,
How cou'd I hope to find my *Pylades*,
My Joy, my Comfort! on this fatal Shore?
Even in the Court of *Pyrrhus?* in theſe Realms,
Theſe hated Realms, ſo croſs to all my Wiſhes:
Oh, my brave Friend! may no blind Stroke of Fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myſelf.

Pyl. O Prince! O my *Oreſtes!* O my Friend!——
Thus let me ſpeak the welcome of my Heart. [*Embracing.*
Since I have gain'd this unexpected Meeting,
Bleſt be the Powers who barr'd my Way to *Greece*,
And kept me here! ever ſince the unhappy Day,
When warring Winds (*Epirus* full in view)
Sunder'd our Barks on the loud, ſtormy Main.

Oreſt. It was, indeed, a Morning full of Horror!

Pyl. A thouſand boding Cares have rack'd my Soul
In your Behalf. Often, with Tears, I mourn'd
The fatal Ills, in which your Life's involv'd;
And grudg'd you Dangers, which I could not ſhare.
I fear'd to what Extremes the black Deſpair,
That prey'd upon your Mind, might have betray'd you;
And leſt the Gods, in pity to your Woes,
Should hear your Pray'rs, and take the Life you loath'd.
But now with Joy I ſee you!——The Retinue
And numerous Followers that ſurround you here,
Speak better Fortunes, and a Mind diſpos'd
To reliſh Life.

Oreſt.

Oreſt. Alas! my Friend, who knows
The Deſtiny, to which I ſtand reſerv'd!
I come in ſearch of an inhuman Fair;
And live or die, as ſhe decrees my Fate.

Pyl. You much ſurpriſe me, Prince!——I thought you cur'd
Of your unpity'd, unſucceſsful Paſſion.
Why, in *Epirus*, ſhould you hope to find
Hermione, leſs cruel, than at *Sparta?*
I thought her Pride, and the diſdainful Manner,
In which ſhe treated all your conſtant Suff'rings,
Had broke your Fetters, and aſſur'd your Freedom:
Aſham'd of your Repulſe, and ſlighted Vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more,
Prince, you deceiv'd me,

Oreſt. I deceiv'd myſelf.
Do not upbraid the unhappy Man, that loves thee.
Thou know'ſt, I never hid my Paſſion from thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt it in its Birth, and in its Progreſs.
And when at laſt the hoary King, her Father,
Great *Menelaüs*, gave away his Daughter,
His lovely Daughter to this happy *Pyrrhus*,
Th' Avenger of his Wrongs; thou ſaw'ſt my Grief,
My Torture, my Deſpair; and how I dragg'd,
From Sea to Sea, a heavy Chain of Woes.
O *Pylades!* my Heart has bled within me,
To ſee thee, preſt with Sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me, like a baniſh'd Man!
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched Friend,
To temper the wild Tranſports of my Mind,
And ſave me from myſelf.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?
Why will you envy me the pleaſing Taſks
Of generous Love and ſympathizing Friendſhip?

Oreſt. Thou Miracle of Truth!——But hear me on.
When, in the midſt of my diſaſtrous Fate,
I thought how the Divine *Hermione*,
Deaf to my Vows, regardleſs of my Plaints,
Gave up herſelf in all her Charms, to *Pyrrhus*;
Thou may'ſt remember, I abhorr'd her Name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her Scorn.

I made

I made my Friends, and even myſelf, believe
My Soul was freed. Alas! I did not ſee,
That all the Malice of my Heart was Love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a Captive ſtill,
In *Greece* I landed: And in *Greece* I found
The aſſembled Princes all alarm'd with Fears,
In which their common Safety ſeem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: For I hoped that War and Glory
Might fill my Mind, and take up all my Thoughts:
And, that my ſhatter'd Soul, impair'd with Grief,
Once more would reaſſume its wonted Vigour,
And ev'ry idle Paſſion quit my Breaſt.

Pyl. The Thought was worthy *Agamemnon*'s Son.

Oreſt. But ſee the ſtrange Perverſeneſs of my Stars,
Which throws me on the Rock I ſtrove to ſhun!
The jealous Chiefs, and all the States of *Greece*,
With one united Voice, complain of *Pyrrhus*;
That now, forgetful of the Promiſe given,
And mindleſs of his God-like Father's Fate,
Aſtyanax he nurſes in his Court;
Aſtyanax, the Young, ſurviving Hope
Of ruin'd *Troy*; *Aſtyanax*, deſcended
From a long Race of Kings; great *Hector*'s Son.

Pyl. A Name ſtill dreadful in the Ears of *Greece!*
But, Prince, you'll ceaſe to wonder, why the Child
Lives thus protected in the Court of *Pyrrhus*;
When you ſhall hear, the bright *Andromache*,
His lovely Captive, charms him from his Purpoſe:
The Mother's Beauty guards the helpleſs Son.

Oreſt. Your Tale confirms what I have heard; and hence
Spring all my Hopes. Since my proud Rival wooes
Another Partner to his Throne and Bed,
Hermione may ſtill be mine. Her Father,
The injur'd *Menelaüs*, thinks already
His Daughter ſlighted, and th'intended Nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud Complaints
With ſecret Pleaſure; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful Maid neglected in her Turn,
And all my Wrongs aveng'd in her Diſgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your juſt Reſentments warm!

Oreſt. Reſentments? Oh my Friend, too ſoon I found
They grew not out of Hatred! I am betray'd;
I practiſe on myſelf; and fondly plot
My own Undoing. Goaded on by Love,
I canvaſs'd all the Suffrages of *Greece*;
And here I come their ſworn Ambaſſador,
To ſpeak their Jealouſies, and claim this Boy.

Pyl. *Pyrrhus* will treat your Embaſſy with Scorn,
Full of *Achilles*, his redoubted Sire;
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headſtrong, fierce;
Made up of Paſſions: Will he then be ſway'd,
And give to Death the Son of her he loves?

Oreſt. Oh, would he render up *Hermione*,
And keep *Aſtyanax*, I ſhould be bleſt!
He muſt; he ſhall: *Hermione* is my Life,
My Soul, my Rapture!——I'll no longer curb
The ſtrong Deſire, that hurries me to Madneſs:
I'll give a Looſe to Love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his Arms; I'll——O, ye Gods!
Give me *Hermione*, or let me die!——
But tell me, *Pylades*; how ſtand my Hopes?
Is *Pyrrhus* ſtill enamour'd with her Charms?
Or doſt thou think he'll yield me up the Prize,
The dear, dear Prize, which he has raviſh'd from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond Hopes ſo far;
The King, indeed, cold to the *Spartan* Princeſs,
Turns all his Paſſion to *Andromache*,
Hector's afflicted Widow. But in vain,
With interwoven Love and Rage, he ſues
The charming Captive, obſtinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her Child, confin'd
Apart; and, when her Tears begin to flow,
As ſoon he ſtops them, and recalls his Threats.
Hermione a thouſand times has ſeen
His ill-requited Vows return to her;
And takes his Indignation all for Love.
What can be gather'd from a Man ſo various?
He may, in the Diſorder of his Soul,
Wed her, he hates; and puniſh her, he loves.

Oreſt. But tell me, how the wrong'd *Hermione*
Brooks her ſlow Nuptials, and diſhonoured Charms?

Pyl.

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to ſcorn
Her wavering Lover, and diſdain his Falſhood;
But, ſpite of all her Pride, and conſcious Beauty,
She mourns in ſecret her neglected Charms;
And oft has made me privy to her Tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet ſtill ſhe ſtays;
And ſometimes ſighs, and wiſhes for *Oreſtes*.

Oreſt. Ah, were thoſe Wiſhes from her Heart, my Friend,
I'd fly in Tranſport —— [*Flouriſh within.*

Pyl. Hear! —— The King approaches
To give you Audience. Speak your Embaſſy
Without Reſerve: Urge the Demands of *Greece*;
And in the Name of all her Kings require,
That *Hector*'s Son be given into your Hands.
Pyrrhus, inſtead of granting what they aſk,
To ſpeed his Love, and win the *Trojan* Dame,
Will make it Merit to preſerve her Son.
But, ſee; he comes!

Oreſt. Mean while, my *Pylades*,
Go, and diſpoſe *Hermione* to ſee
Her Lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himſelf in all his Sorrows at her Feet.

SCENE II.

Oreſtes, Pyrrhus, *and* Phœnix.

Oreſt. Before I ſpeak the Meſſage of the *Greeks*,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the Title
Of their Ambaſſador; ſince I behold
Troy's Vanquiſher, and great *Achilles*' Son.
Nor does the Son riſe ſhort of ſuch a Father:
If *Hector* fell by him, *Troy* fell by you.
But, what your Father never would have done,
You do. You cheriſh the Remains of *Troy*;
And, by an ill-timed Pity, keep alive
The dying Embers of a Ten-years War.
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mighty *Hector*?
The *Greeks* remember his high brandiſh'd Sword,
That fill'd their States with Widows and with Orphans;
For which they call for Vengeance on his Son.

Who knows what he may one Day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our Ports; and, fill'd
With *Hector*'s Fury, ſet our Fleets on blaze?
You may, yourſelf, live to repent your Mercy.'
Comply, then, with the *Grecians* juſt Demands:
Satiate their Vengeance, and preſerve yourſelf.

Pyr. The *Greeks* are for my Safety more concern'd
Than I deſire. I thought your Kings were met
On more important Counſel. When I heard
The Name of their Ambaſſador, I hoped
Some glorious Enterprize was taking Birth.
Is *Agamemnon*'s Son diſpatch'd for this?
And do the *Grecian* Chiefs, renown'd in War,
A Race of Heroes, join in cloſe Debate,
To plot an Infant's Death?—What Right has *Greece*
To aſk his Life? Muſt I, muſt I alone,
Of all her ſcepter'd Warriors, be deny'd
To treat my Captive as I pleaſe? Know, Prince,
When *Troy* lay ſmoaking on the Ground, and each
Proud Victor ſhared the Harveſt of the War;
Andromache and this her Son were mine;
Were mine by Lot? And who ſhall wreſt them from me?
Ulyſſes bore away old *Priam*'s Queen;
Caſſandra was your own great Father's Prize:
Did I concern myſelf in what they won?
Did I ſend Embaſſies to claim their Captives?

Oreſt. But, Sir, we fear, for you and for ourſelves.
Troy may again revive, and a new *Hector*
Riſe in *Aſtyanax*. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let daſtard Souls be timorouſly wiſe:
But tell them, *Pyrrhus* knows not how to form
Far fancy'd Ills, and Dangers out of ſight.

Oreſt. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd Strength of *Troy*;
Her Walls, her Bulwarks, and her Gates of Braſs;
Her Kings, her Heroes, and embattel'd Armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and ſee them all
Confus'd in Duſt; all mixt in one wide Ruin;
All but a Child, and he in Bondage held.
What Vengeance can we fear from ſuch a *Troy*?
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh *Hector*'s Race,

Why

Why was their Vow for twelve long Months deferr'd?
Why was he not in *Priam*'s Boſom-ſlain?
He ſhould have fall'n among the ſlaughter'd Heaps,
Whelm'd under *Troy*. His Death had then been juſt,
When Age and Infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their Weakneſs; when the Heat of Conqueſt,
And Horrors of the Sight, rouz'd all our Rage,
And blindly hurry'd us thro' Scenes of Death.
My Fury then was without Bounds: But now,
My Wrath appeas'd, muſt I be cruel ſtill?
And, deaf to all the tender Calls of Pity,
Like a cool Murderer, bathe my Hands in Blood?
An Infant's Blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the *Greeks*
Mark out ſome other Victim; my Revenge
Has had its Fill. What has eſcaped from *Troy*
Shall not be ſaved to periſh in *Epirus*.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, Sir, *Aſtyanax*
Was doom'd to Death in *Troy*; nor mention how
The crafty Mother ſav'd her darling Son.
The *Greeks* do now but urge their former Sentence;
Nor is't the Boy, but *Hector* they purſue;
The Father draws their Vengeance on the Son:
The Father, who ſo oft in *Grecian* Blood
Has drench'd his Sword: The Father, whom the *Greeks*
May ſeek even here.——Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; ſince I was born to wage
Eternal Wars. Let them now turn their Arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: Let them come,
And in *Epirus* ſeek another *Troy*.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my God-like Sire;
Thus was *Achilles* thank'd: But, Prince, remember,
Their black Ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall *Greece* then find a Rebel Son in *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on *Greece*?

Oreſt. *Hermione* will ſway your Soul to Peace,
And mediate 'twixt her Father and yourſelf:
Her Beauty will enforce my Embaſſy.

Pyr. *Hermione* may have her Charms; and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her Father's Slave.
I may in time give Proofs, that I am a Lover;
But never muſt forget, that I am a King.

Mean while, Sir, you may ſee fair *Helen*'s Daughter:
I know how near in Blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my Anſwer, Prince. The *Greeks*
No doubt expect your quick Return.

SCENE III.

Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix.

Phœn. Sir, do you ſend your Rival to the Princeſs?
Pyr. I am told, that he has lov'd her long.
Phœn. If ſo,
Have you not Cauſe to fear the ſmother'd Flame
May kindle at her Sight, and blaze a-new?
And ſhe be wrought to liſten to his Paſſion.
Pyr. Ay, let them, *Phœnix*, let them love their Fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together;
Together let them ſail for *Sparta*: All my Ports
Are open to them both. From what Conſtraint,
What irkſome Thoughts ſhould I be then reliev'd!
Phœn. But, Sir——
Pyr. I ſhall another time, good *Phœnix*,
Unboſom to thee all my Thoughts,——For, ſee,
Andromache appears.

SCENE IV.

Pyrrhus, Andromache, *and* Cephiſa.

Pyr. May I, Madam,
Flatter my Hopes ſo far, as to believe
You come to ſeek me here?
Andr. This Way, Sir, leads
To thoſe Apartments, where you guard my Son.
Since you permit me, once a Day, to viſit
All I have left of *Hector*, and of *Troy*;
I go to weep a few ſad Moments with him.
I have not yet, to Day, embrac'd my Child;
have not held him in my widow'd Arms.
Pyr. Ah, Madam! ſhould the Threats of *Greece* prevail
You'll have Occaſion for your Tears, indeed!

Andr.

Andr. Alas! what Threats! What can alarm the
Greeks?
There are no *Trojans* left!
Pyr. Their Hate to *Hector*
Can never die: The Terror of his Name
Still ſhakes their Souls; and makes them dread his Son.
Andr. A mighty Honour for victorious *Greece*
To fear an Infant, a poor friendleſs Child!
Who ſmiles in Bondage; nor yet knows himſelf
The Son of *Hector*, and the Slave of *Pyrrhus*.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the *Greeks* demand his Life;
And ſend no leſs than *Agamemnon*'s Son,
To fetch him hence.
Andr. And, Sir, do you comply
With ſuch Demands! —— This Blow is aim'd at me:
How ſhould the Child avenge his ſlaughter'd Sire?
But, cruel Men! they will not have him live
To chear my heavy Heart, and eaſe my Bonds.
I promis'd to myſelf in him a Son,
In him a Friend, a Huſband, and a Father.
But I muſt ſuffer Sorrow heap'd on Sorrow;
And ſtill the fatal Stroke muſt come from you.
Pyr. Dry up thoſe Tears: I muſt not ſee you weep;
And know, I have rejected their Demands.
The *Greeks* already threaten me with War:
But, ſhould they arm, as once they did for *Helen*,
And hide the *Adriatick* with their Fleets;
Should they prepare a ſecond Ten years Siege,
And lay my Towers and Palaces in Duſt;
I am determin'd to defend your Son;
And rather die myſelf than give him up.
But, Madam, in the midſt of all theſe Dangers,
Will you refuſe me a propitious Smile?
Hated of *Greece*, and preſt on ev'ry ſide,
Let me not, Madam, while I fight your Cauſe,
Let me not combat with your Cruelties;
And count *Andromache* amongſt my Foes.
Andr. Conſider, Sir, how this will ſound in *Greece*!
How can ſo great a Soul betray ſuch Weakneſs?
Let not Men ſay, ſo generous a Deſign
Was but the Tranſport of a Heart in Love.

Pyr. Your Charms will juſtify me to the World.
Andr. How can *Andromache*, a Captive Queen,
O'erwhelm'd with Grief, a Burden to herſelf,
Harbour a Thought of Love? Alas! what Charms
Have theſe unhappy Eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever? —— Talk of it no more.——
To reverence the Misfortunes of a Foe;
To ſuccour the Diſtreſt; to give the Son
To an afflicted Mother; to repel
Confederate Nations, leagued againſt his Life;
Unbribed by Love, unterrify'd by Threats,
To pity, to protect him: Theſe are Cares,
Theſe are Exploits worthy *Achilles'* Son.
Pyr. Will your Reſentments, then, endure for ever!
Muſt *Pyrrhus* never be forgiven? —— 'Tis true,
My Sword has often reek'd in *Phrygian* Blood,
And carry'd Havock through your Royal Kindred;
But you, fair Princeſs, amply have avenged
Old *Priam*'s vanquiſh'd Houſe: And all the Woes,
I brought on them, fall ſhort of what I ſuffer.
We both have ſuffer'd in our Turns: And now
Our common Foes ſhould teach us to unite.
Andr. Where does the Captive not behold a Foe?
Pyr. Forget the Term of Hatred; and behold
A Friend in *Pyrrhus!* Give me but to hope,
I'll free your Son; I'll be a Father to him:
Myſelf will teach him to avenge the *Trojans*.
I'll go in Perſon to chaſtiſe the *Greeks*,
Both for your Wrongs and mine. Inſpired by you,
What wou'd I not atchieve? Again ſhall *Troy*
Riſe from its Aſhes: This right Arm ſhall fix
Her Seat of Empire; and your Son ſhall reign.
Andr. Such Dreams of Greatneſs ſuit not my Condition:
His Hopes of Empire periſh'd with his Father.
No; thou imperial City, ancient *Troy*,
Thou Pride of *Aſia*, founded by the Gods;
Never, oh never! muſt we hope to ſee
Thoſe Bulwarks riſe, which *Hector* could not guard!—
Sir, all I wiſh for, is ſome quiet Exile;
Where far from *Greece* remov'd, and far from you,
I may

I may conceal my Son, and mourn my Huſband.
Your Love creates me Envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd *Hermione*.
Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know, I cannot.
You know my Heart is yours: My Soul hangs on you:
You take up every Wiſh: My waking Thoughts,
And nightly Dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, *Hermione* was ſent to ſhare
My Throne and Bed; and would with Tranſport hear
The vows, which you neglect.
Andr. She has no *Troy*,
No *Hector* to lament: She has not loſt
A Huſband by your Conqueſts. Such a Huſband!
(Tormenting Thought!) whoſe Death alone has made
Your Sire immortal: *Pyrrhus* and *Achilles*,
Are both grown great by my Calamities.
Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,
Your will muſt be obey'd; Imperious Captive,
It ſhall. Henceforth I blot you from my Mind:
You teach me to forget your Charms; to hate you.
For know, inhuman Beauty, I have loved
Too well to treat you with Indifference.
Think well upon it: My diſorder'd Soul
Wavers between the Extremes of Love and Rage.
I've been too tame; I will awake to Vengeance!
The Son ſhall anſwer for the Mother's Scorn.
The *Greeks* demand him: Nor will I endanger
My Realms, to pleaſure an ungrateful Woman.
Andr. Then he muſt die! alas, my Son muſt die!
He has no Friend, no Succour left, beſide
His Mother's Tears, and his own Innocence.
Pyr. Go, Madam; viſit this unhappy Son.
The Sight of him may bend your ſtubborn Heart;
And turn to Softneſs your unjuſt Diſdain.
I ſhall once more expect your Anſwer. Go;
And think, while you embrace the Captive Boy,
Think, that his Life depends on your Reſolves.

SCENE V.

Andromache *and* Cephiſa.

Andr. I'll go; and in the Anguiſh of my Heart,
Weep o'er my Child— If he muſt die, my Life
Is wrapt in his; I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake, that I have ſuffer'd Life;
Groan'd in Captivity; and out-liv'd *Hector*.
Yes, my *Aſtyanax*; we'll go together!
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go!
There to thy raviſh'd Eyes thy Sire I'll ſhow,
And point him out among the Shades below.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hermione *and* Cleone.

HERMIONE.

WELL, I'll be rul'd, *Cleone*: I will ſee him:
I have told *Pylades*, that he may bring him,
But truſt me, were I left to my own Thoughts,
I ſhould forbid him yet.
Cleo. And why forbid him?
Is he not, Madam, ſtill the ſame *Oreſtes*?
Oreſtes, whoſe Return you oft have wiſh'd?
The Man whoſe Sufferings you ſo oft lamented,
And often prais'd his Conſtancy and Love?
Her. That Love, that Conſtancy, ſo ill requited,
Upbraids me to myſelf? I bluſh, to think
How I have us'd him; and would ſhun his Preſence.
What will be my Confuſion, when he ſees me
Neglected, and forſaken, like himſelf?
Will he not ſay, Is this the ſcornful Maid,
The proud *Hermione*, that tyranniz'd
In *Sparta*'s Court? And triump'd in her Charms?

Her

Her Inſolence at laſt is well repaid.
I cannot bear the Thought.
Cleo. You wrong yourſelf
With unbecoming Fears. He knows too well
Your Beauty and your Worth. Your Lover comes not
To offer Inſults; but repeat his Vows,
And breathe his ardent Paſſion at your Feet.
But, Madam, what's your Royal Father's Will?
What Orders do your Letters bring from *Sparta?*
Her. His Orders are, if *Pyrrhus* ſtill delay
The Nuptials, and refuſe to ſacrifice
This *Trojan* Boy; I ſhould with ſpeed embark,
And with their Embaſſy return to *Greece.*
Cleo. What would you more? *Oreſtes* comes in time
To ſave your Honour. *Pyrrhus* cools apace:
Prevent his Falſhood; and forſake him firſt.
I know you hate him: You have told me ſo.
Her. Hate him: My injur'dHonour bids me hate him.
The ungrateful Man! to whom I fondly gave
My Virgin Heart; the Man I lov'd ſo dearly;
The Man, I doted on! Oh, my *Cleone!*
How is it poſſible I ſhould not hate him?
Cleo. Then give him over, Madam. Quit his Court;
And with *Oreſtes* ———
Her. No! I muſt have time
To work up all my Rage! To meditate
A Parting, full of Horror! My Revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the Traitor.
Cleo. Do you then wait new Inſults? New Affronts?
To draw you from your Father! Then to leave you!
In his own Court to leave you, ——for a Captive!
If *Pyrrhus* can provoke you, he has done it.
Her. Why doſt thou heighten my Diſtreſs? I fear
To ſearch out my own Thoughts, and ſound my Heart.
Be blind to what thou ſeeſt: Believe me cured:
Flatter my Weakneſs; tell me I have conquer'd:
Think, that my injur'd Soul is ſet againſt him;
And do thy beſt to make me think ſo too.
Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?
Her. Let us fly!
Let us be gone! I leave him to his Captive:

Let him go kneel and ſupplicate his Slave.
Let us be gone!——But, what if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd Prince again ſubmit,
And ſue for Pardon? What, if he renew
His former Vows?——But, oh the faithleſs Man!
He ſlights me! drives to Extremities!—— However,
I'll ſtay, *Cleone*, to perplex their Loves:
I'll ſtay, till, by an open Breach of Contract,
I make him hateful to the *Greeks*. Already
Their Vengeance have I drawn upon the Son:
Their ſecond Embaſſy ſhall claim the Mother:
I will redouble all my Griefs upon her!

Cleo. Ah, Madam, whither does your Rage tranſport you?
Andromache, alas, is innocent!
A Woman plung'd in Sorrow; dead to Love:
And, when ſhe thinks of *Pyrrhus*, 'tis with Horror.

Her. Would I had done ſo too!—He had not, then,
Betray'd my eaſy Faith.——But I, alas!
Diſcover'd all the Fondneſs of my Soul;
I made no Secret of my Paſſion to him:
Nor thought it dangerous to be ſincere.
My Eyes, my Tongue, my Actions ſpoke my Heart.

Cleo. Well might you ſpeak, without Reſerve, to one
Engag'd to you by ſolemn Oaths and Treaties.

Her. His Ardour too was an Excuſe to mine:
With other Eyes he ſaw me then!—— *Cleone*,
Thou may'ſt remember, every thing conſpired
To favour him: My Father's Wrongs avenged;
The *Greeks* triumphant; Fleets of *Trojan* Spoils;
His mighty Sire's, his own immortal Fame;
His eager Love;——All, all conſpired againſt me!
—— But I have done:— I'll think no more of *Pyrrhus*.
Oreſtes wants not Merit: And he loves me.
My Gratitude, my Honour, both plead for him:
And if I've Power o'er my own Heart, 'tis his.

Cleo. Madam, he comes ——

Her. Alas! I did not think
He was ſo near!——I wiſh I might not ſee him?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone, *and* Oreſtes.

Her. How am I to interpret, Sir, this Viſit?
Is it a Compliment of Form, or Love?
Oreſt. Madam, you know my Weakneſs. 'Tis my Fate
To Love unpity'd: To deſire to ſee you;
And ſtill to ſwear each time ſhall be the laſt.
My Paſſion breaks through my repeated Oaths;
And every time I viſit you, I am perjur'd.
Even now, I find my Wounds all bleed afreſh:
I bluſh to own it; but I know no Cure.
I call the Gods to witneſs, I have try'd
Whatever Man could do, (but try'd in vain)
To wear you from my Mind. Through ſtormy Seas,
And ſavage Climes, in a whole Year of Abſence,
I courted Dangers, and I long'd for Death.
Her. Why will you, Prince, indulge this mournful Tale?
It ill becomes the Ambaſſador of *Greece*
To talk of Dying, and of Love. Remember
The Kings you repreſent: Shall their Revenge
Be diſappointed by your ill-timed Paſſion?
Diſcharge your Embaſſy: 'Tis not *Oreſtes*
The *Greeks* deſire ſhould die.
Oreſt. My Embaſſy
Is at an End: For *Pyrrhus* has refuſed
To give up *Hector*'s Son. Some hidden Power
Protects the Boy.
Her. Faithleſs, ungrateful Man! [*Aſide.*
Oreſt. I now prepare for *Greece*. But, ere I go,
Wou'd hear my final Doom pronounc'd by you,
What do I ſay?——— I do already hear it!
My doom is fixt: I read it in your Eyes.
Her. Will you then ſtill deſpair? Be ſtill ſuſpicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the Court of *Pyrrhus*:
But, 'twas my Royal Father ſent me hither.
And who can tell, but I have ſhared your Griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in ſecret? Never wiſh'd
To ſee *Oreſtes*?

Oreſt.

Oreſt. Wiſh'd to ſee *Oreſtes!*——
Oh Joy, Oh Ecſtaſy! My Soul's intranc'd!
Oh charming Princeſs! Oh tranſcendent Maid!
My utmoſt Wiſh!—— 'Thus, thus let me expreſs
My boundleſs Thanks!——I never was unhappy——
Am I *Oreſtes?*——

Her. You are *Oreſtes:*
The ſame unalter'd, generous, faithful Lover:
The Prince, whom I eſteem; whom I lament;
And whom I fain would teach my Heart to love!

Oreſt. Ay, there it is!——I have but your Eſteem
While *Pyrrhus* has your Heart!

Her. Believe me, Prince,
Were you as *Pyrrhus*, I ſhould hate you!

Oreſt. No!——
I ſhould be bleſt! I ſhould be lov'd as he is!——
Yet all this while I die by your Diſdain;
While he neglects your Charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, Prince, that I am neglected?
Has *Pyrrhus* ſaid——(Oh, I ſhall go diſtracted!)
Has *Pyrrhus* told you ſo?—— Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me?——Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you!——

Oreſt. Madam, go on!
Inſult me ſtill; I am us'd to bear your Scorn.

Her. Why am I told how *Pyrrhus* loves or hates?
—Go, Prince; and arm the *Greeks* againſt the Rebel;
Let them lay waſte his Country; raze his Towns;
Deſtroy his Fleets; his Palaces;— Himſelf!——
Go, Prince; and tell me then how much I love him.

Oreſt. To haſten his Deſtruction, come yourſelf;
And work your Royal Father to his Ruin.

Her. Mean while he weds *Andromache!*

Oreſt. Ah, Princeſs!
What is't I hear?

Her. What Infamy for *Greece*,
If he ſhould wed a *Phrygian*, and a Captive?

Oreſt. Is this your Hatred, Madam?— 'Tis in vain
To hide your Paſſion; every thing betrays it:
Your Looks, your Speech, your Anger, nay your Silence;

Your

Your Love appears in All; your ſecret Flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.
Her. Your Jealouſy perverts my Meaning ſtill,
And wreſts each Circumſtance to your Diſquiet;
My very Hate is conſtrued into Fondneſs.
Oreſt. Impute my Fears, if groundleſs, to my Love.
Her. Then hear me, Prince. Obedience to a Father
Firſt brought me hither; and the ſame Obedience
Detains me here, 'till *Pyrrhus* drive me hence;
Or my offended Father ſhall recall me.
Tell this proud King, that *Menelaüs* ſcorns
To match his Daughter with a Foe of *Greece*:
Bid him reſign *Aſtyanax*, or me.
If he perſiſt to guard the hoſtile Boy,
Hermione embarks with you for *Sparta*.

SCENE III.

Oreſtes, *alone.*

Then is *Oreſtes* bleſt! My Griefs are fled!
Fled like a Dream!——Methinks I tread in Air!
Pyrrhus enamour'd of his Captive Queen,
Will thank me, if I take her Rival hence:
He looks not on the Princeſs with my Eyes!
Surprizing Happineſs!——unlook'd for Joy!
Never let Love deſpair!——The Prize is mine!
Be ſmooth, ye Seas; and, ye propitious Winds
Breathe from *Epirus* to the *Spartan* Coaſts!
I long to view the Sails unfurl'd——But, ſee!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy Hour.

SCENE IV.

Oreſtes, Pyrrhus, *and* Phœnix.

Pyr. I was in Pain to find you, Prince. My warm
Ungovern'd Temper would not let me weigh
The Importance of your Embaſſy; and hear
You argue for my Good——I was to blame.
I ſince have poiſed your Reaſons; And I thank
My good Allies: Their Care deſerves my Thanks.
You have convinced me, that the Weal of *Greece*,

My

My Father's Honour, and my own Repoſe
Demand, that *Hector*'s Race ſhould be deſtroy'd.
I ſhall deliver up *Aſtyanax* ;
And you, yourſelf, ſhall bear the Victim hence.
Oreſt. If you approve it, Sir, and are content
To ſpill the Blood of a defenceleſs Child ;
The offended *Greeks*, no doubt, will be appeas'd.
Pyr. Cloſer to ſtrain the Knot of our Alliance,
I have determin'd to eſpouſe *Hermione*.
You come in time to grace our Nuptial Rites :
In you the Kings of *Greece* will all be preſent ;
And you have Right to perſonate her Father,
As his Ambaſſador, and Brother's Son.
Go, Prince, renew your Viſit ; tell *Hermione*,
To-morrow I receive her from your Hands.
Oreſt. [*Aſide.*] O change of Fortune ! Oh undone
Oreſtes !

S C E N E V.

Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix.

Pyr. Well, *Phœnix !* Am I ſtill a Slave to Love!
What thinkeſt thou now ? Am I myſelf again ?
Phœn. 'Tis as it ſhould be ; this diſcovers *Pyrrhus* ;
Shews all the Hero : Now you are yourſelf !
The Son ? the Rival of the great *Achilles !*
Greece will applaud you ; and the World confeſs,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd *Troy* a ſecond Time !
Pyr. Nay, *Phœnix*, now I but begin to triumph :
I never was a Conqueror 'till now !
Believe me, a whole Hoſt, a War of Foes
May ſooner be ſubdued, than Love. O, *Phœnix !*
What Ruin have I ſhun'd ? The *Greeks*, enraged,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering Storm, and ſoon
Had burſt in Thunder on my Head ; while I
Abandon'd Duty, Empire, Honour, all,
To pleaſe a thankleſs Woman ! ——— One kind Look
Had quite undone me ?
Phœn. O, my Royal Maſter !
The Gods, in Favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr.

Pyr. Thou ſaweſt with how much Scorn ſhe treated me!
When I permitted her to ſee her Son,
I hoped it might have work'd her to my Wiſhes.
I went to ſee the mournful Interview,
And found her bathed in Tears, and loſt in Paſſion.
Wild with Diſtreſs, a thouſand Times ſhe call'd
On *Hector*'s Name: And when I ſpoke in Comfort,
And promis'd my Protection to her Son;
She kiſs'd the Boy; and call'd again on *Hector*:
Then ſtrain'd him in her Arms; and cry'd, 'Tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! his Eyes, his every Feature!
His very Frown, and his ſtern Look already!
'Tis He: 'Tis my loved Lord, whom I embrace!
Does ſhe then think, that I preſerve the Boy,
To ſooth and keep alive her Flame for *Hector*?

Phœn. No doubt, ſhe does; and thinks you favour'd in it;
But let her go, for an ungrateful Woman!

Pyr. I know the Thoughts of her proud, ſtubborn Heart:
Vain of her Charms, and inſolent in Beauty,
She mocks my Rage; and when it threatens loudeſt,
Expects, 'twill ſoon be humbled into Love.
But we ſhall change our Parts: and ſhe ſhall find,
I can be deaf, like her; and ſteel my Heart!
She is *Hector*'s Widow; I *Achilles* Son.
Pyrrhus is born to hate *Andromache*.

Phœn. My Royal Maſter, talk of her no more;
I do not like this Anger. Your *Hermione*
Should now engroſs your Thoughts. 'Tis time to ſee her.
'Tis time you ſhould prepare the Nuptial Rights;
And not rely upon a Rival's Care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, *Phœnix*;
Doſt thou not think, the proud *Andromache*
Will be enraged, when I ſhall wed the Princeſs?

Phœn. Why does *Andromache* ſtill haunt your Thoughts.
What is't to you, be ſhe enrag'd or pleas'd?
Let her Name periſh: Think of her no more!

Pyr. No, *Phœnix!*—I have been too gentle with her.
I have

I have check'd my Wrath, and ſtifled my Reſentments:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return: ——— I'll brave her to her Face:
I'll give my Anger its free Courſe againſt her.
Thou ſhalt ſee, *Phœnix*, how I'll break her Pride!
Phœn. Oh, go not, Sir!—There's Ruin in her Eyes!
You do not know your Strength: You'll fall before her,
Adore her Beauty, and revive her Scorn.
Pyr. That were indeed a moſt unmanly Weakneſs!
Thou doſt not know me, *Phœnix!*
Phœn. Ah, my Prince!
You ſtill are ſtruggling in the Toils of Love.
Pyr. Canſt thou then think, I love this Woman ſtill?
One who repays my Paſſion with Diſdain!
A Stranger, Captive, friendleſs and forlorn;
She and her darling Son within my Power;
His Life a Forfeit to the *Greeks:* Yet I
Preſerve her Son; would take her to my Throne;
Would fight her Battles, and avenge her Wrongs;
And all this while ſhe treats me as her Foe!
Phœn. You have it in your Power to be revenged.
Pyr. Yes;--and I'll ſhew my Power! I'll give her Cauſe
To hate me? her *Aſtyanax* ſhall die ———
What Tears will then be ſhed! How will ſhe then
In Bitterneſs of Heart reproach my Name!
Then, to compleat her Woes, will I eſpouſe
Hermione: ——— 'Twill ſtab her to the Heart!
Phœn. Alas, you threaten, like a Lover ſtill!
Pyr. *Phœnix*, excuſe this Struggle of my Soul:
'Tis the laſt Effort of expiring Love.
Phœn. Then haſten, Sir, to ſee the *Spartan* Princeſs:
And turn the Bent of your Deſires on her.
Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy Taſk to conquer Love,
And wean the Soul from her accuſtom'd Fondneſs.
But, come: ——— A long Farewel to *Hector*'s Widow.
'Tis with a ſecret Pleaſure I look back,
And ſee the many Dangers I have paſs'd.
The Merchant thus, in dreadful Tempeſts toſt,
Thrown by the Waves on ſome unlook'd-for Coaſt;
Oft turns, and ſees, with a delighted Eye,
Midſt Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly:

And,

And, while the outrageous Winds the Deep deform.
Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pylades *and* Oreſtes.

PYLADES.

FOR Heav'n's ſake, Sir, compoſe your ruffled Mind,
And moderate your Rage!
Oreſt. No, *Pylades!*
This is no time for Counſel.—I am deaf.
Talk not of Reaſon! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my Care. My Soul grows deſperate.
I'll bear her off; or periſh in the Attempt.
I'll force her from his Arms:——By Heav'n, I will!
Pyl. Well; tis agreed, my Friend:—We'll force her hence,
But ſtill conſider we are in *Epirus*:
The Court, the Guards, *Hermione* herſelf,
The very Air we breathe, belongs to *Pyrrhus*.
Good Gods! what tempted you to ſeek her here?
Oreſt. Loſt to myſelf, I knew not what I did!
My Purpoſes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace *Pyrrhus*, and upbraid the Woman.
Pyl. This Violence of Temper may prove fatal.
Oreſt. It muſt be more than Man to bear theſe Shocks,
Theſe Outrages of Fate, with Temper!
He tells me, that he weds *Hermione*;
And will To-morrow take her from my Hand!——
My Hand ſhall ſooner tear the Tyrant's Heart——
Pyl. Your Paſſion blinds you, Sir; He's not to blame,
Could you but look into the Soul of *Pyrrhus*,
Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd, like your own.
Oreſt. No, *Pylades!* 'Tis all Deſign.——His Pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his Love.
The fair *Hermione*, before I came,

In

In all her Bloom of Beauty, was neglected.
Ah cruel Gods! I thought her all my own!
She was conſenting to return to *Sparta*:
Her Heart, divided betwixt Rage and Love,
Was on the Wing to take its Leave of *Pyrrhus*.
She heard my Sighs; She pitied my Complaints;
She praiſed my Conſtancy;—The leaſt Indifference
From this proud King, had made *Oreſtes* happy!
Pyl. So your fond Heart believes!——
Oreſt. Did I not ſee
Her Hate, her Rage, her Indignation riſe
Againſt the ungrateful Man?
Pyl. Believe me, Prince,
'Twas then ſhe lov'd him moſt! Had *Pyrrhus* left her,
She would have formed ſome new Pretext to ſtay.
Take my Advice:——Think not to force her hence;
But fly yourſelf from her deſtructive Charms.
Her Soul is linked to *Pyrrhus*: Were ſhe yours,
She would reproach you ſtill, and ſtill regret
Her diſappointed Nuptials.——
Oreſt. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the Thought! She muſt be mine!
Did *Pyrrhus* carry Thunder in his Hand,
I'd ſtand the Bolt, and challenge all his Fury,
Ere I reſign'd *Hermione*,——By Force
I'll ſnatch her hence, and bear her to my Ships?
Have we forgot her Mother *Helen*'s Rape?
Pyl. Will then *Oreſtes* turn a *Raviſher!*
And blot his Embaſſy?
Oreſt. O, *Pylades!*
My Grief weighs heavy on me:—'Twill diſtract me!
O leave me to myſelf!——Let not thy Friendſhip
Involve thee in my Woes. Too long already,
Too long haſt thou been puniſh'd for my Crimes,
It is enough, my Friend!——It is enough!
Let not thy generous Love betray thee farther.
The Gods have ſet me as their Mark, to empty
Their Quivers on me.——Leave me to myſelf.
Mine be the Danger; mine the Enterprize.
All I requeſt of thee is, to return,
And in my Place convey *Aſtyanax*.

(As *Pyrrhus* has consented) into *Greece.*
Go, *Pylades* ———
Pyl. Lead on, my Friend, lead on!
Let us bear off *Hermione!* No Toil,
No Danger can deter a Friend;——Lead on!
Draw up the *Greeks:* Summon your num'rous Train,
The Ships are ready, and the Wind sits fair:
There Eastward lies the Sea; the rolling Waves
Break on those Palace-stairs. I know each Pass,
Each Avenue and Outlet of the Court.
This very Night we'll carry her on Board.
Orest. Thou art too good!———I trespass on thy Friendship:
But, oh excuse a Wretch, whom no Man pities,
Except thyself; one just about to lose
The Treasure of his Soul: Whom all Mankind
Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.
When will my Friendship be of use to thee?
Pyl. The Question is unkind.—But now remember
To keep your Counsels close, and hide your Thoughts;
Let not *Hermione* suspect———No more———
I see her coming, Sir———
Orest. Away, my Friend;
I am advised; my All depends upon it.

SCENE II.

Orestes, Hermoine, *and* Cleone.

Orest. Madam, your Orders are obey'd; I have seen *Pyrrhus*, my Rival; and have gained him for you.
The King resolves to wed you.
Her. So I am told;
And farther, I am inform'd, that you, *Orestes*,
Are to dispose me for the intended Marriage.
Orest. And are you, Madam, willing to comply?
Her. Could I imagine *Pyrrhus* loved me still?
After so long Delays, who would have thought
His hidden Flames would shew themselves at last,
And kindle in his Breast, when mine expired?
I can suppose, with you, he fears the *Greeks*;

That

That it is Intereſt, and not Love, directs him;
And, that my Eyes had greater Power o'er you.

Oreſt. No, Princeſs, no! It is too plain he loves you.
Your Eyes do what they will; and cannot fail
To gain a Conqueſt, where you wiſh they ſhould.

Her. What can I do, alas!——my Faith is promiſed:
Can I refuſe what is not mine to give?
A Princeſs is not at her Choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind Obedience:
And yet, you ſee, how far I had complied,
And made my Duty yield to your Intreaties.

Oreſt. Ah, cruel Maid! you knew—but I have done.
All have a Right to pleaſe themſelves in Love:
I blame you not: 'Tis true, I hop'd;——But you
Are Miſtreſs of your Heart: And I am content.
'Tis Fortune is mine Enemy; not you.
But, Madam, I ſhall ſpare you farther Pain
On this uneaſy Theme; and take my leave.

SCENE III.

Hermione *and* Cleone.

Her. *Cleone*, could'ſt thou think he'd be ſo calm!

Cleo. Madam, his ſilent Grief ſits heavy on him
He is to be pitied: His too eager Love
Has made him buſy to his own Deſtruction.
His Threats have wrought this Change of Mind in *Pyrrhus*.

Her. Doſt thou think *Pyrrhus* capable of Fear?
Whom ſhould the intrepid *Pyrrhus* fear? The *Greeks?*
Did he not lead their harraſſed Troops to Conqueſt,
When they deſpaired; when they retired from *Troy*,
And ſought for Shelter in their burning Fleets?
Did he not then ſupply his Father's Place?
No! my *Cleone*, he is above Conſtraint:
He acts unforced; and where he weds, he loves.

Cleo. Oh, that *Oreſtes* had remain'd in *Greece!*
I fear To-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou diſcourſe of nothing but *Oreſtes?*
Pyrrhus is mine again?——Is mine for ever!
Oh my *Cleone!* I am wild with Joy!

Pyrrhus

Pyrrhus, the Bold! the Brave! the Godlike *Pyrrhus!*
—— Oh, I could tell thee numberleſs Exploits,
And tire thee with his Battles! —— Oh, *Cleone* ——

Cleo. Madam, conceal your Joy,—I ſee *Andromache*:
She weeps, and comes to ſpeak her Sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the Gladneſs of my Heart!
Let us retire: Her Grief is out of Seaſon.

SCENE IV.

Andromache, Hermione, Cleone, *and* Cephiſa.

Andr. Ah, Madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your Eyes behold a Sight more pleaſing,
Than *Hector*'s Widow ſuppliant and in Tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous Foe,
To envy you the Heart your Charms have won:
The only Man I ſought to pleaſe, is gone;
Kill'd in my Sight, by an inhuman Hand.
Hector firſt taught me Love; which my fond Heart
Shall ever cheriſh; till we meet in Death.
But, Oh, I have a Son!—And you, one Day,
Will be no Stranger to a Mother's Fondneſs:
But Heav'n forbid, that you ſhould ever know
A Mother's Sorrow for an only Son.
Her Joy, her Bliſs, her laſt ſurviving Comfort!
When every Hour ſhe trembles for his Life!
Your Power o'er *Pyrrhus* may relieve my Fears.
Alas, what Danger is there in a Child,
Saved from the Wreck of a whole ruined Empire?
Let me go hide him in ſome Deſert Iſle:
You may rely upon my tender Care,
To keep him far from Perils of Ambition:
All, he can learn of me, will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis eaſy to conceive your Grief:
But, it would ill become me, to ſolicit
In Contradiction to my Father's Will:
'Tis he who urges to deſtroy your Son.
Madam, if *Pyrrhus* muſt be wrought to Pity,
No Woman does it better than yourſelf;
If you gain him, I ſhall comply of courſe.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Andromache, *and* Cephiſa.

Andr. Didſt thou not mind, with what Diſdain ſhe ſpoke?
Youth and Proſperity have made her vain;
She has not ſeen the fickle Turns of Life.
Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her Counſel;
I'd ſpeak my own Diſtreſs: one Look from you
Will vanquiſh *Pyrrhus*, and confound the *Greeks*——
See, where he comes——Lay hold on this Occaſion.

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, Andromache, Phœnix, *and* Cephiſa.

Pyr. Where is the Princeſs?——Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? [*To* Phœnix.
Phœn. I thought ſo, Sir.
Andr. Thou ſeeſt, what mighty Power my Eyes have on him! [*To* Cephiſa.
Pyr. What ſays ſhe, *Phœnix?*
Andr. I have no hope left!
Phœn. Let us be gone:——*Hermione* expects you.
Ceph. For Heav'n's ſake, Madam, break this ſullen Silence.
Andr. My Child's already promiſed!——
Ceph. But not given.
Andr. No! no!—my Tears are vain! His Doom is fixt!
Pyr. See, if ſhe deigns to caſt one Look upon us!
Proud Woman!
And. I provoke him by my Preſence.
Let us retire.
Pyr. Come, let us ſatisfy
The *Greeks*; and give them up this *Phrygian* Boy.
Andr. Ah, Sir, recall thoſe Words——What have you ſaid!
If you give up my Son, Oh give up me!——
You, who ſo many times have ſworn me Friendſhip:

Oh

Oh Heav'ns! —— will you not look with Pity on me?
Is there no Hope? Is there no Room for Pardon?
Pyr. Phœnix will anſwer you: My Word is paſt.
Andr. You, who would brave ſo many Dangers for me.
Pyr. I was your Lover then: —— I now am free.
To favour you, I might have ſpared his Life:
But you would ne'er vouchſafe to ask it of me.
Now 'tis too late.
Andr. Ah, Sir, you underſtood
My Tears, my Wiſhes, which I durſt not utter,
Afraid of a Repulſe. Oh, Sir, excuſe
The Pride of Royal Blood, that checks my Soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To ſue for Pity, and to own a Maſter.
Pyr. No! in your Heart you curſe me! you diſdain
My generous Flame, and ſcorn to be obliged!
This very Son, this Darling of your Soul,
Would be leſs dear, did I preſerve him for you.
Your Anger, your Averſion fall on me;
You hate me more than the whole League of *Greece*:
But, I ſhall leave you to your great Reſentments.
Let us go, *Phœnix*, and appeaſe the *Greeks*.
Andr. Then let me die! and let me go to *Hector*?
Ceph. But, Madam ——
Andr. What can I do more? The Tyrant
Sees my Diſtraction, and inſults my Tears. [*To* Cephiſa.
—— Behold how low you have reduc'd a Queen!
Theſe Eyes have ſeen my Country laid in Aſhes;
My Kindred fall in War; my Father ſlain;
My Husband dragged in his own Blood; my Son
Condemned to Bondage, and myſelf a Slave;
Yet, in the midſt of theſe unheard-of Woes,
'Twas ſome Relief to find myſelf your Captive;
And that my Son, derived from ancient Kings,
Since he muſt ſerve, had *Pyrrhus* for his Maſter.
When *Priam* kneeled, the great *Achilles* wept:
I hoped I ſhould not find his Son leſs noble:
I thought the Brave were ſtill the moſt compaſſionate.
Oh, do not, Sir, divide me from my Child! ——
If he muſt die ——

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while.

SCENE VII.

Pyrrhus *and* Andromache.

Pyr. Riſe, Madam—Yet you may preſerve your Son.
I find, whenever I provoke your Tears,
I furniſh you with Arms againſt myſelf.
I thought my Hatred fixt, before I ſaw you.
Oh, turn your Eyes upon me, while I ſpeak!
And ſee, if you diſcover in my Looks
An angry Judge, or an obdurate Foe.
Why will you force me to deſert your Cauſe?
In your Son's Name I beg we may be Friends;
Let me entreat you to ſecure his Life!
Muſt I turn Suppliant for him? Think, Oh think,
('Tis the laſt Time) you both may yet be happy!
I know the Ties I break; the Foes I arm:
I wrong *Hermione*; I ſend her hence;
And with her Diadem I bind your Brows.
Conſider well; for 'tis of Moment to you!
Chooſe to be wretched, Madam, or a Queen.
My Soul, conſum'd with a whole Year's Deſpair,
Can bear no longer theſe perplexing Doubts,
Enough of Sighs and Tears, and Threats I have try'd,
I know, if I am deprived of you, I die:
But Oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your Thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the Temple: There you'll find your Son;
And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache *and* Cephiſa.

Ceph. I told you, Madam, that, in ſpite of *Greece*,
You would o'er-rule the Malice of your Fortune.
Andr. Alas! *Cephiſa*, what have I obtain'd!
Only a poor, ſhort Reſpite for my Son.
Ceph. You have enough approv'd your Faith to *Hector*:
To be reluctant ſtill would be a Crime.
He would himſelf perſuade you to comply.

Andr.

Andr. How !——wouldſt thou give me *Pyrrhus* for a Husband ?

Ceph. Think you 'twill pleaſe the Ghoſt of your dead Husband,
That you ſhould ſacrifice his Son ? Conſider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a Throne;
Turns all his Power againſt the Foes of *Troy*;
Remembers not *Achilles* was his Father;
Retracts his Conqueſts, and forgets his Hatred.

Andr. But how can I forget it ! How can I
Forget my *Hector*, treated with Diſhonour;
Deprived of Funeral Rites; and vilely dragged,
A bloody Coarſe, about the Walls of *Troy*;
Can I forget the good old King his Father,
Slain in my Preſence; at the Altar ſlain!
Which vainly, for Protection, he embraced.
Haſt thou forgot that dreadful Night, *Cephiſa*,
When a whole People fell! Methinks I ſee
Pyrrhus, enraged and breathing Vengeance, enter
Amidſt the Glare of burning Palaces:
I ſee him hew his Paſſage through my Brothers;
And, bathed in Blood, lay all my Kindred waſte.
Think, in this Scene of Horror, what I ſuffer'd!
This is the Courtſhip I receiv'd from *Pyrrhus*:
And this the Husband thou would'ſt give me! No,
We both will periſh firſt! I'll ne'er conſent.

Ceph. Since you reſolve *Aſtyanax* ſhall die,
Haſte to the Temple, bid your Son farewel.
Why do you tremble, Madam ?

Andr. O *Cephiſa* !
Thou haſt awakened all the Mother in me.
How can I bid farewel to the dear Child,
The Pledge, the Image of my much-lov'd Lord!
Alas, I call to mind the fatal Day,
When his too forward Courage led him forth
To ſeek *Achilles*.

Ceph. Oh, the unhappy Hour!
'Twas then *Troy* fell, and all her Gods forſook her.

Andr. That Morn, *Cephiſa* ! that ill-fated Morn,
My Husband bid thee bring *Aſtyanax*;
He took him in his Arms; and, as I wept,
My Wife, my dear *Andromache*, ſaid he,

(Heaving with ſtifled Sighs to ſee me weep)
What Fortune may attend my Arms, the Gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the Boy;
Preſerve him as the Token of our Loves;
If I ſhould fall, let him not miſs his Sire
While thou ſurviveſt; but by thy tender Care
Let the Son ſee, that thou didſt love his Father.

Ceph. And will you throw away a Life ſo precious?
At once extirpate all the *Trojan* Line?

Andr. Inhuman King! What has he done to ſuffer?
If I neglect your Vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproach'd you with his ſlaughter'd Kindred!
Can he reſent thoſe Ills he does not know? ——
But Oh! while I deliberate he dies.
No, no, thou muſt not die, while I can ſave thee:
Oh! let me find out *Pyrrhus* —— Oh *Cephiſa!*
Do thou go find him.

Ceph. What muſt I ſay to him?

Andr. Tell him I love my Son to ſuch Exceſs ——
But doſt thou think he means the Child ſhall die?
Can Love rejected turn to ſo much Rage?

Ceph. Madam, he'll ſoon be here —— Reſolve on ſomething.

Andr. Well then, aſſure him ——

Ceph. Madam, of your Love?

Andr. Alas, thou know'ſt that is not in my Power.
Oh my dead Lord! Oh *Priam*'s Royal Houſe!
Oh my *Aſtyanax!* at what a Price
Thy Mother buys thee! —— Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unſettled Heart reſolve?

Andr. Come, my *Cephiſa*, let us go together,
To the ſad Monument, which I have rais'd
To *Hector*'s Shade; where in their ſacred Urn
The Aſhes of my Hero lie incloſed,
The dear Remains, which I have ſaved from *Troy*;
There let me weep, there ſummon to my Aid,
With pious Rites, my *Hector*'s awful Shade;
Let him be witneſs to my Doubts, my Fears:
My agonizing Heart, my flowing Tears:
Oh! may he riſe in Pity from his Tomb,
And fix his wretched Son's uncertain Doom.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Andromache, Cephiſa.

CEPHISA.

BLEST be the Tomb of *Hector*, that inſpires
Theſe pious Thoughts: Or is it *Hector*'s Self,
That prompts you to preſerve your Son! 'Tis he
Who ſtill preſides o'er ruin'd *Troy*; 'tis he,
Who urges *Pyrrhus* to reſtore *Aſtyanax*.
Andr. *Pyrrhus* has ſaid he will; and thou haſt heard him
Juſt now renew the oft-repeated Promiſe.
Ceph. Already, in the Tranſports of his Heart,
He gives you up his Kingdom, his Allies,
And thinks himſelf o'erpaid for all in you.
Andr. I think I may rely upon his Promiſe:
And yet my Heart is overcharged with Grief.
Ceph. Why ſhould you grieve? You ſee he bids Defiance
To all the *Greeks*: And, to protect your Son
Againſt their Rage, has placed his Guards about him;
Leaving himſelf defenceleſs for his ſake:
But, Madam, think the Coronation Pomp
Will ſoon demand your Preſence in the Temple:
'Tis Time you lay aſide theſe Mourning Weeds.
Andr. I will be there; but firſt would ſee my Son.
Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him,
He will be always with you, all your own,
To laviſh the whole Mother's Fondneſs on him.
What a Delight to train beneath your Eye,
A Son, who grows no longer up in Bondage;
A Son, in whom a Race of Kings revives?
But, Madam, you are ſad, and wrapt in Thought,
As if you reliſh'd not your Happineſs.
Andr. Oh, I muſt ſee my Son once more, *Cephiſa!*
Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a Captive;
Your Viſits may be frequent as you pleaſe.
To-morrow you may paſs the live-long Day ——
Andr. To-morrow! Oh *Cephia!*—But, no more!
Cephiſa, I have always found thee faithful:

Load of Care weighs down my drooping Heart.
Ceph. Oh! that 'twere poſſible for me to eaſe you.
Andr. I ſoon ſhall exerciſe thy long try'd Faith.——
Mean while I do conjure thee, my *Cephiſa*,
Thou take no notice of my preſent Trouble:
And, when I ſhall diſcloſe my ſecret Purpoſe,
That thou be punctual to perform my Will.
Ceph. Madam, I have no Will but yours. My Life
Is nothing, balanced with my Love to you.
Andr. I thank thee, good *Cephiſa*; my *Aſtyanax*
Will recompenſe thy Friendſhip to his Mother.
But, come; my Heart's at Eaſe: Aſſiſt me now
To change this ſable Habit.——Yonder comes
Hermione: I would not meet her Rage.

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone.

Cleo. This unexpected Silence, this Reſerve,
This outward Calm, this ſettled Frame of Mind,
After ſuch Wrongs and Inſults, much ſurpriſe me!
You, who before could not command your Rage,
When *Pyrrhus* look'd but kindly on his Captive;
How can you bear unmoved, that he ſhould wed her,
And ſeat her on a Throne which you ſhould fill?
I fear this dreadful Stillneſs in your Soul!
'Twere better, Madam——
Her. Have you call'd *Oreſtes?*
Cleo. Madam, I have. His Love is too impatient,
Not to obey with Speed the welcome Summons.
His love-ſick Heart o'erlooks his unkind Uſage:
His Ardour's ſtill the ſame——Madam, he's here.

SCENE III.

Oreſtes, Hermione, Cleone.

Oreſt. Ah, Madam, is it true? does then *Oreſtes*
At length attend you by your own Commands?
What can I do——
Her. *Oreſtes*, do you love me?
Oreſt. What means that Queſtion, Princeſs? Do I love you?
My Oaths, my Perjuries, my Hopes, my Fears,
My Farewel, my Return, all ſpeak my Love.

Her.

Her. Avenge my Wrongs, and I believe them all.
Oreſt. It ſhall be done —— my Soul has catch'd the Alarm.
We'll ſpirit up the *Greeks* —— I'll lead them on:
Your Cauſe ſhall animate our Fleets and Armies,
Let us return: let us not loſe a Moment,
But urge the Fate of this devoted Land:
Let us depart.
Her. No, Prince, let us ſtay here!
I will have Vengeance here —— I will not carry
This Load of Infamy to *Greece*; nor truſt
The Chance of War to vindicate my Wrongs.
Ere I depart I'll make *Epirus* mourn.
If you avenge me, let it be this Inſtant;
My Rage brooks no Delay —haſte to the Temple,
Haſte, Prince, and ſacrifice him.
Oreſt. Whom?
Her. Why *Pyrrhus.*
Oreſt. *Pyrrhus?* Did you ſay, *Pyrrhus!*
Her. You demur!
Oh fly, be gone! give me not Time to think!
Talk not of Laws —— he tramples on all Laws ——
Let me not hear him juſtify'd —— away.
Oreſt. You cannot think I'll juſtify my Rival.
Madam, your Love has made him criminal.
You ſhall have Vengeance; I'll have Vengeance too:
But let our Hatred be profeſt and open:
Let us alarm all *Greece*, denounce a War;
Let us attack him in his Strength, and hunt him down
By Conqueſt: Should I turn a baſe Aſſaſſin,
'Twould ſully all the Kings I repreſent.
Her. Have not I been diſhonour'd! ſet at nought?
Expos'd to public Scorn? ——— And will you ſuffer
The Tyrant, who dares uſe me thus, to live?
Know, Prince, I hate him more than once I loved him.
The Gods alone can tell how once I loved him;
Yes, the falſe perjur'd Man, I once did love him;
And ſpite of all his Crimes and broken Vows,
If he ſhould live, I may relapſe ——— who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his Wrongs?
Oreſt. Firſt let me tear him piece-meal—he ſhall die.
But, Madam, give me Leiſure to contrive

The Place, the Time, the Manner of his Death;
Yet I'm a Stranger in the Court of *Pyrrhus*;
Scarce have I ſet my Foot within *Epirus*,
When you enjoin me to deſtroy the Prince.
It ſhall be done this very Night.

Her. But now,
This very Hour he weds *Andromache*;
The Temple ſhines with Pomp; the Golden Throne
Is now prepared; the joyful Rites begin;
My Shame is publick—Oh be ſpeedy, Prince!
My Wrath's impatient—*Pyrrhus* lives too long!
Intent on Love, and heedleſs of his Perſon,
He covers with his Guards the *Trojan* Boy.
Now is the Time; aſſemble all your *Greeks*:
Mine ſhall aſſiſt them; let their Fury looſe:
Already they regard him as a Foe.
Begone, *Oreſtes* — kill the faithleſs Tyrant:
My Love ſhall recompence the glorious Deed.

Oreſt. Conſider, Madam——

Her. You but mock my Rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle Sighs;
And not atteſt your Love by one brave Action?
Go, with your boaſted Conſtancy! and leave
Hermione to execute her own Revenge!
I bluſh to think how my too eaſy Faith
Has twice been baffled in one ſhameful Hour!

Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak! —you know I'll die to ſerve you!

Her. I'll go myſelf: I'll ſtab him at the Altar;
Then drive the Poniard, reeking with his Blood,
Through my own Heart. In Death we ſhall unite:
Better to die with him, than live with you!

Oreſt. That were to make him bleſt; and me more wretched:
Madam, he dies by me:—— Have you a Foe,
And ſhall I let him live? My Rival too?
Ere yon Meridian Sun declines, he dies:
And you ſhall ſay, that I deſerve your Love.

Her. Go, Prince; ſtrike home! and leave the reſt to me,
Let all your Ships ſtand ready for our Flight. SCENE

SCENE IV.

Hermione, Cleone.

Cleo. Madam, you'll periſh in this bold Attempt.
Her. Give me my Vengeance, I am content to periſh,
I was to blame to truſt it with another:
In my own Hands it had been more ſecure.
Oreſtes hates not *Pyrrhus*, as I hate him:
I ſhould have thruſt the Dagger home; have ſeen
The Tyrant curſe me with his parting Breath,
And roll about his dying Eyes, in vain,
To find *Andromache*, whom I would hide.
Oh, would *Oreſtes*, when he gives the Blow,
Tell him he dies my Victim!——Haſte, *Cleone*;
Charge him to ſay, *Hermione*'s Reſentments,
Not thoſe of *Greece*, have ſentenc'd him to Death.
Haſte, my *Cleone!* My Revenge is loſt,
If *Pyrrhus* knows not that he dies by me!
Cleo. I ſhall obey your Orders——But I ſee
The King approach!—Who could expect him here
Her. O fly! *Cleone*, fly! and bid *Oreſtes*
Not to proceed a Step before I ſee him.

SCENE V.

Hermione, Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to ſhun an injur'd Princeſs:
Your diſtant Looks reproach me: and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my Guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own Injuſtice;
Nor form Excuſes, while his Heart condemns him.
I might perhaps alledge, our warlike Sires,
Unknown to us, engaged us to each other;
And join'd our Hearts by Contract, not by Love;
But I deteſt ſuch Cobweb Arts; I own
My Father's Treaty, and allow its Force.
I ſent Ambaſſadors to call you hither;
Receiv'd you as my Queen; and hoped my Oaths,
So oft renew'd, might ripen into Love.
The Gods can witneſs, Madam, how I fought
Againſt *Andromache*'s too fatal Charms!
And ſtill I wiſh I had the Power to leave
This *Trojan* Beauty, and be juſt to you.

Diſcharge your Anger on this perjur'd Man!
For I abhor my Crime! and ſhould be pleas'd
To hear you ſpeak your Wrongs aloud: No Terms,
No Bitterneſs of Wrath, nor keen Reproach,
Will equal half the Upbraidings of my Heart.

Her. I find, Sir, you can be ſincere: You ſcorn
To act your Crimes with Fear, like other Men.
A Hero ſhould be bold: Above all Laws;
Be bravely falſe; and laugh at ſolemn Ties.
To be perfidious ſhews a daring Mind!
And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a Maid!
To court me; to reject me; to return;
Then to forſake me for a *Phrygian* Slave:
To lay proud *Troy* in Aſhes; then to raiſe
The Son of *Hector*, and renounce the *Greeks*;
Are Actions worthy the great Soul of *Pyrrhus*.

Pyr. Madam, go on: Give your Reſentments Birth;
And pour forth all your Indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould pleaſe your Queen, ſhould I upbraid
your Falſhood;
Call you perfidious, Traitor, all the Names
That injured Virgins laviſh on your Sex;
I ſhould o'erflow with Tears, and die with Grief,
And furniſh out a Tale to ſoothe her Pride;
But, Sir, I would not over-charge her Joys.
If you would charm *Andromache*, recount
Your bloody Battles, your Exploits, your Slaughters,
Your great Atchievements in her Father's Palace.
She needs muſt love the Man, who fought ſo bravely,
And in her Sight ſlew Half her Royal Kindred.

Pyr. With Horror I look back on my paſt Deeds!
I puniſh'd *Helen*'s Wrongs too far; I ſhed
Too much of Blood: But, Madam, *Helen*'s Daughter
Should not object thoſe Ills the Mother cauſed.
However, I am pleaſed to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuſe myſelf:
The Man who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be falſe.
Obedience to a Father brought you hither;
And I ſtood bound by Promiſe to receive you:
But our Deſires were different Ways inclined;
And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.

Her. Have I not loved you then! perfidious Man!
For you I ſlighted all the *Grecian* Princes;

Forſook my Father's Houſe; conceal'd my Wrongs,
When moſt provoked: would not return to *Sparta*,
In hopes that Time might fix your wavering Heart.
I loved you when inconſtant: and even now,
Inhumane King, that you pronounce my Death,
My Heart ſtill doubts, if I ſhould love, or hate you;
But, Oh, ſince you reſolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel Purpoſe till To-morrow!
That I may not be here to grace her Triumph:
This is the laſt Requeſt I e'er ſhall make you.——
See if the barbarous Prince vouchſafes an Anſwer!
Go, then, to the loved *Phrygian*; hence! be gone!
And bear to her thoſe Vows, that once were mine:
Go in Defiance to the avenging Gods!
Be gone! The Prieſt expects you at the Altar——
But, Tyrant, have a Care I come not thither.

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, Phœnix.

Phœn. Sir, did you mind her Threats? your Life's in Danger:
There is no trifling with a Woman's Rage.
The *Grecks*, that ſwarm about the Court, all hate you;
Will treat you as their Country's Enemy,
And join in her Revenge: Beſides, *Oreſtes*
Still loves her to Diſtraction: Sir, I beg——
Pyr. How! *Phœnix*:—ſhould I fear a Woman's Threats?
A nobler Paſſion takes up all my Thought:
I muſt prepare to meet *Andromache*.
Do thou place all my Guards about her Son:
If he be ſafe, *Pyrrhus* is free from Fear.

SCENE VII.

Phœnix, *alone*.

Oh *Pyrrhus*! oh, what Pity 'tis, the Gods,
Who fill'd thy Soul with every kingly Virtue,
Form'd thee for Empire and conſummate Greatneſs,
Should leave thee ſo expoſed to wild Deſires,
That hurry thee beyond the Bounds of Reaſon!
Such was *Achilles*: Generous, fierce, and brave;

Open, and undesigning: But impatient,
Undisciplin'd, and not to be controul'd.
I fear this Whirl of Passion, this Career,
That over-bears Reflexion and cool Thought,
I tremble for the Event!——But see, the Queen,
Magnificent in royal Pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her Son from Danger.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephisa.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a Queen!
Your Sorrows are dispersed, your Charms revive,
And every faded Beauty blooms anew.
Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, *Cephisa.*
Ceph. You see the King is watchful o'er your Son;
Decks him with princely Robes, with Guards surrounds him.
Astyanax begins to reign already.
Andr. *Pyrrhus* is nobly minded: and I fain
Would live to thank him for *Astyanax:*
'Tis a vain Thought—However, since my Child
Has such a Friend, I ought not to repine.
Ceph. These dark Unfoldings of your Soul perplex me:
What meant those Floods of Tears, those warm Embraces,
As if you bid your Son Adieu for ever:
For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, let me know your Griefs!
If you distrust my Faith——
Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my *Cephisa!* This gay, borrowed Air,
This Blaze of Jewels, and this bridal Dress,
Are but Mock-trappings to conceal my Woe:
My Heart still mourns; I still am *Hector*'s Widow.
Ceph. Will you then break the Promise given to *Pyrrhus*;
Blow up his Rage afresh, and blast your Hopes?
Andr. I thought *Cephisa*, thou hadst known thy Mistress.
Could'st thou believe I would be false to *Hector*?
Fall off from such a Husband! Break his Rest,
And call him to this hated Light again,
To see *Andromache* in *Pyrrhus*' Arms!
Would *Hector*, were he living, and I dead,

Forget

Forget *Andromache*, and wed her Foe?
Ceph. I cannot gueſs what Drift your Thoughts purſue:
But, Oh, I fear there's ſomething dreadful in it!
Muſt then *Aſtyanax* be doomed to die;
And you to linger out a Life in Bondage?
Andr. Nor this, nor that, *Cephiſa*, will I bear;
My Word is paſt to *Pyrrhus*, his to me;
And I rely upon his promis'd Faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent; but he is ſincere,
And will perform beyond what he has ſworn.
The *Greeks* will but incenſe him more; their Rage
Will make him cheriſh *Hector*'s Son.
Ceph. Ah, Madam!
Explain theſe Riddles to my boding Heart!
Andr. Thou may'ſt remember, for thou oft haſt heard me
Relate the dreadful Viſion, which I ſaw,
When firſt I landed Captive in *Epirus*.
That very Night, as in a Dream I lay,
A ghaſtly Figure full of gaping Wounds,
His Eyes a glare, his Hair all ſtiff with Blood,
Full in my Sight thrice ſhook his Head and groan'd.
I ſoon diſcern'd my ſlaughter'd *Hector*'s Shade;
But, Oh, how changed! Ye Gods, how much unlike
The living *Hector!* ——— Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from *Achilles*' Son! then ſternly frown'd,
And diſappear'd: Struck with the dreadful Sound,
I ſtarted and awak'd.
Ceph. But did he bid you
Deſtroy *Aſtyanax?*
Andr. *Cephiſa*, I'll preſerve him;
With my own Life, *Cephiſa*, I'll preſerve him.
Ceph. What may theſe Words, ſo full of Horror, mean?
Andr. Know then the ſecret Purpoſe of my Soul:
Andromache will not be falſe to *Pyrrhus*;
Nor violate her ſacred Love to *Hector*.
This Hour I'll meet the King; the holy Prieſt
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual Vows.
This will ſecure a Father to my Child.
That done, I have no farther uſe for Life:
This pointed Dagger, this determin'd Hand,
Shall ſave my Virtue, and conclude my Woes.

Ceph.

Ceph. Ah, Madam! Recollect your ſcatter'd Reaſon!
This fell Deſpair ill ſuits your preſent Fortunes.
Andr. No other Stratagem can ſerve my Purpoſe:
This is the ſole Expedient, to be juſt
To *Hector*, to *Aſtyanax*, to *Pyrrhus*.
I ſoon ſhall viſit *Hector*, and the Shades
Of my great Anceſtors——*Cephiſa*, thou
Wilt lend a Hand to cloſe thy Miſtreſs' Eyes.
Ceph. Oh, never think, that I will ſtay behind you!
Andr. No, my *Cephiſa*; I muſt have thee live.
Remember, thou did'ſt promiſe to obey,
And to be ſecret: Wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful Service, wilt thou
Refuſe my laſt Commands, my dying Wiſh?
Once more, I do conjure thee, live for me!
Ceph. Life is not worth my Care, when you are gone.
Andr. I muſt commit into thy Faithful Hands,
All that is dear and precious to my Soul:
Live and ſupply my Abſence to my Child.
All that remains of *Troy*; a future Progeny
Of Heroes; and a diſtant Line of Kings,
In him, is all intruſted to thy Care.
Ceph. But, Madam, what will be the Rage of *Pyrrhus*,
Defrauded of his promis'd Happineſs?
Andr. That will require thy utmoſt Skill: Obſerve
The firſt impetuous Onſets of his Grief:
Uſe every Artifice to keep him ſtedfaſt.
Sometimes with Tears thou may'ſt diſcourſe of me:
Speak of our Marriage: Let him think I loved him:
Tell him my Soul repos'd itſelf on him,
When I reſign'd my Son to his Protection.
Ceph. O for a Spirit to ſupport my Grief!
Is there ought more before you go for ever?
Andr. Oh, my *Cephiſa!* my ſwollen Heart is full!
I have a thouſand Farewells to my Son:——
But Tears break in—Grief interrupts my Speech—
My Soul o'erflows in Fondneſs!—— Let him know
I dy'd to ſave him:—And would die again.
Seaſon his Mind with early Hints of Glory:
Make him acquainted with his Anceſtors;
Trace out their ſhining Story in his Thoughts:
Dwell on the Exploits of his immortal Father:

And

And ſometimes let him hear his Mother's Name.
Let him reflect upon his Royal Birth
With modeſt Pride: *Pyrrhus* will prove a Friend:
But let him know, he has a Conqueror's Right.
He muſt be taught to ſtifle his Reſentments,
And ſacrifice his Vengeance to his Safety:
Should he prove headſtrong, raſh, or unadviſed,
He then will fruſtrate all his Mother's Virtue;
Provoke his Fate; and I ſhall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear, I never ſhall out-live you!

Andr. No more:—Thy Tears *Cephiſa*, will betray me:
Aſſume a chearful Look: But ſtill remember ——

[*Flouriſh within.*]

Hark, how the Trumpet, with its ſprightly Notes,
Proclaims the appointed Hour, and calls us hence:
Hector, I come, once more a Queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay Victim, with freſh Garlands crown'd,
Pleaſed with the ſacred Fife's enlivening Sound,
Through gazing Crowds, in ſolemn State, proceeds:
And, dreſt in fatal Pomp, magnificently bleeds.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hermione *alone.*

WHAT have I done? Where am I? Where is *Pyrrhus?*
Ye Gods! what mean theſe Horrors?——I am undone!
My Soul is on the Rack! —— I cannot bear it——
Why do I wander like ſome guilty Ghoſt?
What brought me to this Place? What keeps me here?
The Court of *Pyrrhus* has no room for me!
Do I ſtill doubt if I ſhould love or hate him?
Hard hearted Man! how unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once ſigh? beſtow one pitying Look?
Once ſhed a Tear? or ſpeak one ſoft kind Word?
Did he ſo much as feign one Moment's Sorrow,

To

To calm my Griefs, and mitigate his Falſhood?
——Why am I ſtill thus anxious for his Life?
Why do I ſtart at his impending Fate?
Shall he then live; ſhall the baſe Traitor live
To laugh at my Diſtreſs? No, let him periſh!
Be quick, *Oreſtes!*—— Execute my Orders!
Alas! my Orders? Oh, prepoſterous Guilt!
Can I decree the Death of him I love?
Was it for this my Soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my Father's Court?
Have I then croſs'd ſo many Realms and Seas,
To murder *Pyrrhus?*

S C E N E II.

Hermione, Cleone.

Her. Oh, *Cleone*, help me!
What have I done? Is *Pyrrhus* yet alive?
What ſay'ſt thou—Anſwer me! where is the King?
Cleo. Madam, I ſaw the cruel Prince ſet forward,
Triumphant in his Looks, and full of Joy.
Still, as he walk'd, his raviſh'd Eyes were fixt
On the fair Captive; while through ſhouting Crowds
She paſs'd along with a dejected Air,
And ſeem'd to mourn her *Hector* to the laſt.
Her. Inſulting Tyrant! I ſhall burſt with Rage!----
But, ſay, *Cleone*, didſt thou mark him well?
Was his Brow ſmooth? Say, did there not appear
Some Shade of Grief? Some little Cloud of Sorrow?
Did he not ſtop? Did he not once look back?
Didſt thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not——Oh, be quick, and tell me all!
Cleo. Madam, the Tumult of his Joy admits
No Thought, but Love. Unguarded he march'd on
'Midſt a promiſcuous Throng of Friends and Foes.
His Cares all turn upon *Aſtyanax*,
Whom he has lodg'd within the Citadel,
Defended by the Strength of all his Guards.
Her. Enough! ---he dies! --- the Traitor!---Where's *Oreſtes?*
Cleo. He is in the Temple, with his whole Retinue.

Her.

Her. Is he ſtill reſolute? Is he determin'd?
Cleo. Madam, I fear ———
Her. How! —— Is *Oreſtes* falſe?
Does he betray me too?
Cleo. A Thouſand Doubts
Perplex his Soul, and wound him with Remorſe:
His Virtue and his Love prevail by Turns.
He told me *Pyrrhus* ſhould not fall ignobly;
Pyrrhus, the warlike Son of great *Achilles*,
He dreads the Cenſure of the *Grecian* States;
Of all Mankind; and fears to ſtain his Honour.
Her. Poor, timorous Wretch! 'tis falſe! he baſely fears
To cope with Dangers, and encounter Death:
'Tis that He fears?—Am I bright *Helen*'s Daughter?
To vindicate her Wrongs all *Greece* conſpired;
For Her confederate Nations fought, and Kings were ſlain;
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole Empire fell.
My Eyes want force to raiſe a Lover's Arm
Againſt a Tyrant, that has dared to wrong me!
Cleo. Madam, like *Helen*, truſt your Cauſe to *Greece*.
Her. No; I'll avenge myſelf; I'll to the Temple;
I'll overturn the Altar, ſtab the Prieſt:
I'll hurl Deſtruction, like a Whirlwind, round me!
They muſt not wed! they muſt not live! they ſhall not!
Let me be gone! I have no Time to loſe!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all Diſtraction!
Oh *Pyrrhus*, Tyrant, Traitor! Thou ſhalt bleed.

SCENE III.

Hermione, Cleone, Oreſtes.

Oreſt. Madam, 'tis done: Your Orders are obeyed:
The Tyrant lies expiring at the Altar.
Her. Is *Pyrrhus* ſlain ———
Oreſt. Even now he gaſps in Death.
Our *Greeks*, all undiſtinguiſh'd in the Crowd,
Flock'd to the Temple, and diſpers'd themſelves
On every ſide the Altar: I was there:
Pyrrhus obſerved me, with a haughty Eye;
And, proud to triumph over *Greece* in me,

From

From his own Brows he took the Diadem,
And bound it on the Temples of his Captive.
Receive, ſaid he, my Crown; receive my Faith;
Mine and my People's Sovereign reign for ever.
From this bleſt Hour, a Father to your Son,
I'll ſcourge his Foes: Hence forward be he ſtiled
The *Trojan* King: I ſwear it at the Altar;
And call the Gods to ratify my Vows.
His Subjects with loud Acclamations ſhook
The ſpacious Dome! our *Greeks*, enrag'd, cry'd out
Revenge! Revenge! broke through the thronging Preſs;
And ruſh'd tumultuous on the unguarded King.
Their eager Fury left no Work for me.
Pyrrhus a while oppoſed their claſhing Swords,
And dealt his fatal Blows on every ſide,
With manly Fierceneſs; till oppreſt by Numbers,
Streaming with Blood, all over gaſhed with Wounds,
He reel'd, he groaned, and at the Altar fell.
Haſte, Madam: let us fly! Haſte to our Ships!
They lie unmoor'd: Our Friends attend us there.
Her. What have they done!
Oreſt. Madam, forgive their Rage.
I own your Vengeance had been more compleat,
Had *Pyrrhus* fallen by me; and had he known,
Hermione chaſtiſed him by my Arm.
Her. Peace, Monſter, Peace!--Go tell thy horrid Tale
To Savages, and howl it out in Deſerts.
Would'ſt thou impute to me thy barbarous Guilt?
Me would'ſt thou make the Accomplice of thy Crimes?
Hence, to thy *Greeks!* And boaſt thy foul Exploits!
My Soul abhors them! I diſclaim the Deed
Be gone! I know thee not! Thou fell Barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy Madneſs
To aſſaſſinate ſo great, ſo brave a Man?
Who ſet thee on?
Oreſt. O, grant me Patience, Heaven!
With your own Lips did you not curſe the Tyrant,
Pronounce his Death, and urge me to deſtroy him?
Her. What if, tranſported by my boundleſs Paſſion,
I could not bear to ſee him wed another?
Were you to obey a jealous Woman's Phrenzy?
You ſhould have dived into my inmoſt Thoughts:

My-

My Heart, tho' full of Rage, was free from Malice;
And all my Anger was Exceſs of Love.
Why did you take me at my Word? You ſaw
The Struggles of my Soul; you heard me rave,
You ſhould have queſtion'd me a Thouſand Times;
Yet ſtill have doubted, and ſtill queſtion'd on,
Before you ventured on a Life ſo precious.

Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak:—Heaven knows, againſt my Will——

Her. Why did you not return? Why not conſult me
A ſecond Time? And, undetermin'd ſtill,
Again return, and ſtill find new Delays?
What had your raſh officious *Greeks*, dire Blood-Hounds,
To do with my Revenge? What drew you hither,
To bring on me the vengeful Woes that haunt you?
Are theſe the Fruits of your deteſted Love?
Your fatal Embaſſy, your hateful Preſence
Drove *Pyrrhus* to my Rival: and deſtroys
Both him and me.——He might have lov'd me ſtill,
Had you ne'er interpoſed.——Avant! Be gone!
And leave me in *Epirus*,——I renounce
My Friends, my Country, *Greece*, and all Mankind:
But chiefly I renounce Thee! Monſter, Thee!

SCENE IV.

Oreſtes.

Am I awake! Where am I! Soft, my Soul:
Be not too raſh.——Was that *Hermione?*
Why ſhould her Anger thunder againſt me?
Was not this Blood ſhed all by her Command?——
I am indeed a moſt outrageous Monſter!
A Ruffian, Murderer, a baſe Aſſaſſin!
And all to pleaſe a falſe, ungrateful Woman.
Henceforward let the Laws of Nations ceaſe;
And let the Pale, that ſevers Right and Wrong,
Things ſacred and profane, be broken down;
Gods in their Temples, Kings upon their Thrones,
Are not in Safety, while *Oreſtes* lives.
Oh, never more ſhall my torn Mind be healed,
Nor taſte the gentle Comforts of Repoſe!

A dreadful Band of gloomy Cares ſurround me,
And lay ſtrong Siege to my diſtracted Soul.

SCENE V.

Oreſtes, Pylades, *attended by* Greeks.

Pyl. Haſte, Prince; let us be gone: 'Tis Death to ſtay.
Andromache reigns Queen: She gives the Alarm,
And vows revenge upon the Foes of *Pyrrhus*.
The People arm and muſter in the Streets:
Our *Greeks* will not be able long to guard
The Palace Gates, and to ſecure our Flight.
We muſt be ſpeedy, Sir.
Oreſt. You may depart,
My Friends——*Hermione* and I remain.——
Her Cruelty has quite undone me!——Go,
And leave me to myſelf——I'll find her out.
Pyl. Alas, unhappy Princeſs!—She is no more:
Forget her, Sir, and ſave yourſelf with us.
Oreſt. *Hermione* no more!—O all ye Powers!
Pyl. Full of Diſorder, Wildneſs in her Looks,
With Hands expanded, and diſhevelled Hair,
Breathleſs and pale, with Shrieks ſhe ſought the Temple:
In the mid-way ſhe met the Corps of *Pyrrhus*:
She ſtartled at the Sight; then, ſtiff with Horror,
Gazed frightful! Waken'd from the dire Amaze,
She raiſed her Eyes to Heav'n with ſuch a Look,
As ſpoke her Sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods:
Then plung'd a Poniard deep within her Breaſt,
And fell on *Pyrrhus*, graſping him in Death.
Oreſt. I thank you Gods,—I never could expect
To be ſo wretched!—You have been induſtrious
To finiſh your Decrees; to make *Oreſtes*
A dreadful Inſtance of your Power to puniſh;
I am ſingled out to bear the Wrath of Heaven.
Pyl. You hazard your Retreat by theſe Delays.
The Guards will ſoon beſet us. Your Complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.
Oreſt. True, my Friend:
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous Gods.
My Fate's accompliſh'd!—I ſhall die content.

Oh

Oh bear me hence! ——— Blow, Winds! ———
Pyl. Let us begone.
Oreſt. The murdered Lovers wait me---Hark! They call!
Nay, if your Blood ſtill reeks, I'll mingle mine.
One Tomb will hold us all.
Pyl. Alas! I fear
His Ravings will return with his Misfortunes.
Oreſt. I am dizzy! --- Clouds! --- Quite loſt in utter Darkneſs!
Guide me, ſome friendly Pilot, through the Storm.
I ſhiver! Oh, I freeze! --- So: --- Light returns;
'Tis the grey Dawn——See, *Pylades!* Behold! ——
I am encompaſt with a Sea of Blood! ——
The crimſon Billows! ——Oh! my Brain's on Fire!
Pyl. How is it, Sir! --- Repoſe yourſelf on me.
Oreſt. *Pyrrhus*, ſtand off! What would'ſt thou? ——
How he glares!
What envious Hand has cloſed thy Wounds? --- Have at thee.
It is *Hermione* that ſtrikes. ——Confuſion!
She catches *Pyrrhus* in her Arms. ——Oh, ſave me!
How terrible ſhe looks! ——She knits her Brow!
She frowns me Dead: She frights me into Madneſs!
Where am I? ———Who are you?
Pyl. Alas, poor Prince!
Help to ſupport him. —— How he pants for Breath!
Oreſt. This is moſt kind, my *Pylades.* —— Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endleſs Trouble?
Pyl. All will go well: He ſettles into Reaſon.
Oreſt. Who talks of Reaſon? Better to have none,
Then not enough. --- Run, ſome one, tell my *Greeks*,
I will not have them touch the King,---Now!---Now!
I blaze again! --- See there --- Look where they come
A Shoal of Furies! ——How they ſwarm about me!
My Terror! ——Hide me! --- Oh their ſnaky Locks!
Hark! How they hiſs!---See! See their flaming Brands!
Now they let drive full at me! How they grin,
And ſhake their Iron Whips!--My Ears! What Yelling!
And ſee *Hermione!* ——She ſets them on! ———
Thruſt not your Scorpions thus into my Boſom!

Oh!

Oh!——I am ſtung to Death! --- Diſpatch me ſoon!
There---Take my Heart, *Hermione!*——Tear it out!
Disjoint me! --- kill me!--- Oh my tortured Soul! ---
Pyl. Kind Heaven reſtore him to his wonted Calm!
Oft have I ſeen him rave: But never thus:
Quite ſpent!——Aſſiſt me, Friends, to bear him off.
Our Time is ſhort; ſhould his ſtrong Rage return,
'Twould be beyond our Power to force him hence.
Away, my Friends!——I hear the Portal open.

SCENE VI.

Phœnix, *attended by Guards.*

All, all are fled!—— *Oreſtes* is not here!——
Triumphant Villains!——The baſe, giddy Rabble,
Whoſe Hands ſhould all have been employed with Fire
To waſte the Fleet, flocked round the dying Princeſs:
And, while they ſtand agaze, the *Greeks* embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!——This Sacrilegious Murder
Was authoriſed.——The Ambaſſador's Eſcape
Declares his Guilt.——Moſt bloody Embaſſy!
Moſt unexampled Deed! Where, where, ye Gods,
Is Majeſty ſecure, if in your Temples
You give it no Protection!—— See the Queen.

SCENE VII.

Phœnix, Andromache, Cephiſa, *with Attendants.*

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman *Greeks!* The Time will come
When you ſhall dearly pay your bloody Deeds!
How ſhould the *Trojans* hope for Mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious Rage on *Pyrrhus*;
Pyrrhus, the braveſt Man in all your League;
The Man, whoſe ſingle Valour made you triumph.
Is my Child there?——
Ceph. It is the Corps of *Pyrrhus.*
The weeping Soldiers bear him on their Shields.

Andr.

Andr. Ill-fated Prince! Too negligent of Life!
And too unwary of the faithleſs *Greeks!*
Cut off in the freſh, ripening Prime of Manhood,
Even in the Pride of Life; thy Triumphs new,
And all thy Glories in full Bloſſom round thee!
The very *Trojans* would bewail thy Fate.

Ceph. Alas, then will your Sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never! never——While I live, my Tears
Will never ceaſe; for I was born to grieve.——
Give preſent Orders for the Funeral Pomp: [*To* Phœn.
Let him be robed in all his Regal State;
Place round him every ſhining Mark of Honour;
And let the Pile, that conſecrates his Aſhes,
Riſe like his Fame, and blaze above the Clouds.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephiſa, *with Attendants.*

Ceph. That Sound proclaims the Arrival of the Prince:
The Guards conduct him from the Citadel.

Andr. With open Arms I'll meet him! --- Oh, *Cephiſa!*
A ſpringing Joy, mixt with a ſoft Concern,
A Pleaſure, which no Language can expreſs,
An Ecſtaſy, that Mothers only feel,
Plays round my Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow,
Like Gleams of Sun-ſhine in a louring Sky.
Though plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind deſpair.
When preſt by Dangers, and beſet with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpoſe;
And, when our Virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeſeen Expedients bring Relief.

E P I-

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Budgell* of the *Inner-Temple*.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

I Hope you'll own, that with becoming Art,
I've play'd my Game, and topp'd the Widow's Part.
My Spouse, poor Man! could not live out the Play,
But dy'd commodiously on Wedding-Day.
While I, his Relict, made at one bold Fling
Myself a Princess, and young Sty *a King.*
You, Ladies, who protract a Lover's Pain,
And hear your Servants sigh whole Years in vain;
Which of you all would not on Marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her Jointure enter?
'Twas a strange Scape! had Pyrrhus *liv'd till now,*
I had been finely hamper'd in my Vow.
To die by one's own Hand, and fly the Charms
Of Love and Life in a young Monarch's Arms!
'Twere an hard Fate——ere I had undergone it
I might have took one Night——to think upon it.
But why, you'll say, was all this Grief expreſt
For a first Husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much Coldness to my kind Protector?
—Ah Ladies! had you known the good Man Hector!
Homer *will tell you (or I'm mis-inform'd)*
That, when enrag'd, the Grecian *Camp he storm'd,*
To break the ten-fold Barriers of the Gate,
He threw a Stone of such Prodigious Weight,
As no two Men could lift, not even of those,
Who in that Age of thund'ring Mortals rose:
—It would have sprain'd a Dozen modern Beaux.
At length howe'er I laid my Weeds aside,
And sunk the Widow in the well-dress'd Bride.
In you it still remains to grace the Play,
And bless with Joy my Coronation-Day:
Take then, ye Circles of the Brave and Fair,
The Fatherless and Widow to your Care.

FINIS.

THE EARL of ESSEX, OR THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE; A TRAGEDY.

Written by JOHN BANKS,
Author of the *Innocent Usurper*; or, *The Lady Jane Gray*.

——— *qui nimios optabat honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, & impulsæ preceps immane ruinæ. Juv. Sat. 10.

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MDCCLXVII.

1767

LUCUCEDA:

OR THE

EARL of ESSEX.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to the KING and QUEEN at their coming to the Houſe.

Written on purpoſe, by Mr. DRYDEN.

WHen firſt the Ark was landed on the Shore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curſe the Ground no more,
When tops of Hills the longing Patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was ſent to view the Waves Decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear
Who bring the Olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,
Still innocent, as Harbinger to Love;
The Ark is open'd to diſmiſs the Train,
And people with a better Race the Plain.
Tell me, you Pow'rs, why ſhould vain Man purſue
With endleſs Toil, each Object that is new,
And for the ſeeming Subſtance leave the true?——
Why ſhould he quit for Hopes his certain Good,
And loath the Manna of his daily Food?
Muſt England *ſtill the Scene of Changes be,*
Toſt and Tempeſtuous like our ambient Sea?
Muſt ſtill our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have,
Who that is free would fight to be a Slave?
Or what can Wars to After-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent Age is not ſecure,
All that our Monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t'injoy the Bleſſings of his Reign.
Our Land's an Eden, *and the Main's our Fence,*
While we preſerve our State of Innocence:
That loſt, then Beaſts their Brutal Force employ,
And firſt their Lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What Civil Broils have coſt, we know too well,
Oh let it be enough that once we fell!
And every Heart conſpire, with every Tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE Earl of *Essex*,	Mr. *Clark*.
Earl of *Southampton*,	Mr. *Griffin*.
Burleigh,	Major *Mohun*.
Sir *Walter Raleigh*,	Mr. *Disney*.
Lieutenant of the *Tower*.	

Queen *Elizabeth*,	Mrs. *Quin*.
Countess of *Rutland*, secretly married to the Earl of *Essex*,	Mrs. *Cooke*.
Countess of *Nottingham*,	Mrs. *Corbet*.

Women, Gentlemen, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *Whitehall*, and the *Tower*.

THE

THE EARL of ESSEX; OR, THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Countess of Nottingham, *and* Burleigh, *at several Doors. The Countess reading a Letter.*

HELP me to rail, Prodigious-minded *Burleigh*,
Prince of bold *English* Councils; teach me how
This hateful Breast of mine may dart forth Words,
Keen as thy Wit, malicious as thy Person:
Then I'll caress thee, stroke thee into Shape;
This rocky dismal Form of thine, that holds
The most Seraphick Mind that ever was,
I'll heal, and mould thee with a soft Embrace;
Thy Mountain Back shall yield beneath these Arms,
And thy pale wither'd Cheeks that never glow,
Shall then be deck'd with Roses of my own ——
Invent some new strange Curse, that's far above
Weak Woman's Rage, to blast the Man I love.

Burl. What means the fairest of the Court? say what
More cruel Darts are forming in those Eyes
To make adoring *Cecil* more unhappy?
If such a wretched and declar'd hard Fate

Attends the Man you love, what then, bright Star,
Has your malignant Beauty yet in ſtore
For him that is this Object of her Scorn?
Tell me that moſt unhappy happy Man,
Declare who is the moſt ungrateful Lover;
And to obey my lovely *Nottingham*
I will prefer this dear Cabal, and her
To all the other Councils in the World:
Nay, tho' the Queen and her two Nations call'd,
And ſinking *England* ſtood this hour in need
For this ſupporting Head, they all ſhould ſue,
Or periſh all for one kind Look from you.

Not. There ſpoke the Genius and the breath of *England*,
Thou *Æſculapius* of the Chriſtian World!
Methinks the Queen, in all her Majeſty,
Hemm'd with a Pomp of ruſty Swords, and duller Brains,
When thou art abſent is a naked Monarch,
And fills an idle Throne, till *Cecil* comes
To head her Councils, and inſpire her General ——
Thy uncouth ſelf, that ſeems a Scourge to Nature
For ſo maliciouſly deforming thee,
Is by the heavenly Powers ſtamp'd with a Soul,
That, like the Sun, breaks thro' dark Miſts, when none
Beholds the Cloud, but wonders at the Light.

Burl. O ſpare that Angel's Voice till the laſt Day!
Such heavenly Praiſe is loſt on ſuch a Subject.

Not. Let none preſume to ſay, while *Burleigh* lives,
A Woman wears the Crown; fourth *Richard* rather,
Heir to the third in Magnanimity,
In Perſon, Courage, Wit, and Bravery all,
But to his Vices none, nor to his End
I hope.

Burl. You torture me with this Exceſs ——
Were but my Fleſh caſt in a purer Mould,
Then you might ſee me bluſh: But my hot Blood,
Burnt with continual Thought, does inward glow;
Though, like the Sun, ſtill goes its daily Round,
And ſcorches, as in *India*, to the Root ——
But to the wretched Cauſe of your Diſturbance;
Say, ſhall I gueſs? Is *Eſſex* not the Man?

Not.

Not. O! name not *Essex*, Hell and Tortures rather:
Poisons and Vultures to the Breast of Man
Are not so cruel as the Name of *Essex* ——
Speak good, my Lord! nay, never speak nor think
Again, unless you can assuage this worse
Than Fury in my Breast.
Burl. Tell me the Cause,
Then cease your Rage, and study to revenge.
Not. My Rage! It is the Wings by which I'll fly
To be reveng'd—I'll ne'er be patient more.
Lift me my Rage, nay, mount me to the Stars,
Where I may haunt this Peacock, tho' he lies
Close in the Lap of *Juno*—*Elizabeth*;
Tho' the Queen circles him with Charms of Power,
And hides her Minion like another *Circe*.
Burl. Still well instructed Rage; but pray disclose
The Reason of the Earl's Misfortune.
Not. You are,
My Friend, the Cabinet of all my Frailties;
From you, as from just Heaven, I hope for Absolution:
Yet pray, tho' Anger makes me red, when I
Discourse the Reason of my Rage, be kind,
And say it is my Sex's Modesty.
Know then,
This bold imperious Man I lov'd, lov'd so,
Till ling'ring with the Pain of fierce Desire,
And Shame, that strove to torture me alike,
At last I past the Limits of our Sex,
And (O kind *Cecil*, pity and forgive me)
Sent this opprobrious Man my Mind a Slave;
In a kind Letter broke the Silence of
My Love, which rather should have broke my Heart.
Burl. But pray what Answer did you get from him?
Not. Such as has made an Earthquake in my Soul;
Shook ev'ry Vital in these tender Limbs,
And rais'd me to the Storm you found me in.
At first he charm'd me with a thousand Hopes,
Else 'twas my Love thought all his Actions so. ——
Just now from *Ireland* I receiv'd this Letter,
Which take and read: But now I think you shall not,

I'll tear it in a thousand Pieces first,
Tear it as I would *Essex* with my Will,
To Bits, to Morsels hack the mangled Slave,
Till every Atom of his cursed Body [*Tears the Letter*
Sever'd and flew like Dust before the Wind. [*in a Rage*
Now do I bless the Chance, or else may blame
Me for revealing of my foolish Passion ———
Did e'er I think these celebrated Charms,
Which I so often have been bless'd and prais'd for,
Should once be destin'd to so mean a Price,
As a Refusal! ——— Are there Friends above
That protect Innocence and injur'd Love?
Hear me, and curse me streight with wrinkled Age,
With Leprosy, Derision, all your Plagues
On Earth and Hell hereafter, if I'm not reveng'd.

Burl. Else say she is no Woman or no Widow. [*Aside.*
The sacred Guardians of your slighted Beauties,
Have had more Pity on their lovely Charge,
Than to behold you swallow'd in his Ruin.
The best and worst that Fortune could propose
To you in *Essex'* Love, was to have brought
A helpless short-liv'd Traitor to your Arms.

Not. Ha! Traitor, say you! Speak the Word again.—
Yet do not: 'ts enough if *Burleigh* says it;
His Wit has Power to damn the Man that thinks it,
And t'extract Treason from infected Thought.
The Nation's Safety like a Ship he steers,
When Tempests blow, rais'd by Designs of false
And ignorant Statesmen: by his Wit alone
They're all dispers'd, and by his Breath she sails,
His prosperous Counsels all her gentle Gales.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the Queen expects you streight.

Burl. Madam,
Be pleased to attend her Majesty i'th' Presence,
Where you shall hear such Misdemeanors offer'd,
Such Articles against the Earl of *Essex*,
As will both glad the Nation and yourself.

Gent. My Lord, I see the haughty Earl of *Southampton*
Coming this Way.

Burl.

Burl. Madam, retire.
Not. I go,
With greater Expectation of Delight,
Than a young Bridegroom on his Marriage-Night.
[*Exit Countess of* Nottingham.
Burl. Southampton, he's the Chief of *Essex' Faction*,
His Friend, and sworn Brother; and I fear
Too much a Friend and Partner of his Revels,
To be a Stranger of the other's Guilt ——
'Tis not yet Time to lop this haughty Bough,
'Till I have shaken first the Tree that bears it.
Enter Southampton.
South. My Lord, I hear unwelcome News: 'Tis said
Some factious Members of the House, headed
By you, have voted an Address for Leave
T'impeach the Earl of *Essex* of strange Articles
Of Treason.
Burl. Treason, 'tis most true, is laid
To *Essex'* Charge; but that I am the Cause
They do me Wrong, the Occasion is too publick:
For those dread Storms in *Ireland* rais'd by him,
Have blown so rudely on our *English* Coast,
That they have shipwreck'd quite the Nation's Peace,
And wak'd its very Statues to abhor him.
South. Mere Argument; your nice and fine Distinction
To make a good Man vicious, or a bad
Man virtuous, ev'n as please the Sophisters ——
My Lord, you are engend'ring Snakes within you.
I fear you have a subtle stinging Heart:
And give me Leave to tell you, that this Treason,
If any, has been hatch'd in *Burleigh's* School.
I see Ambition in the fair Pretence,
Burleigh in all its cunning dark Disguises,
And envious *Cecil* every where.
Burl. My Lord, my Lord, your Zeal to this bad Earl
Makes you offend the Queen and all good Men,
Believe it, Sir, his Crimes have been so noted,
So plain and open to the State and her,
That he can now no more deceive the Eyes
Of a most gracious Mistress or her Council;

Nor can ſhe any longer, if ſhe would,
In Pity of his other Parts, let Juſtice wink,
But rouze herſelf from cheated ſlumbering Mercy,
And ſtart at his moſt foul Ingratitude.
Nor does it well become the brave *Southampton*
To plead in his Behalf, for fear it pulls
Upon himſelf Suſpicion of his Crimes.
South. Hold in my Fire, and ſcorch not thro' my Ribs:
Quench, if thou can'ſt, the burning furious Pain ——
I cannot if I would, but muſt unload
Some of the Torture—Now by my wrong'd ſelf,
And *Eſſex* much more wrong'd, I ſwear 'tis falſe;
Falſe as the Rules by which vile Stateſmen govern;
Falſe as their Arts by which the Traitors riſe,
By cheating Nations and deſtroying Kings,
And falſe impoſing on the common Crew,
Eſſex!—By all the Hopes of my immortal Soul,
There's not one Drop of Blood of that brave Man,
But holds more Honour, Truth and Loyalty,
Than thy whole Maſs beſides, and all thy Brains
Stuff'd with Cabals and Projects for the Nation;
Than thou that ſeem'ſt a good St. *Chriſtopher*,
Carrying thy Country's Genius on thy Back,
But art indeed a Devil, and takeſt more Hire
Than half the Kingdom's Wealth can ſatisfy.
I ſay again, that thou and all thy Race,
With *Eſſex'* baſe Accuſers, every one
Put in a Scale together, weigh not half
The Merit that's in one poor Hair of his.
Burl. Thank you my Lord—See I can bear the Scandal,
And cannot chuſe but ſmile to ſee you rage.
South. It is becauſe thy guilty Soul's a Coward,
And has not Spirit enough to feign a Paſſion.
Burl. It is the Token of my Innocence——
But let *Southampton* have a ſpecial Care
To keep his cloſe Deſigns from *Cecil*'s Way,
Leſt he diſturb the Genius of the Nation,
As you were pleas'd to call me; and beware
The Fate of *Eſſex*. [*Exit* Burleigh.
South. Ha! The Fate of *Eſſex*.

Thou

Thou ly'ſt, proud Stateſman, 'tis above thy Reach,
As high above thy Malice as is Heaven
Beyond a *Cecil*'s Hopes—Deſpair not, *Eſſex!*
Nor his brave Friends, ſince a juſt Queen's his Judge;
She that ſaw once ſuch Wonders in thy Perſon,
A ſcarce fledg'd Youth, as loading thee with Honours,
At once made thee Earl-Marſhal, Knight o'the Garter,
Chief Counſellor, and Admiral at Sea——
She comes, ſhe comes, bright Goddeſs of the Day,
And *Eſſex*' Foes ſhe drives like Miſts away.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Lord Chancellor, Counteſs of* Nottingham, *Counteſs of* Rutland, *Lords and Attendants. Queen on a Chair of State, Guards.*

Queen. My Lords, we hear not any thing confirms
The new Deſigns were dreaded of the *Spaniards*;
Our Letters lately from our Agent there
Say nothing of ſuch Fears, nor do I think
They dare.

Burl. To dare, moſt high illuſtrious Princeſs,
Is ſuch a Virtue *Spaniard* never knew;
His Courage is as cold as he is hot,
And Faith is as adulterate as his Blood.
What Truth can we expect from ſuch a Race
Of Mungrels, *Jews, Mahometans, Goths, Moors,*
And *Indians,* with a few old *Caſtilians,*
Shuffl'd in Nature's Mould together?
That *Spain* may truly now be call'd the Place
Where *Babel* firſt was built. Theſe Men,
With all falſe Tenets chop'd and maſh'd together,
Suck'd from the Scum of every baſe Religion,
Which they have ſince transform'd to *Romiſh* Maſs,
Are now become the Mitre's darling Sons,
And *Spain* is call'd the Pope's moſt Catholick King.

Queen. Spoke like true *Cecil* ſtill, old Proteſtant——
But ho! it joys me with the dear Remembrance
Of this Romantick huge Invaſion.
From the Pope's Cloſet, where 'twas firſt begot,
Bulls, Abſolutions, Pardons, frightful Banns,
Flew o'er the Continent and narrow Seas,
Some to reward, and others to torment;

Nay,

Nay, worse, the Inquisition was let loose
To teach the very Atheists Purgatory:
Then were a thousand holy Hands employ'd,
As Cardinals, Bishops, Monks and Jesuits;
Not a poor Mendicant or begging Friar,
But thought he should be damn'd to leave the Work.

South. Whole Sholes of Benedictions were dispers'd;
Nay, the good Pope himself so wearied was
With giving Blessings to those holy Warriors
That flew to him from ev'ry Part as thick
As Hornets to their Nests, it gave his Arms
The Gout.

Burl. O faithless incourageous Hands!
They should have been both burnt for Hereticks.

Queen. But when this huge and mighty Fleet was ready,
Altars were stripp'd of shining Ornaments;
Their Images, their Pictures, Palls, and Hangings,
By Nuns and *Persians* wrought,
All went to help their great Armada forth;
Relicks of all Degrees of Saints
Were there distributed, and not a Ship
Was bless'd without one: every Sail amongst 'em
Boasted to carry, as a certain Pledge
Of Victory, some of the real Cross.

South. Long live that Day, and never be forgotten
The gallant Hour, when to the immortal Fame
Of *England*, and the more immortal *Drake*,
That proud Armada was destroy'd. Yet was
The Fight not half so dreadful as th' Event
Was pleasant. When the first Broadsides were giv'n:
A tall brave Ship, the tallest of the rest,
That seem'd the Pride of all their big Half-Moon,
Whether by Chance, or by a lucky Shot
From us I know not, but she was blown up,
Bursting like Thunder, and almost as high,
And then did shiver in a thousand Pieces;
Whilst from her Belly Crouds of living Creatures
Broke like untimely Births, and fill'd the Sky.
Then might be seen a *Spaniard* catch his Fellow,
And wrestling in the Air, fall down together;

A Priest

A Prieſt for Safety riding on a Croſs,
Another that had none, croſſing himſelf;
Friars with long big Sleeves, like Magpies Wings,
That bore them up, came gently ſailing down;
One with a Don that held him by the Arms,
And cry'd, confeſs me ſtreight; but as he juſt
Had ſpoke the Words, they tumbled down together.

Burl. Juſt Heaven, that never ceas'd to have a Care
Of your moſt Gracious Majeſty and Kingdoms,
By valiant Soldiers, and by faithful Leaders,
Confounded in one Day the vaſt Deſigns
Of *Italy* and *Spain* againſt our Liberties:
So may *Tyrone* and *Iriſh* Rebels fall,
And ſo may all your Captains henceforth prove
To be as loyal and as ſtout Commanders.

Queen. Is there no freſher News from *Ireland* yet?

Burl. None better than the laſt, that ſeems too ill
To be repeated in your gracious Hearing.

Queen. Why, what was that?

South. Now, now the ſubtile Fiend
Begins to conjure up a Storm. [*Aſide.*

Burl. How ſoon your gracious Majeſty forgets
Crimes done by any of your Subjects!

Queen. What?
That *Eſſex* did defer his Journey to
The North, and therefore loſt the Seaſon quite:
Was not that all?

Burl. And that he met *Tyrone*
At his Requeſt, and treated with him private:
A Ford dividing them, they both rode in,
Wading their Horſes knee-deep on each ſide;
But that the Diſtance from each other was
So great, and they were forced to parly loud,
Orders were given to keep the Soldiers off;
Nay, not an Officer in all the Army
But was denied to hear what paſs'd between them——
What follow'd then the Parley was the Truce,
So ſhameful (if I may be bold to call
It ſo) both to your Majeſty and *England.*

Queen. Enough, enough, good *Cecil*, you begin

To

To be inveterate: 'Twas his first Fault;
And tho' that Crime, done to the Nation's Hurt,
Admits of no excuse or Mitigation,
From the Author's many Virtues or Misfortunes,
Yet you must all confess that he is brave,
Valiant as any, and has done as much
For you, as e'er *Alcides* did for *Greece*.
Yet I'll not hide his Faults, but blame him too;
And therefore I have sent him chiding Letters,
Forbidding him to leave the Kingdom, till
He has dispatch'd the War, and kill'd *Tyrone*.

Enter Sir Walter Raleigh, *attended by some other Members of the House.*

Burl. Most Royal Madam, here's the gallant *Raleigh*,
With others in Commission from the House,
Who attend your Majesty with some few Bills
And humblest of Addresses, that you wou'd
Be pleas'd to pass 'em for the Nation's Safety.

Queen. Welcome my People, welcome to your Queen,
Who wishes still no longer to be so,
Than she can govern well, and serve you all:
Welcome again dear People, for I'm proud
To call you so; and let it not be boasting
In me to say, I love you with a greater Love
Than ever Kings before showr'd down on Subjects,
And that I think ne'er did a People more
Deserve than you. Be quick,
And tell me your Demands; I long to hear:
For known, I count your Wants are all my own.

Ral. Long live the bright Imperial Majesty
Of *England*, Virgin-Star of Christendom,
Blessing and Guide of all your Subjects Lives;
Who wish the Sun may sooner be extinguish'd
From the bright Orb he rules in, than the Queen
Should e'er descend the Throne she now makes happy.
Your Parliament, most blest of Sovereigns,
Calling to mind the Providence of Heaven
In guarding still your People under you,
And sparing your most precious Life,
Do humbly offer to your Royal Pleasure

Three

Three Bills to be made living Acts hereafter,
All for the Safety of your Crown and Life,
More precious than ten thousand of your Slaves.
Queen. Let *Cecil* take and read what they contain.
[Cecil *takes the Papers, and reads the Contents.*
Burl. ' An Act for settling and establishing
' A strong Militia out of every County;
' And likewise for levying a new Army,
' Consisting of six thousand Foot at least,
' And Horse three thousand, quickly to be ready,
' As strong Guard for the Queen's sacred Person,
' And to prevent what clandestine Designs
' The *Spaniards* or the *Scots* may have.
Queen. Thanks to
My Dear and loving People; I will pass it.
Burl. The second Act is, ' for the speedy raising
' Two hundred thousand Pound to pay the Army,
' And to be order'd as the Queen shall please;
' This to be gather'd by a Benevolence,
' And Subsidy, in six Months time from hence.
Queen. What mean my giving Subjects! it shall pass.
Burl. The third has several Articles at large,
With an Address subscrib'd, most humbly offer'd,
For the impeaching *Robert* Earl of *Essex*
Of several Misdemeanours of high Treason.
Queen. Ha!
This unthought Blast has shock'd me like an Ague.
It has alarmed every Sense, and spoil'd me
Of all the awful Courage of a Queen. } *Aside.*
But I'll recover——
Say my *Nottingham*,
And *Rutland*, did you ever hear the like?
But are you well assur'd I am awake?
Bless me, and say it is a horrid Vision;
That I am not upon the Throne!——
Ha! Is't not so?——Yes, Traitors, I'll obey you——
[*She rises in a Rage.*
Here sit you in my Place; take *Burleigh*'s Staff,
The Chancellor's Seal, and *Essex*' valiant Head,
And leave me none but such as are yourselves,
Knaves

Knaves for my Council, Fools for Magiſtrates,
And Cowards for Commanders——Oh my Heart!

South. Oh horrid Impoſition on a Throne!
Eſſex, that has ſo bravely ſerv'd the Nation;
That I may boldly ſay, *Drake* did not more:
That has ſo often beat his Foes on Land,
Stood like a Promontory in its Defence,
And ſail'd with Dragons Wings to guard the Seas,
Eſſex! That took as many Towns in *Spain*
As all this Iſland holds; beggar'd their Fleet
That came with Loads of half the Mines in *India*,
And took a mighty Carrack of ſuch value,
That held more in its prodigious Deck
Than ſerv'd the Nation's Riot for a Year.

Queen. Ingrateful People! Take away my Life:
'Tis that you'd have; for I have reign'd too long—
You too well know that I am a Woman, elſe
You durſt not uſe me thus—Had you but fear'd
Your Queen as you did once my Royal Father,
Or had I but the Spirit of that Monarch,
With one ſhort Syllable I ſhould have ramm'd
Your impudent Petitions down your Throats,
And made four hundred of your factious Crew
Tremble, and grovel on the Earth for fear.

Ral. Thus proſtrate at your Feet we beg for Pardon,
And humbly crave your Majeſty's Forgiveneſs.

[*Petitioners kneel.*

Queen. No more—attend me in the Houſe to-morrow.

Burl. Moſt mighty Queen! Bleſs'd and ador'd by all,
Torment not ſo your Royal Breaſt with Paſſion;
Not all of us, our Lives, Eſtates and Country,
Are worth the leaſt Diſturbance of your Mind.

Queen. Are you become a pleader for ſuch Traitors?
Ha! I ſuſpect that *Cecil* too is envious,
And *Eſſex* is too great for thee to grow——
A Shrub that never ſhall be look'd upon,
Whilſt *Eſſex* that's a Cedar, ſtands ſo high——
Tell me, why was I not acquainted with
This cloſe Deſign: For I am ſure thou know'ſt it.

Burl. Madam——

Queen.

Queen. Be dumb; I will hear no Excuſes.——
I could turn Cynick, and outrage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts, all Buſineſs, and Mankind,
Leave all like Chaos, in Confuſion hurl'd;
For 'tis not Reaſon now that rules the World.
There's Order in all States but Man below,
And all things elſe do to Superiors bow:
Trees, Plants, and Fruits, rejoice beneath the Sun,
Rivers and Seas are guided by the Moon;
The Lyon rules thro' Shades and ev'ry Green,
And Fiſhes own the Dolphin for their Queen;
But Man, the verier Monſter, worſhips ſtill
No God but Luſt, no Monarch but his Will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Counteſs of Eſſex.

C. Eſſ. IS this the Joy of a new married Life?
This all the Taſte of Pleaſures that are feign'd
To flow from ſweet and everlaſting Springs;
By what falſe Opticks do we view thoſe Sights,
And by our ravenous Wiſhes ſeem to draw
Delights ſo far beyond a Mortal's reach,
And bring 'em home to our deluded Breaſts?
'Tis not yet long ſince that bleſt Day was paſt,
A Day I wiſh'd that ſhould for ever laſt.
The Night once gone, I did the Morning chide,
Whoſe Beams betray'd me by my *Eſſex*' Side;
And whilſt my Bluſhes, and my Eyes they bleſt,
I ſtrove to hide 'em in his panting Breaſt,
And my hot Cheeks cloſe to his Boſom laid,
Liſt'ning to what the Gueſt within it ſaid;
Where Fire to Fire the noble Heart did burn,
Cloſe like a Phœnix in her ſpicy Urn;

I ſigh'd and wept for Joy a Shower of Tears,
And felt a thouſand ſweet and pleaſant Fears,
Too rare for Senſe, too exquiſite to ſay;
Pain we can count, but Pleaſure ſteals away.
But Buſineſs now, and envious Glory's Charms,
Have ſnatch'd him from theſe ever faithful Arms.
Ambition, that's the higheſt way to Woe,
Cruel Ambition! Love's eternal Foe.

Enter Southampton.

South. Thou deareſt Partner of my deareſt Friend,
The brigheſt Planet of thy ſhining Sex,
Forgive me for the unwelcome News I bring---
Eſſex is come the moſt deplor'd of Men!

C. Eſſ. Now by the ſacred Joys that fill my Heart,
What fatal Meaning can there be in that?
Is my Lord come? Say, ſpeak.

South. Too ſure he's come! ---
But oh that Seas as wide as Waters flow,
Or burning Lakes as broad and deep as Hell,
Had rather parted you for ever,
So *Eſſex* had been ſafe on th' other ſide.

C. Eſſ. My Lord, you much amaze me———
Pray what of Ill has happen'd ſince this Morning,
That the Queen guarded him with ſo much Mercy,
And then refus'd to hear his falſe Impeachers?

South. Too ſoon, alas! he's forfeited his Honours,
Places and Wealth; but more, his precious Life;
Condemn'd by the too cruel Nation's Laws,
For leaving his Commiſſion, and returning
When the Queen's abſolute Commands forbad him.

C. Eſſ. Fond hopes! Muſt then our Meeting prove
ſo fatal?

South. Say, Madam, now what Help will you propoſe?
Can the Queen's Pity any more protect him?
Never, it is no longer in her Power:
She muſt, though 'gainſt her Will, deliver him
A Sacrifice to all his greedy Foes.

C. Eſſ. Where is my Lord?

South. *Blunt* left him on the way,
And came diſguis'd in haſte to give me notice.

C. Eſſ.

C. Ess. Let him go back and give my *Essex* warning,
Conjuring him from us to stir no further,
But streight return to *Ireland*, ere 'tis known
He left the Place.

South. Alas! it is no Secret,
Besides, he left the Town almost as soon
As *Blunt*, and is expected every Moment.

C. Ess. How could it be reveal'd so suddenly?

South. I know not that, unless from Hell it came,
Where *Cecil* too is Privy-Counsellor,
And knows as much as any Devil there.
I met the cunning Fiend and *Raleigh* whispering:
And the fair treacherous *Nottingham*
I saw bedeck'd with an ill-natur'd Smile,
That shew'd malicious Beauty to the Height.

C. Ess. Hold, hold, my Lord, my Fears begin to rack
And Danger now in all its horrid Shapes, (me,
Stalks in my Way, and makes my Blood run cold,
Worse than a Thousand glaring Spirits could do.
Assist me streight, thou Dæmon, to my *Essex*,
Help me thou more than Friend in Misery———
I'll to the Queen, and streight declare our Marriage.
She will have Mercy on my helpless State!
Pity these Tears, and all my humble Postures,
If not for me, not for my *Essex*' sake,
Yet for the Illustrious Offspring that I bear;
I'll go, I'll run, I'll hazard all this Moment.

[*Offers to be gone.*

South. Led by vain Hopes, you fly to your Destruction,
There wants but that dread Secret to be known,
To tumble you for ever to Despair,
And leave you both condemn'd without the Hopes
Of the Queen's Pity or Remorse hereafter.

C. Ess. Curs'd be the Stars that flatter'd at our Births,
That shone so bright with such unusual Lustre
As cheated the whole World into Belief,
Our Lives alone were all their chiefest Care.

South. Be comforted, rely on *Essex*' Fate,
And the Queen's Mercy———
Behold she comes, our evil Fate,

In discontented Characters, wrote on
Her Brow.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Countess of* Nottingham, Raleigh, *Attendants*, *Guards*.

Queen. Is *Essex* then arrived?

Burl. He is.

Queen. Then he has lost me all the flattering Hopes
I ever had to save him ——— [*Aside*. Come, say you!
Who else come with him?

Burl. Some few Attendants.

Queen. Durst the most vile of Traitors serve me thus!
Double my Strength about me, draw out Men,
And set a Guard before the Palace Gates,
And bid my valiant Friends the Citizens
Be ready streight ——— I shall be murder'd else.
And faithful *Cecil*, if thou lov'st thy Queen,
See all this done; for how can I be safe,
If *Essex*, that I favour'd, seek my Life?

Burl. Will't please your Majesty to see the Earl?

Queen. No.

Burl. Shall I publish streight your Royal Order,
That may forbid his coming to the Court,
Until your Majesty command him?

Queen. Neither———
How durst you seem t'interpret what's my Pleasure!
No, I will see him if he comes, and then
Leave me to act without your sawcy Aid,
If I have any Royal Power.

C. Ess. Blest be the Queen, blest be the pitying God
That has inspir'd her. [*Aside*.

South. Most admir'd of Queens,
Thus low unto the Ground I bend my Body,
And I wish I could sink lower thro' the Earth,
To suit a Posture to my humble Heart.
I tremble to excuse my gallant Friend
In Contradiction to your heavenly Will;
Who like a God knows all, and 'tis enough
You think him Innocent, and he is so:
But yet your Majesty's most Royal Soul,
That soars so high above the humble Malice

Of

Of base and sordid Wretches under you,
Perhaps is ignorant the valiant Earl
Has Foes, Foes that are only so, because
Your Majesty has crown'd him with your Favours,
And lifted him so far above their Sights,
That 'tis a Pain to all their envious Eyes
To look so high above them! and of these
Some grow too near your Royal Person,
As the ill Angels did at first in Heaven,
And daily seek to hurt this brave Man's Virtue.

Queen. Help me, thou Infinite Ruler of all things,
That sees at once as far as the Sun displays,
And searches every Soul of human Kind,
Quick and unfelt, as Light infuses Beams,
Unites, and makes all Contradictions center,
And to the Sense of Man which is more strange,
Governs innumerable distant Parts
By one intire same Providence at once:
Teach me so far thy Holy Art of Rule,
As in a mortal Reason may distinguish
Betwixt bold Subjects, and a Monarch's Right.

Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl is come,
And waits your Pleasure.

Queen. Let him be admitted——
Now, now support thy Royalty,
And hold thy Greatness firm: but oh how heavy
A Load is State, where the free Mind's disturb'd!
How happy a Maid is she that always lives
Far from high Honour in a low Content,
Where neither Hills nor dreadful Mountains grow,
But in a Vale where Springs and Pleasures flow;
Where Sheep lie round instead of Subject Throngs;
The Trees for Musick, Birds instead of Songs;
Instead of *Essex* one poor faithful Hind,
She has a Servant, he a Mistress kind,
Who with Garlands for his coming crowns her Door,
And all with Rushes strews her little Floor;
Where at their mean Repast no Fears attend
Of a false Enemy, or falser Friend;

No Care of Scepters, nor ambitious Frights
Disturb the Quiet of their Sleep at Nights——
He comes; this proud invader of my Rest,
He comes; but I intend so to receive him——
Enter the Earl of Essex *with Attendants*. Essex *kneels*.
[*The Queen turns to the Countess of* Nottingham.
Essex. Long live the mightest, most ador'd of Queens,
The brightest Power on Earth that Heaven e'er form'd:
Aw'd and amaz'd the trembling *Essex* kneels,
Essex that stood the dreadful Voice of Cannons,
Hid in a darker Field of Smoak and Fire,
Than that were *Cyclops* blows the Forge, and sweats
Beneath the mighty Hill, whilst Bullets round me
Flew like the Bolts of Heav'n when shot with Thunder,
And lost their Fury on my Shield and Corslet;
And stood those Dangers unconcern'd, and dauntless!
But you, the most Majestick brightest Form
That ever rul'd on Earth, have caught my Soul,
Surpriz'd its Virtues all with Dread and Wonder;
My humble Eyes durst scarcely look up to you,
Your dazling Mien and Sight so fill the Place,
And every Part Celestial Rays adorn.
Queen. Ha! [*Aside*.
Essex. 'Tis said I have been guilty——
I dare not rise, but crawl thus on the Earth,
Till I have leave to kiss your sacred Robes,
And clear before the justest, best of Queens,
My wrong'd and wounded Innocence.
Queen. What saidst thou, *Nottingham*? What said the Earl? [*Aside*.
Essex. What not a Word! a Look! not one blest [Look:
Turn, turn cruel Brow, and kill me with
A Frown; it is a quick and surer Way,
To rid you of your *Essex*,
Than Banishment, than Fetters, Swords, or Axes——
What not that neither! Then I plainly see
My Fate, the Malice of my Enemies
Triumphant in their joyful Faces; *Burleigh*
With a glad Coward's Smile, that knows h'as got
Advantage o'er his valiant Foe, and *Raleigh*'s proud

To

To ſee his dreaded *Eſſex* kneel ſo long,
Eſſex that ſtood in his great Miſtreſs' Favour
Like a huge Oak, the loftieſt of the Wood,
Whilſt they no higher could attain to be,
Than humble Suckers nouriſh'd by my Root,
And like the Ivy twin'd their flattering Arms
About my Waiſt, and liv'd but by my Smiles.

Queen. I muſt be gone: for if I ſtay, I ſhall
Here wreck my Conduct, and my Fame for ever.
Thus the charm'd Pilot liſtning to the *Sirens*, } *Aſide.*
Lets his rich Veſſel ſplit upon a Rock,
And loſes both his Life and Wealth together.

Eſſex. Still I am ſhun'd as if I wore Deſtruction—
Here, here my faithful and my valiant Friends, [*Riſes.*
Deareſt Companions of the Fate of *Eſſex*,
Behold this Boſom ſtudded o'er with Scars,
This Marble Breaſt, that has ſo often held,
Like a fierce Battlement againſt the Foes
Of *England*'s Queen, that made a hundred Breaches;
Here pierce it ſtreight, and thro' this Wild of Wounds
Be ſure to reach my Heart, this loyal Heart,
That ſits conſulting 'midſt a thouſand Spirits,
All at command, all faithful to my Queen.

Queen. If I had ever Courage, Haughtineſs,
Or Spirit, help me but now, and I am happy!
He melts; it flows and drowns my Heart with Pity, } *Aſide.*
If I ſtay longer, I ſhall tell him ſo——
What is this Traitor in my ſight!
All that have Loyalty, and love their Queen,
Forſake this horrid Wretch, and follow me.

[Exeunt *Queen and her Attendants*, manet *Eſſex* ſolus.

Eſſex. She's gone, and darted Fury as ſhe went——
Cruelleſt of Queens!
Not hear! not hear your Soldier ſpeak one Word!
Eſſex that was once all Day liſten'd to;
Eſſex, that like a Cherub held thy Throne,
Whilſt thou didſt dreſs me with thy wealthy Favours,
Chear'd me with Smiles, and deck'd me round with Glo-
Nor was thy Crown ſcarce worſhipp'd on thy Head (ries;
Without me by thy Side; but now art deaf

As Adders, Winds, or the remorſeleſs Seas;
Deaf as thy cunning Sex's Ears to thoſe
That make unwelcome Love—What News, my Friend?

Enter Southampton.

South. Such as I dare not tell; but pardon me,
As an ill Bird that perches on the Side
Of ſome tall Ship foretels a Storm at hand,
I come to give you warning of the Danger——
See *Cecil* with a Meſſage from the Queen.

Eſſex. Then does my Wreck come rolling on a pace;
That foul Leviathan ne'er yet appear'd
Without a horrid Tempeſt from his Noſtrils.

Enter to them Burleigh *and* Raleigh.

Burl. Hear, *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*,
Hear what the Queen, my Lord, by us pronounces:
She now diveſts you of your Offices,
Your Dignities of Governor of *Ireland*,
Earl Marſhal, Maſter of her Horſe, General
Of all her Forces both by Land and Sea,
And Lord Lieutenant of the ſeveral Counties
Of *Eſſex*, *Hereford*, and *Weſtmoreland*.

Eſſex. A vaſt and goodly Sum, all at one Caſt,
By an unlucky Hand thrown quite away.

Burl. Alſo her Pleaſure is, that in Obedience
To her Commands, you ſend your Staff by us,
Then leave the Court, and ſtir no farther than
Your Houſe, till Order from the Queen and Council.

Eſſex. Thank my Misfortunes, for you fall with Weight
Upon me, and Fate ſhoots her Arrows thick;
'Tis hard if they find not one mortal Place
About me——

Burl. My Lord, what ſhall we tell her Majeſty?
What is your Anſwer, for the Queen expects us?

Eſſex. Wilt thou then promiſe to be juſt, and tell her?
Give her a caution of her worſt of Foes,
Thy greedy ſelf, the Land's infeſting Giant,
Exacting Heads from her beſt Subjects daily;
Worſe than the *Phrygian* Monſter, he was more
Cheaply compounded with, and but devour'd
Sev'n Virgins in a Week, and ſpar'd the reſt.

South.

South. Hold, my brave Friend, and waste not the Breath
Of *Essex* on so base and mean a Subject——
Thou Traitor to thy Sovereign and her Kingdoms,
More full of Guilt than e'er thou did'st devise
To lay on *Essex*, whom thou fear'st and hatest;
And thou, because thy sordid Soul and Person
Ne'er fitted thee
For gallant Actions, think'st the World so too:
For he that looks thro' a foul Glass that's stain'd,
Sees all things stain'd like the foul Perspective he uses.
'Tis Crime enough in any to be valiant,
To win a Battle, or to be fortunate,
Whilst thou stand'st by the Queen to intercept,
Or else determine Favours from her Hands.
'Tis not, who is to blame, or who deserves,
Nor whom the Queen would look on with a Grace,
But whom proud *Cecil* pleases to reward,
Or punish, and the Valiant never 'scape thee:
Curs'd be the Brave that fall into such Hands,
For Cowards still are cruel and malicious.

Burl. This I dare tell, and that *Southampton* said it.

South. And put her too in mind of thy vain Glories,
Such Impudence and Ostentation in thee,
And so much horrrid Pride and Costliness,
As would undo a Monarch to supply.

Essex. So thrives the lazy Gown, and such as sleep
On Woolsacks, and on Seats of injur'd Justice,
Or learnt to prate at Council Tables: but
How miserable is Fortune to the Valiant!
Were but Commanders half so well rewarded
For all their Winter Camps, and Summer Fights,
Then they might eat, and the poor Soldiers Widows
And Children too might all be kept from starving.

Ral. My Lord, in speaking thus you tax the Queen
Of Weakness and Injustice both, and that
She favours none but worthless Persons.

Burl. Must we return this stubborn Answer to her?
You'll not obey her Majesty, nor here
Resign your Staff of Office to us.

Essex Tell her whate'er thy Malice can invent;

Yet

Yet if thou ſay'ſt I'll not obey the Queen,
I tell thee, Lord,
'Tis falſe, falſe as thy moſt inveterate Soul
That looks thro' the foul Perſon of thy Body,
And curſes all ſhe ſees at liberty———
I tell thee, creeping Thing, the Queen's too good,
More merciful than to condemn a Slave,
Much leſs her *Eſſex*, without hearing him———
I will appeal to her———

Burl. You'll not believe us,
Nor that it was by her Command we came.

Eſſex. I do not.

Burl. Fare you well, my Lords.

[*Exeunt* Burleigh *and* Raleigh.

Eſſex. Go thou,
My brave *Southampton*, follow to the Queen,
And quickly, ere my Foes are heard,
Tell her that thus her faithful *Eſſex* ſays,
This Star ſhe deck'd me with, and all theſe Honours elſe
In one bleſs'd Hour, when ſcarce my tender Years
Had reach'd the Age of Man, ſhe heap'd upon me,
As if the Sun that ſows the Seeds of Gems
And golden Mines had ſhower'd upon my Head,
And dreſt me like the Bridegroom of her Favour.
This thou beheldeſt, and Nations wonder'd at:
The World had not a Favourite ſo great,
So lov'd as I.

South. And I am witneſs too
How many gracious Smiles ſhe bleſt 'em with,
And parted with a Look with every Favour
Was doubly worth the Gift, while the whole Court
Was ſo well pleaſed, and ſhewed their wond'rous Joy
In ſhouting louder than the *Roman* Bands
When *Julius* and *Auguſtus* were made Conſuls.

Eſſex. Thou can'ſt remember too, for all ſhe ſaid was
That at the happy Time ſhe did inveſt (ſignal,
Her *Eſſex* with this Robe of ſhining Glories,
She bad me prize 'em as I wou'd my Life,
Defend 'em as I would her Crown and Perſon:
Then a rich Sword ſhe put into my Hand,

And

And wish'd me *Cæsar*'s Fortune, so she grac'd me.
South. So young *Alcides*, when he first wore Arms,
Did fly to kill the *Erymanthean* Boar;
And so *Achilles*, first by *Thetis* made
Immortal, hasted to the Siege of *Troy*.
Ess. Go thou, *Southampton*, for thou art my Friend,
And such a Friend's an Angel in Distress;
Now the false Globe that flatter'd me is gone,
Thou art to me more Wealth, more Recompence
Than all the World was then—Intreat the Queen
To bless me with a Moment's sight,
And I will lay her Relicks humbly down,
As travelling Pilgrims do before the Shrines
Of Saints they went a thousand Leagues to visit;
And her bright Virgin Honours all untainted,
Her Sword not spoil'd with Rust, but wet with Blood,
All Nations Blood that disobey'd my Queen;
This Staff that disciplin'd her Kingdoms once,
And triumph'd o'er an hundred Victories;
And if she will be pleas'd to take it, say,
My Life, the Life of once her darling *Essex*.
South. I fly, my Lord, and let your Hopes repose
On the kind Zeal *Southampton* has to serve you.
[*Exit* Southampton.
Ess. Where art thou *Essex?* where are now thy Glories?
Thy Summer's Garlands, and thy Winter's Laurels?
The early Songs that every Morning wak'd thee;
Thy Halls and Chambers throng'd with Multitudes,
More than the Temple of the *Persian* God,
To worship thy uprising; and when I appear'd
The blushing Empress of the East, *Aurora*,
Gladded the World not half so much as I:
Yesterday's Sun saw his great Rival thus,
The spiteful Planet saw me thus ador'd,
As some tall built Pyramid, whose Height
And golden Top confronts him in his Sky,
He tumbles down with Light'ning in his Rage,
So on a sudden has he snatch'd my Garlands,
And with a Crown impal'd my gaudy Head,
Struck me with Thunder, dash'd me from the Heavens;

And

And oh! 'tis Doomſday now, and Darkneſs all with me;
Here I'll lie down——Earth will receive her Son.
Take pattern all by me, you that hunt Glory,
You that do climb the Rounds of high Ambition;
Yet when y'ave reach'd and mounted to the Top,
Here you muſt come by juſt Degrees at laſt,
If not fall headlong down at once like me——
Here I'll abide cloſe to my loving Center:
For here I'm ſure that I can fall no further——

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex.

Ha! what makes thou here; tell me faireſt Creature;
Why art thou ſo in love with Miſery,
To come to be infected with my Woe,
And diſobey the angry Queen for me?

C. Eſſ. Bleſs me, my Angel, guard me from ſuch Sounds;
Is this the Language of a welcome Huſband!
Are theſe fit Words for *Eſſex*' Bride to hear!
Bride I may truly call myſelf, for Love
Had ſcarce beſtow'd the Bleſſings of one Night,
But ſnatch'd thee from theſe Arms.

Eſſ. My Soul! my Love!
Come to my Breaſt, thou pureſt Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More ſoft, more ſweet, more loving than the Vine:
Oh! I'm o'ercome with Joy, and ſink beneath
Thy Breaſt. [*They embrace.*

C. Eſſ. Take me along with thee, my Dear——
My *Eſſex*, wake my Love, I ſay:
I am grown jealous of each Bliſs without thee;
There's not a Dream, an Extaſy or Joy,
But I will double in thy raviſh'd Senſes,
Come, let's prepare, and mingle Souls together,
Thou ſhalt loſe nothing, but a Gainer be;
Mine is as full of Love as thine can be.

Eſſ. Where have I been? but yet I have thee ſtill——
Come ſit thee down upon this humble Floor,
It was the firſt kind Throne that Love e'er had:
Thus like the firſt bright Couple let's embrace,
And fancy all around is Paradiſe.
It muſt be ſo, for all is Paradiſe
Where thou remaineſt, thou lovelier far than *Eve*.

C. Ess. And thou more brave, and nobler Person far,
Than the first Man, whom Heaven's peculiar Care
Made for a Pattern of ingenions Nature,
Which ne'er till thee excell'd the Original.
Ess. Thus when th' Almighty form'd the lovely Maid,
And sent her to the Bower where *Adam* lay,
The first of Men, awak'd and starting from
His mossy flow'ry Bed whereon he slept,
Lifted his Eyes, and saw the Virgin coming,
Saw the bright Maid that glitter'd like a Star,
Stars he had seen, but ne'er saw one so fair.
Thus did they meet, and thus did they embrace;
Thus in the Infancy of pure Desire,
Ere Lust, Displeasures, Jealousies and Fears
Debauch'd the World, and plagu'd the Breast of Man:
Thus in the Dawn of golden Time, when Love,
And only Love, taught Lovers what to do.
C. Ess. O thou most dear, most priz'd of all Mankind,
I burn, I faint, I'm ravish'd with thy Love;
The Fever is too hot,
It scorches, flames like pure Æthereal Fire,
And 'tis not Flesh and Blood, but Spirits can bear it,
And those the brightest of Angelic Forms.
Ess. That is thy self, thy only self, thou fairest!
There's not in Heaven so bright a Cherubim:
No Angel there but for thy Love would die:
The Thrones are all less happy there than I.
C. Ess. O my best Lord! the Queen, the Queen, my (Love!
Ah! what have we committed to undo us?
The Pow'rs are angry, and have sent the Queen,
The jealous Queen of all our innocent Joys,
To drive us from our Paradise of Love;
And oh, my Lord! she will not ere't be long
Allow us this poor Plat, this Ground to mourn on.
Ess. Weep not my Soul, my Love, my infinite All—
Ah! what cou'd I express if there were Words
To tell how much, how tenderly my Thoughts
Adore thee—Ah! these Tears are Drops of Blood,
Thy *Essex'* Blood, my World, my Heav'n, my Bride—
I, there's the Start of all my Joys beside.

Bless'd that I am, that I can call thee Wife,
That loves so well, and is so well belov'd.
C. Ess. Ah! hold my Lord, what shall I say of you,
That best deserves a Love so well you speak of?
Ess. Again thou weepest—By Heav'n there's not a Tear
But weighs more than the Wealth of *England*'s Crown,
O thou bright Storer of all Virtues, were there
But so much Goodness in thy Sex beside,
It were enough to save all Womankind,
And keep 'em from Damnation—Still thou weepest—
Come let me kiss thy Eyes, and catch those Pearls,
Hold thy Cheeks close to mine, that none may fall,
And spare me some of those celestial Drops.
Thus as two Turtles driven by a Storm,
Drooping and weary, shelter'd on a Bough,
Begin to join their melancholy Voices,
Then thus they bill, and thus renew their Joys,
With quiv'ring Wings, and cooing Notes repeat
Their Loves, and thus like us bemoan each other.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Queen expects you instantly,
C. Ess. Ah! what would wish to be of Humankind!
Man in this Life scarce finds a Moment's Bliss,
But counts a thousand Pains for one short Pleasure,
And when that comes 'tis snatch'd away like ours.
Ess. Go, my best Hopes, obey the cruel Queen——
I had forgot; thy Love, thy Beauties charm'd me.
Dearer than *Albion* to the Sailor's Sight,
When many Years barr'd from his native Country,
Looking on thee I gaz'd my Soul away,
And quite forgot the dangerous Wrecks below——
Farewel—Nay then thoul't soften me to Fondness——
The Queen may change, and we may meet again.
C. Ess. Farewel.
Ess. So have I seen a tall rich Ship of *India*,
Of mighty Bulk, teeming with golden Ore,
With prosperous Gales come sailing nigh the shore;
Her Train of Pendants borne up by the Wind;
The gladsome Seas proud of the lovely Weight,
Now lift her up above the Sky in Height,

And

And then as ſoon the officious Waves divide,
Hug the gay Thing, and claſp her like a Bride;
Whilſt Fiſhes play, and Dolphins gather round,
And *Tritons* with their Coral Trumpets ſound;
Till on a hidden Rock at laſt ſhe's borne,
Swift as our Fate, and thus in Pieces torn.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Countess of Nottingham *and* Burleigh.

Not. NOW, famous *Cecil*, *England* owes to thee
More than *Rome*'s State did once to *Cicero* pay,
That cruſht the vaſt Deſigns of *Catiline*.
But what did he? Quell'd but a petty Conſul,
And ſav'd a Commonwealth; but thou 'aſt done more,
Pull'd down a haughtier far than *Catiline*,
Thy Nation's ſole Dictator for twelve Years,
And ſav'd a Queen and Kingdom by thy Wiſdom.
Burl. But what the *Roman* Senate then allow'd,
Nay and proud *Cicero* himſelf to *Fulvia*,
Fulvia the lovely Saver of her Couutry,
Muſt all and more be now aſcrib'd to you,
To the ſole Wit of beautous *Nottingham?*
But I will ceaſe and let the Nation praiſe thee,
And fix thy Statue high, as was *Minerva*'s,
The great *Palladium* that protected *Illium*——
I came to attend the Queen, where is ſhe gone?
Not. She went to her Cloſet, where ſhe's now alone:
As ſhe paſt by, I ſaw her lovely Eyes
Clouded in Sorrow, and before ſhe ſpy'd me,
Sad Murmurs eccho'd from her troubled Breaſt,
And ſtraight ſome Tears follow'd the mournful Sound,
Which, when ſhe did perceive me, ſhe'd have hid,
And with a piteous Sigh ſhe ſtrove to wipe
The Drops away, but with her haſte ſhe left
Some ſad Remains upon her dewy Cheeks.

Burl. What ſhould the Reaſon be?
Not. At *Eſſex'* Anſwer.
Burl. What ſaid ſhe then?
No doubt th' Affront had ſtung her!
But kind *Southampton*, faithful to his Friend
In all Things, came, and with a cunning Tale,
Which ſhe too willingly inclin'd to hear,
Turn'd her to Mildneſs, and at his Requeſt,
Promis'd to ſee the Earl, and hear him ſpeak
To vindicate his Crimes, which bold *Southampton*
Declar'd to be his Enemies Aſperſions;
And now is *Eſſex* ſent for to the Court.
Not. Then I am loſt, and my Deſigns unravel'd:
If once ſhe ſees him, all's undone again——
Burl. Behold the Cloſet opens—ſee the Queen——
'Tis dangerous to interrupt her—let's retire.
Not. Be you not ſeen, I'll wait within her Call.
Enter the Queen alone as from her Cloſet. [*Exit* Burleigh.
Queen. Where am I now? Why wander I alone?
What drags my Body forth without a Mind,
In all things like a Statue, but in Motion?
There's ſomething I would ſay, but know not what,
Nor yet to whom—O wretched State of Princes!
That never can enjoy nor wiſh to have,
What is but meanly in itſelf a Crime:
But 'tis a Plague, and reigns thro' all the World.
Faults done by us are like licentious Laws,
Ador'd by all the Rabble, and are eaſier
And ſooner far obey'd, than what are honeſt;
And Comets are leſs dreadful than our Failings——
Where haſt thou been?
I thought, dear *Nottingham*, I'd been alone.
Not. Pardon this bold Intruſion, but my Duty
Urges me farther——on my Knees I firſt
Beg Pardon that I am ſo bold to aſk it;
Then, that you would diſcloſe what 'tis afflicts
Something hangs heavy on your Royal Mind, you
Or elſe I fear you are not well.
Queen. Riſe, prithee——
I am in Health, and thank thee for thy Love,

Only

Only a little troubl'd at my People.
I have reign'd long, and they're grown weary of me;
New Crowns are like new Garlands, freſh and lovely;
My Royal Sun declines towards its Weſt;
They're hot, and tir'd beneath its Autumn Beams——
Tell me, what ſays the World of *Eſſex*' coming?
Not. Much do they blame him for't, but think him brave.
Queen. What, when the Traitor ſerv'd me thus!
Not. Indeed it was not well.
Queen. Not well, and was that all?
Not. It was a very bold and heinous Fault.
Queen. Ay, was it not? and ſuch a baſe Contempt
As he deſerves to die for; leſs than that
Has coſt a hundred nearer Favourites Heads,
Since the firſt *Saxon* King that reign'd in *England*;
And lately in my Royal Father's time,
Was not brave *Buckingham* for leſs condemn'd,
And loſt not *Wolſey* all his Church Revenues,
Nay and his Life too, but that he was a Coward,
And durſt not live to feel the Stroke of Juſtice?
Thou know'ſt it too, and this moſt vile of Men,
That brave *Northumberland* and *Weſtmoreland*,
For leſſer Crimes than his were both beheaded.
Not. Moſt true—can *Eſſex* then be thought ſo guilty,
And not deſerve to die?
Queen. To die? to rack,
And as his Treaſons are the worſt of all Mens,
So I will have him plagu'd above the reſt;
His Limbs cut off, and plac'd to the higheſt View,
Not on low Bridges, Gates and Walls of Towns,
But on vaſt Pinnacles that touch the Sky,
Where all that paſs may in Deriſion ſay,
Lo, there is *Eſſex*, proud ingrateful *Eſſex*!
Eſſex that brav'd the Juſtice of his Queen——
Is not that well? Why doſt not ſpeak,
And help the Queen to rail againſt this Man?
Not. Since you will give me leave, I will be plain,
And tell your Majeſty what all the World
Says of that proud ingrateful Man.
Qu. Do ſo: Pritheee what ſays the World of him and me?

Not. Of you they ſpeak no worſe than of dead Saints,
And worſhip you no leſs than as their God,
Than Peace, than Wealth, or their eternal Hopes;
Yet do they often wiſh with kindeſt Tears,
Sprung from the pureſt Love, that you'd be pleas'd
To heal their Grievances on *Eſſex* charg'd,
And not protect the Traitor by your Power,
But give him up to Juſtice and to Shame,
For a Revenge of all your Wrongs, and theirs.

Queen. What, would they then preſcribe me Rules to govern?

Not. No more but with Submiſſion as to Heaven;
But upon *Eſſex* they unload Reproaches,
And give him this bad Character:
They ſay he is a Perſon (bating his Treaſons)
That in his nobleſt, beſt Array of Parts,
He ſcarcely has enough to make him paſs
For a brave Man, nor yet a Hypocrite;
And that he wears his Greatneſs and his Honours
Fooliſh and proud, as Lacquies wear gay Liveries:
Valiant they will admit he is, but then
Like Beaſts precipitately raſh and brutiſh,
Which is no more commendable in him
Than in a Bear, a Leopard, or a Wolf.
He never yet had Courage over Fortune,
And which to ſhew his natural Pride the more,
He roars and ſtaggers, under ſmall Affronts,
And can no more endure the Pain than Hell.
Then he's as covetous, and more ambitious
Than that firſt Fiend that ſow'd the Vice in Heaven,
And therefore was dethron'd and tumbled thence;
And ſo they wiſh that *Eſſex* too may fall.

Qu. Enough, thou'ſt rail'd thy ſelf quite out of Breath;
I'll hear no more—Bliſters upon her Tongue. [*Aſide*.
'Tis Baſeneſs tho' in thee but to repeat
What the rude World maliciouſly has ſaid;
Nor dare the vileſt of the Rabble think,
Much leſs profanely ſpeak ſuch horrid Treaſons——
Yet 'tis not what they ſay, but what you'd have 'em.

Not. Did not your Majeſty command me to ſpeak?

Queen.

Queen. I did, but then I saw thee on a sudden,
Settle thy Senses all in eager Postures,
Thy Lips, thy Speech, and Hands were all prepar'd,
A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malicious Flames flasht in a Moment from
Thy Eyes like Lightning from thy o'er-charg'd Soul,
And fir'd thy Breast, which like a hard ramm'd Piece,
Discharg'd unmannerly upon my Face.

Not. Pardon, bright Queen, most Royal and belov'd,
The manner of expressing of my Duty;
But you your self began and taught me first.

Qu. I am his Queen, and therefore may have leave;
May not my self have Privilege to mould
The Thing I made, and use it as I please?
Besides, he has committed monstrous Crimes
Against my Person, and has urg'd me far
Beyond the Power of mortal Suffering.
Me he has wrong'd, but thee he never wrong'd,
What has poor *Essex* done to thee? Thou hast
No Crown that he cou'd hope to gain;
No Laws to break, no Subjects to molest,
Nor Throne that he cou'd be ambitious of——
What Pleasure could'st thou take to see
A drowning Man knock'd on the Head, and yet
Not wish to save the miserable Wretch!

Not. I was to blame.

Queen. No more——
Thou seest the Queen, the World, and Destiny
Itself against this one bad Man, and him
Thou canst not pity nor excuse.

Not. Madam——

Queen. Be gone, I do forgive thee; and bid *Rutland*
[*Exit* Nottingham.
Come to me streight; ha! what have I disclos'd?
What have I chid my Woman for a Fault
Which I wrung from her, and committed first?
Why stands my jealous and tormented Soul
A Spy to listen and divulge the Treasons
Spoke against *Essex*? O you mighty Powers!
Protectors of the Fame of *England*'s Queen,

Let

Let me not know it for a Thouſand Worlds;
'Tis dangerous—but yet it will diſcover,
And I feel ſomething whiſpering to my Reaſon,
That ſays it is——O blotted be the Name
For ever from my Thoughts. If it be ſo,
And I am ſtung with the Almighty's Dart,
I'll die, but I will tear thee from my Heart,
Shake off this hideous Vapour from my Soul,
This haughty Earl, the Prince of my Controul?
Baniſh this Traitor to his Queen's repoſe,
And blaſt him with the Malice of his Foes;
Were there no other way his Guilt to prove,
'Tis Treaſon to infect the Throne with Love.

Enter the Counteſs of Eſſex.

How now, my *Rutland?* I did ſend for you——
I have obſerv'd you have been ſad of late.
Why weareſt thou black ſo long? and why that Cloud,
That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?
Come, I will find a noble Huſband for thee.

C. Eſſ. Ah! mighty Princeſs, moſt ador'd of Queens!
Your Royal Goodneſs ought to bluſh when it
Deſcends to care for ſuch a Wretch as I am.

Queen. Why ſay'ſt thou ſo? I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou ſhalt find by this 'tis Truth——
Injurious *Nottingham* and I had ſome
Diſpute, and 'twas about my Lord of *Eſſex*——

C. Eſſ. Ha! [*Aſide.*

Queen. So much that ſhe diſpleas'd me ſtrangely,
And I did ſend her from my Sight in Anger.

C. Eſſ. O that dear Name o'th' ſudden how it ſtarts me!
Makes every Vein within me leave its Channel,
To run and to protect my feeble Heart;
And now my Blood as ſoon retreats again
To croud with Bluſhes full my guilty Cheeks——
Alas! I fear. [*Aſide.*

Queen. Thou bluſheſt at my Story!

C. Eſſ. Not I, my gracious Miſtreſs, but my Eyes
And Cheeks, fir'd and amaz'd with Joy, turn'd red
At ſuch a Grace as you was pleas'd to ſhew me.

Queen.

Queen. I'll tell thee then, and aſk thee thy Advice;
There is no doubt, dear *Rutland*, but thou hear'ſt
The daily Clamours that my People vent
Againſt the moſt unhappy Earl of *Eſſex*.
The Treaſons that they would impeach him of;
And which is worſe, this day he is arriv'd
Againſt my ſtrict Commands, and left Affairs
In *Ireland*, deſperate, heedleſs and undone.

C. Eſſ. Might I preſume to tell my humble Mind,
Such clamours very often are deſign'd
More by the Peoples Hate than any Crimes
In thoſe they would accuſe.

Queen. Thou ſpeak'ſt my Senſe:
But oh, dear *Rutland!* he has been to blame——
Lend me thy Breaſt to lean upon——O 'tis
A heavy Yoke they wou'd impoſe on me
Their Queen; and I am weary of the Load,
And want a Friend like thee to lull my Sorrows.

C. Eſſ. Behold, theſe Tears ſprung from fierce Pain and
To ſee your wondrous Grief, your wondrous Pity. [Joy,
O that kind Heav'n wou'd but inſtruct my Thoughts,
And teach my Tongue ſuch ſoftening, healing Words,
That it might charm your Soul, and cure your Breaſt
For ever!

Queen. Thou art my better Angel then,
And ſent to give me everlaſting Quiet——
Say, Is't not pity that ſo brave a Man,
And one that once was reckon'd as a God,
That he ſhould be the Author of ſuch Treaſons?
That he that was like *Cæſar*, and ſo great,
Has had the Power to make and unmake Kings,
Shou'd ſtoop to gain a petty Throne from me?

C. Eſſ. I can't believe 'tis in his Soul to think,
Much leſs to act a Treaſon againſt You;
Your Majeſty, whom I have heard him ſo
Commend, that Angels Words did never flow
With ſo much Eloquence, ſo rare, ſo ſweet,
That nothing but the Subject cou'd deſerve.

Queen. Haſt thou then heard him talk of me?

C. Eſſ. I have;

And

And of ſo much Excellence, as if
He meant to make a rare Encomium on
The World, the Stars, or what is brighter, Heav'n.
She is, ſaid he, the Goddeſs of her Sex,
So far beyond all Womankind beſide,
That what in them is moſt ador'd and lov'd,
Their Beauties, Parts, and other Ornaments,
Are but in her the Foils to greater Luſtre;
And all Perfections elſe, how rare ſoever,
Are in her Perſon but as leſſer Gleams,
And infinite Beams that uſher ſtill the Sun,
But ſcarce are viſible amidſt her other Brightneſs.
And then ſhe is ſo good, it might be ſaid,
That whilſt ſhe lives, a Goddeſs reigns in *England*;
For all her Laws are regiſter'd in Heaven,
And copy'd thence by her—But then he cry'd,
With a deep Sigh fetch'd from his loyal Heart,
Well may the World bewail that time at laſt,
When ſo much Goodneſs ſhall on Earth be mortal,
And wretched *England* break its ſtubborn Heart.

Queen. Did he ſay all this?

C. Eſſ. All this! nay more,
A thouſand times as much; I never ſaw him
But his Diſcourſe was ſtill in praiſe of You.
Nothing but Rapture fell from *Eſſex'* Tongue;
And all was ſtill the ſame, and all was You.

Queen. Such Words ſpoke Loyalty enough.

C. Eſſ. Then does
Your Majeſty believe that he can be
A Traitor?

Queen. No, yet he has broke the Laws,
And I for Shame no longer can protect him;
Nay, durſt not ſee him.

C. Eſſ. What not ſee him, ſay you?
By that brighr Star of Mercy in your Soul,
And liſtening thro' your Eyes, let me intreat;
'Tis good, 'tis Godlike, and like *England*'s Queen;
Like only her to pity the diſtreſs'd——
Will you not grant that he ſhall ſee you once?

Queen. What he

That

That did defy my abſolute Commands,
And brings himſelf audaciouſly before me!
C. Eſſ. Impute it not to that, but to his Danger,
That hearing what Proceedings here had paſt
Againſt his Credit and his Life, he comes
Loyal, tho' unadviſed, to clear himſelf.
Queen. Well, I will ſee him then, and ſee him ſtrait—
Indeed, my *Rutland*, I would fain believe,
That he is honeſt ſtill, as he is brave.
C. Eſſ. O nouriſh that moſt kind Belief, 'tis ſprung
From Juſtice of your Royal Soul—Honeſt!
By your bright Majeſty, he is faithful ſtill,
The pure and Virgin Light is leſs untainted!
The glorious Body of the Sun breeds Gnats,
Inſects that moleſt its curious Beams;
The Moon has ſpots upon her Chryſtal Face,
But in his Soul are none—And for his Valour,
The Chriſtian World records its wondrous Story.
Baſeneſs can never mingle with ſuch Courage;
Remember what a Scourge he was to Rebels,
And made your Majeſty ador'd in *Spain*,
More than their King, that brib'd you with his *Indies*,
And made himſelf ſo dreadful to their Fears:
His very Name put Armies to the Rout;
It was enough to ſay, Here's *Eſſex* come;
And Nurſes ſtill'd their Children with the Fright.
Queen. Ha! ſhe's concern'd, tranſported!
I'll try thee farther—Then he has a Perſon! (*Aſide.*
C. Eſſ. Ay, in his Perſon, there you ſum up all.
Ah! lovlieſt Queen, did you e'er ſee the like!
The Limbs of *Mars*, and awful front of *Jove*,
With ſuch an Harmony of Parts as put
To bluſh the Beauties of his Daughter *Venus*.
A Pattern for the Gods to make a perfect Man by,
And *Michael Angelo* to frame a Statue
To be ador'd thro' all the wondering World.
Queen. I can endure no more—Hold, *Rutland*,
Thy Eyes are moiſt, thy Senſes in a hurry,
Thy Words come crouding one upon another.
Is it real Paſſion, or extorted?

Is

Is it for *Essex'* sake, or for thy Queen's,
That makes this furious Transport in thy Mind?
She loves him——ay, 'tis so—What have I done?
Conjur'd another Storm to rack my Rest?
Thus is my mind with Quiet never blest,
But, like a loaded Bark, finds no Repose
When 'tis becalm'd, or when the Weather blows.

Enter Burleigh, *Countess of* Nottingham, Raleigh, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*

Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl of *Essex*
Return'd by your Command, entreats to kneel
Before you.

Queen. Now hold my treacherous Heart,
Guard well the Breach that this proud Man has made—
Rutland, we must defer this Subject till
Some other Time—Come hither, *Nottingham.* [*Aside.*

Enter the Earls of Essex *and* Southampton *attended.*

Essex. Behold your *Essex* kneel to clear himself
Before his Queen, and now receive his Doom.

Queen. I must divert my Fears, I see he takes the Way
To bend the sturdy temper of my Heart—— [*Aside.*
Well, My Lord, I see you can
Withstand mine Anger, as you lately boasted
You did your Enemies—Were they such Foes
As bravely did resist, or else the same
You parly'd with? It was a mighty Courage.

Essex. Well, well, you cruel Fates! well have you (found
The Way to shock the Basis of a Temper
That all your Malice else cou'd ne'er invent,
And you, my Queen, to break your Soldier's Heart.
Thunder and Earthquakes, Prodigies on Land
I've borne, devouring Tempests on the Seas,
And all the horrid Strokes beside,
That Nature e'er invented; yet to me
Your Scorn is more—Here, take this Traitor,
Since you will have me so; throw me to Dungeons,
Lash me with Iron Rods fast bound in Chains,
And like a Fiend in Darkness let me roar;
It is the nobler Justice of the two.

Queen.

Queen. I ſee you want no cunning Skill to talk,
And daub with Words a Guilt you wou'd evade——
But yet, my Lord, if you would have us think
Your Virtue's wrong'd waſh off the Stain you carry,
And clear your ſelf of parlying with the Rebels——
Grant Heav'n he does but that, and I am happy. *Aſide.*
Eſſex. My parlying with the Enemy!
Queen. Yes, your ſecret treating with *Tyrone,* I mean,
And making Articles with *England's* Rebels.
Eſſex. Is that alledg'd againſt me for a Fault,
Put in your Royal Breaſt by ſome that are
My falſe Accuſers for a Crime? Juſt Heaven!
How eaſy is it to make a Great Man fall?
'Tis wiſe, 'tis *Turkiſh* Policy in Courts.
For treating!
Am I not yet your General, and was
I not ſo there by virtue of this Staff?
I thought your Majeſty had given me Power,
And my Commiſſion had been abſolute,
To treat, to fight, give Pardons, or diſband:
So much and vaſt was my Authority,
That you were pleaſed to ſay in Mirth to other
I was the firſt of *Engliſh* Kings that reign'd
In *Ireland.*
Queen. Oh! how ſoon would I believe,
How willingly approve of ſuch Excuſes?
His Anſwers, which to all the Croud are weak— [*Aſide.*
That large Commiſſion had in it no Power,
That gave you leave to treat with Rebels,
Such as *Tyrone,* and wanted not Authority
To fight 'em on the leaſt Advantage.
Eſſex. The Reaſon why
I led not forth the Army to the North,
And fought not with *Tyrone,* was that my Men
Were half conſum'd with Fluxes and Diſeaſes,
And thoſe that liv'd, ſo weakned and unfit,
That they could ſcarce defend them from the Vultures
That took them for the Carrion of an Army.
Queen. Oh! I can hold no longer, he'll not hide his
I fear he will undo himſelf and me—— (guilt, *Aſide.*

Name that no more for ſhame of thee the Cauſe,
Nor hide thy Guilt by broaching of a worſe.
Fain I wou'd tell, but whiſper it in my Ear,
That none beſides may hear, nay not my ſelf,
How vicious thou haſt been—— Say, was not *Eſſex*,
The Plague that firſt infected my poor Soldiers,
And kill'd 'em with Diſeaſes! Was't not he
That loiter'd all the Year without one Action,
Whilſt all the Rebels in the North grew bold,
And rally'd daily to the Queen's Diſhonour?
Mean while thou ſtood'ſt and ſaw the Army rot
In fenny and unwholeſom Camps——thou haſt
No doubt a juſt Excuſe for coming too,
In ſpite of all the Letters that I ſent
With my Commands to hinder thee—Be ſilent——
If thou mak'ſt more ſuch impudent Excuſe,
Thou'lt raiſe an Anger will be fatal to thee.

Eſſex. Not ſpeak! muſt I be tortur'd on the Rack,
And not be ſuffer'd to diſcharge a Groan?
Speak, yes I will, were there a thouſand Deaths
Stood ready to devour me; 'tis too plain
My Life's conſpir'd, my Glories all betray'd:
That Vulture *Cecil* there, with hungry Noſtrils
Waits for my Blood, and *Raleigh* for my Charge,
Like Birds of Prey that ſeek out fighting Fields,
And know when Battle's near: Nay, and my Queen
Has paſt her Vote, I fear, to my Deſtruction.

Queen. Oh! I'm undone! how he deſtroy's my Pity!
Cou'd I bear this from any other Man?
He pulls and tears the Fury from my Heart
With greater Grief and Pain, than a fork'd Arrow
Is drawn from forth the Boſom where 'twas lodg'd.
[*Aſide*.
Mild Words are all in vain and loſt upon him——
Proud and ungrateful Wretch, how durſt thou ſay it?
Know, Monſter, that thou haſt no Friend but me,
And I have no Pretence for it but one,
And that's in contradiction to the World,
That curſes and abhors thee for thy Crimes.
Stir me no more with Anger for thy Life,

Take

Take heed how thou doſt ſhake my Wrongs too much,
Leſt they fall thick and heavy on thy Head,
Yet thou ſhalt ſee what a raſh Fool thou art——
Know then that I forgive thee from this Moment
All that is paſt, and this unequal'd Boldneſs,
Give thee that Life thou ſaidſt I did conſpire againſt—
But for your Offices——

Eſſex. I throw them at your Feet. [*Lays his General's Staff down.*

Now baniſh him that planted Strength about you,
Cover'd this Iſland with my ſpreading Laurels.
Whilſt your ſafe Subjects ſlept beneath their Shade.
Give 'em to Courtiers, Sycophants and Cowards,
That ſell the Land for Pence and Childrens Portions.
Whilſt I retreat to *Afric* in ſome Deſart,
Sleep in a Den, and herd with valiant Brutes,
And ſerve the King of Beaſts. There's more Reward,
More Juſtice there than in all Chriſtian Courts:
The Lyon ſpar'd the Man that freed him from
The Toil, but *England*'s Queen abhors her *Eſſex*.

South. My Lord.—

C. Eſſ. Ah, what will be the Event of this! [*Aſide.*

Queen. Audacious Traitor!

Eſſex. Ha!

South. My Lord, my Lord, recal your Temper.

Eſſ. You ſaid that I was bold, but now who blames
My Rage? Had I been rough as Storms and Tempeſts,
Raſh as *Cethegus*, mad as *Ajax* was,
Yet this has ramm'd more Powder in my Breaſt,
And blown a Magazine of Fury up—
A Traitor! Yes, for ſerving you ſo well:
For making *England* like the *Roman* Empire
In great *Auguſtus'* time; renown'd in Peace
At home, and War abroad; enriching you
With Spoils both of the wealthy Sea and Land,
More than your *Thames* does bring you in an Age,
And ſetting up your Fame to ſuch an Height,
That it appears the Column of the World;
For tumbling down the proud rebellious Earls,
Northumberland and *Weſtmoreland*, which caus'd

The cutting both their Heads off with an Ax,
That ſav'd the Crown on yours—This *Eſſex* did,
And I'll remove the Traitor from your ſight.

Queen. Stay Sir; take your Reward along with you.

[*Offers to go, the Queen comes up to him, and gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Eſſex. Ha! Furies, Death and Hell! a Blow!
Has *Eſſex* had a Blow!—Hold, ſtop my Arm

[*Lays hold of his Sword.*

Some God—Who is't has given it me? the Queen!

South. What do you mean, my Lord?

Queen. Unhand the Villain——
Durſt the vile Slave attempt to murder me?

Eſſ. No, you're my Queen, that charms me; but by all
The Subtlety, and Woman in your Sex
I ſwear, that had you been a Man you durſt not!
Nay, your bold Father *Harry* durſt not this
Have done—Why ſay I him? not all the *Harries*,
Not *Alexander*'s ſelf, were he alive,
Shou'd boaſt of ſuch a Deed on *Eſſex* done
Without Revenge.

Queen. Rail on, deſpair and curſe thy fooliſh Breath,
I'll leave thee like thy Hopes at th' Hour of Death,
Like the firſt Slayer, wandring with a Mark,
Shunning the Light, and Wiſhing for the Dark
In Torments worſe than Hell, when thou ſhalt ſee
Thou haſt by this curs'd Chance loſt Heav'n and me.

[*Exeunt* Queen, *&c. manet* Eſſex *and* Southampton.

South. What have you done, my Lord! Your haughty Carriage
Has ruin'd both your ſelf and all your Friends—
Follow the Queen, and humbly on your Knees
Implore her Mercy and confeſs your Fault.

Eſſ. Ha! and tell her that I'll take a Blow!
Thou wou'd'ſt not wiſh thy Friend were ſuch a Slave—
By Heav'n my Cheeks have ſet on fire my Soul,
And the Diſgrace ſticks cloſer to my Heart,
Than did the Son of old *Antipater*,
Which coſt the Life of his proud Maſter—Stand off,
Beware you lay not Hands upon my Ruin;

I have

I have a Load would sink a Legion that
Should offer but to save me.
South. My Lord, let us retire,
And shun this barbarous Place.
Ess. Ay, There thou say'st it——
Abhor all Courts, if thou art brave and wise,
For then thou never shalt be sure to rise;
Think not by doing well a Fame to get,
But be a Villian and thou shalt be great.
Here Virtue stands by't self, or not at all:
Fools have Foundations, only brave Men fall;
But if ill Fate, and thy own Merits bring
Thee once to be a Favourite to a King,
It is a Curse that follows Loyalty,
Curst in thy Merits, more in thy Degree;
In all the Sport of Chance its chiefest Aim,
Mankind's the *Hunt*, a Favourite's the *Game*.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Countess of Nottingham *and* Raleigh.

C. Not. SIR, did you ever see so strange a Scene
As *Essex'* Boldness? Nay, and which is more
To be admir'd, the Queen's prodigious Patience!
Ral. So strange, that nought but such a Miracle
Had saved him from Death upon the Place.
C. Not. She's of a Nature wond'rous in her Sex,
Not hasty to admire the Beauties, Wisdom,
Valour and Parts in others, tho' extreme;
Because there's so much Excellence in herself,
And thinks that all Mankind should be so too:
But when once entertain'd none cherishes,
Exalts and favours Virtue more than she;
Slow to be mov'd, and in her rage discreet——
But then the Earl's like an ungovern'd Steed

That has yet all the Shapes and other Beauties
That are commendable, or ſought in one:
His Soul with ſullen Beams ſhines in itſelf,
More jealous of Men's Eyes than is the Sun,
That will not ſuffer to be look'd into;
And there's a Mine of Sulphur in his Breaſt,
Which, when 'tis touch'd or heated, ſtrait takes fire,
And tears and blows up all its Virtues with it.
Ral. Ambitious Minds feed daily upon Paſſion,
And ne'er can be at reſt within themſelves,
Becauſe they never meet with Slaves enough
To tread upon, Mechanicks to adore 'em,
And Lords and Stateſmen to have Cringes from;
Like ſome of thoſe ſtrange Seas that I have been on,
Whoſe Tides are always violent and rough,
Where Winds are ſeldom blowing to moleſt 'em.
Sh' had done a nobler Juſtice, if inſtead of
The Schoolboy's Puniſhment, a Blow,
Sh' had ſnatch'd a Halberd from her neareſt Guard,
And thruſt it to his Heart; for leſs than that
Did the bold *Macedonian* Monarch kill
Clytus his Friend, and braver Soldier far.
C. Not. But worſe had been th' Event of ſuch a Deed:
For if the afflicted King was hardly brought
From *Clytus'* Body, ſhe'd have dy'd o'er his.
But how proceed the bold rebellious Lords
In *Eſſex'* Houſe?
Ral. Still they encreaſe in Number.
The Queen has ſent four of her chiefeſt Lords,
And ſince I hear the Guards are gone. 'Tis ſaid,
For his Excuſe, that *Blunt*, that Fiend of Hell,
And Brand of all his Maſter's wicked Counſels,
Has ſpread abroad this moſt abhorr'd of Lyes,
That I and the Lord *Gray* ſhould join to murder him.
C. Not. Already then he's hunted to the Toil,
Where let him roar, and laſh himſelf with Fury,
But never, never ſhall get out with ſtruggling.
O! it o'erjoy'd th' Affront within my Soul,
To ſee the Man by all the World ador'd,
That like a Comet ſhin'd above, and rul'd below,

To

To ſee him on a ſudden from our Eyes
Drop like a Star, and vaniſh in the Ground;
To ſee him how he bit the curſed Torture
That durſt no farther venture than his Lips,
When he paſs'd by the Guards, to hear no Noiſe.
No room for mighty *Eſſex* was proclaim'd;
No Caps, no Knees, nor Welcomes to ſalute him:
Then how he chaff'd, and ſtarted like a Deer
With the fierce Dart faſt ſticking in his Side,
And finds his ſpeedy Death where'er he runs!

Ral. Behold the Queen and the whole Court appear.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Counteſs of* Nottingham, *Lord, Attendants and Guards.*

Queen. Are the Rebellious Earls then apprehended?

Burl. They are, Thanks to the Almighty Powers,
And the eternal Fortune of your Majeſty.

Queen. And how did you proceed with my Commands,
And how did the Rebels act?

Burl. Moſt audaciouſly.
The four Lords, chiefeſt of your private Council,
Sent thither by your Majeſty's Commiſſion,
Came to the Rebel's Houſe, but found the Gates
Guarded and ſhut againſt them; yet at laſt
Telling they brought a Meſſage from the Queen,
They were admitted, all beſides, but him
That bore the Seal before the Chancellor,
Deny'd: Entring, they ſaw the outward Court
Fill'd with a number of promiſcuous Perſons,
The chief of which bold Traitors in the midſt
Stood the two Earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton*;
Of whom your faithful Meſſengers with loud
And loyal Voices did demand the Cauſe
Of their unjuſt Aſſembly, telling them
All real Grievances ſhould be redreſs'd;
But ſtraight their Words were choak'd with louder Cries,
And by the Earl's Command, with Inſolence,
The People drove 'em to a ſtrong Apartment
Belonging to the Houſe, ſetting a Guard
Of Muſkets at the Door, and threatning them
That they ſhould there be kept cloſe Priſoners

Till

Till the next Morning that the Earl return'd
From visiting his Friends the Citizens.

Queen. O horrid Insolence! attempt my Council!
My neareſt Friends! Well, *Eſſex*, well,
I thank thee for the cure of my Diſeaſe,
Thou goeſt the readieſt way to give me eaſe. } *Aſide.*
To the City ſay'ſt! What did he in the City?

Burl. There, as I learn from many that confeſs'd,
He was inform'd the Citizens would riſe;
Which to promote, he went disguis'd like one
Whom evil Fortune had bereav'd of Senſe,
And almoſt ſeem'd as pitiful a Wretch
As *Harpagus*, that fled all o'er diſmember'd
To fond *Aſtyages*, to gain the Truſt
Of all his *Median* Army to betray it.
His Head was bare, the Heat and Duſt had made
His manly Face compaſſionate to behold, which he
So well did uſe, that ſometimes with a Voice
That uſher'd Tears both from himſelf and them,
And ſometimes with a popular Rage, he ran
With fury thro' the Streets. To thoſe that ſtood
Far off he bended, and made taking Signs;
To thoſe about him rais'd his Voice aloud,
And humbly did beſeech 'em for a Guard;
Told 'em he was attempted to be murder'd
By ſome the Chief of the Court, then counted all his Wounds,
Unſtripp'd his Breaſt, and ſhew'd his naked Scars:
Telling them what great Wonders he had done,
And would do more to ſerve them and their Children,
Begging ſtill louder to the ſtinking Rabble,
And ſweated too ſo many eager Drops, as if
He had been pleading for *Rome*'s Conſulſhip.

Queen. How came he to be taken?

Burl. After he had us'd
Such ſubtile Means to gain your Subjects Hearts
(Your Citizens that ever were moſt faithful,
And too well grounded in their Loyalties
To be ſeduc'd from ſuch a Queen) and finding
That none began to arm in his behalf,

Fear

Fear and Confusion of his horrid Guilt
Possest him, and despairing of Success,
Attempted straight to walk thro' *Ludgate* home:
But being resisted by some Companies
Of the Train'd-bands that stood in their defence,
He soon retreated by the nearest Stairs,
And so came back by Water at the time
When your most valiant Soldiers, with their Leader,
Enter'd his House, and took *Southampton* and the rest,
The affrighted Earl, defenceless both in Mind
And Body, without the Power to help himself
And being full of Horror in his thoughts,
Was forc'd to run for Shelter in the Room
Of a small Summer house upon the *Thames*,
Which when the Soldiers came to search, and found him,
Who then had Eyes, and did not melt for pity?
To see the high, the gallant *Essex* there,
Trembling and panting like the frighted Quarry,
Whom the fierce Hawk had in his eager Eye?

Queen. Ha! by my Stars, I think the mournful Tale
Has almost made thee weep—Can *Essex'* Miseries
Then force Compassion from thy flinty Breast?
He weeps, the Crocodile weeps o'er his Prey!
How wretched and how low then art thou fall'n,
That ev'n thy barbarous Hunters can neglect
Their Rage, and turn their cruel Sport to Pity!
What then must be my Lot? How many Sighs,
How many Griefs, Repentances and Horrors
Must I eternally endure for this? *Aside.*
Where is the Earl?

Burl. Under sufficient Guard,
In order to his sending to the *Tower*.

Queen. Ha, in the *Tower!* How durst thou send him there
Without my Order?

Burl. The Earls are yet without
In the Lieutenant's Custody, who waits
But to receive your Majesty's Command
To carry 'em thither.

Queen. What ſhall I do now?
Wake me thou watchful Genius of thy Queen,
Rouſe me an Army againſt my Foe;
Pity's my Enemy and Love's my Foe,
And both have equally conſpir'd with *Eſſex.*
Ha! ſhall I then refuſe to puniſh him!
Condemn the Slave that diſobey'd my Orders,
That brav'd me to my Face, and did attempt
To murder me, then went about to gain
My Subjects Hearts, and ſeize my Crown?
Now by my thouſand Wrongs he dies, dies quickly,
And I could ſtab his Heart, if I but thought
The Traytor in it to corrupt it—[*Aſide.*]—Away,
And ſend him to the *Tower* with ſpeed—Yet hold.

C. Not. The Queen's diſtracted how to ſave the Earl——
Her Study puts my Hatred on the Rack.

Queen. Who is it thou wou'dſt kill with ſo much haſte?
Is it not *Eſſex?* him thou didſt create,
And crown'd his Morning with full Rays of Honours;
Whilſt he returned 'em with whole ſprings of Laurels,
Fought for thy Fame a hundred times in Blood,
And ventur'd twice as many Lives for thee;
And ſhall I then for one raſh act of his,
Of which I was the cruel Cauſe, condemn him? [*Aſide.*

C. Not. Here Rage ebbs out, and Pity flows apace.

Queen. Do what you will, my Stars; do as you pleaſe
Juſt Heav'n, and cenſure *England*'s Queen for it;
Yet *Eſſex* I muſt ſee, and then whoe'er thou art,
When I am dead, ſhall call this tender Fault,
This only Action of my Life in queſtion,
Thou canſt at worſt but ſay, that it was Love,
Love that does never ceaſe to be obey'd,
Love that has all my Power and Strength betray'd,
Love that ſways wholly like the Cauſe of things; [*Aſide.*
Kings may rule Subjects, but Love reigns o'er Kings,

Sets-

Sets bounds to Heav'n's high Wrath when 'tis ſevere,
And is the greateſt Bliſs and Virtue there—-- [*Aſide.*
Carry *Southampton* to the *Tower* ſtrait,
But *Eſſex* I will ſee before he goes———
Now help me Art, check evey Pulſe within me,
And let me feign a Courage tho' I've none--- [*Aſide.*

Enter Eſſex *with Guards.*

Behold he comes with ſuch a Pomp of Miſery;
Greatneſs in all he ſhews, and nothing makes
Him leſs, but turns to be Majeſtick in him. [*Aſide.*
All that are preſent, for a while, withdraw,
And leave the Priſoner here with me unguarded.

[*Exeunt, manet* Queen *and* Eſſex.

Eſſ. Thus tho' I am condemn'd and hated by you,
A Traitor by your Royal Will proclaim'd;

Eſſex *kneels.*

Thus do I bleſs my Queen, and all thoſe Powers
That have inſpir'd her with ſuch tender Mercy,
As once to hear her dying *Eſſex* ſpeak,
And now receive his Sentence from your Lips,
Which, let it be my Life or Death, they're both
Alike to me, from you, my Royal Miſtreſs:
And thus I will receive my Doom, and wiſh
My Knees might ever, till my dying Minute,
Cleave to the Earth, as now they do, in token of
The choiceſt, humbleſt begging of the Bleſſing.

Queen. Pray riſe, my Lord, you ſee that I dare venture
To leave myſelf without a Guard between us.

Eſſex. Faireſt that e'er was *England*'s Queen, you need not——
The time has been that *Eſſex* has been thought
A Guard, and being near you, has been more
Than Crowds of mercenary Slaves;
And is he not ſo now? O think me rather,
Think me a Traitor, if I can be ſo
Without a Thought againſt your precious Life;
But wrong me not with that: For by your ſelf,
By your bright ſelf that rules o'er all my Wiſhes,
I ſwear I wou'd not touch that Life, to be

As great as you, the greateſt Prince on Earth;
Light'ning ſhou'd blaſt me firſt,
Ere I wou'd touch the Perſon of my Queen,
Leſs gentle than the Breeze.

Queen. O y'are become a wondrous Penitent!
My Lord, the time has been you were not ſo;
Then you were haughty, and becauſe you urg'd me,
Urg'd me beyond the Suffering of a Saint,
To ſtrike you, which a King wou'd have obey'd;
Then ſtrait your Malice led you to the City,
Tempting my loyal Subjects to rebel,
Laying a Plot how to ſurprize the Court,
Then ſeize my Perſon with my chiefeſt Council,
To murder them, and I to beg your Mercy.
This, this the wond'rous faithful *Eſſex* did,
Thou whom I rais'd from the vile Duſt of Man,
And plac'd thee as a Jewel in my Crown,
And bought thee dearly for my Favour, at the rate
Of all my People's Grievances and Curſes;
Yet thou didſt this, ungrateful Monſter, this,
And all, for which as ſurely thou ſhalt die,
Die like the fouleſt and the worſt Ingrate;
But Fetters now have humbled you, I ſee.

Eſſex. O hear me ſpeak, moſt injur'd Majeſty!
Brighteſt of Queens, Goddeſs of Mercy too!
Oh! think not that the Fear of Death or Priſons
Can e'er diſturb a Heart like mine, or make it
More guilty, or more ſenſible of Guilt.
All that y'are pleas'd to ſay, I now confeſs,
Confeſs my Miſery, my Crime, my Shame;
Yet neither Death nor Hell ſhou'd make me own it,
But true Remorſe and Duty to your ſelf,
And Love—I dare ſtand Candidate with Heaven,
Who loves you moſt and pureſt.

Queen. How he awakes me,
And all my Faculties begin to liſten,
Steal to my Eyes, and tread ſoft Paces to
My Ears, as loath to be diſcover'd, yet
As loath to loſe the charming *Syren*'s Song.
Help me a little now my cautious Angel. } *Aſide.*

I muſt

I muſt confeſs I formerly believ'd ſo,
And I acknowledg'd it by my Rewards.
Eſſ. You have, but oh! what has my Raſhneſs done,
And what has my Guilt condemn'd me to!
Seated I was in Heav'n, where once that Angel,
That haughty Spirit reign'd that tempted me,
But now thrown down, like him, to worſe than Hell.
Queen. Ay, think on that, and like that Fiend roar ſtill
In Torments, when thou mayſt have been moſt happy—
There I out-did my Strength, and feel my Rage
Recoil upon me like a fooliſh Child,
Who firing of a Gun as much as he can lift,
Is blaſted with the Fury of the Blow. [*Aſide.*
Eſſ. Moſt bleſt of Queens! her Doom, her very Anger's (kind
And I will ſuffer it moſt willingly
As your loud Wrongs inſtruct you to inflict;
I know my Death is nigh, my Enemies
Stand like a Guard of Furies, ready by you,
To intercept each Sigh, kind Wiſh or Pity,
Ere it can reach to Heav'n in my Defence,
And daſh it with a Cloud of Accuſations.
Queen. Ha! I begin to dread the Danger nigh,
Like an unſkilful Swimmer that has waded
Beyond his Depth, I am caught and almoſt drown'd
In Pity—What! And no one near to help me! [*Aſide.*
Eſſ. My Father once too truly ſkill'd in Fate,
In my firſt blooming Age to rip'ning Glory,
Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth Year,
That Year, ſaid he, will fatal to thee prove,
Something like Death, or worſe than Death will ſeize thee,
Too well I find that cruel Time's at Hand,
For what can e'er more fatal to me prove
Than my loſt Fame, and loſing of my Queen?
Queen. 'Tis ſo, 'tis true, nor is it in my Power
To help him—Ha! Why is it not; What hinders?
Who dares, or thinks to contradict my Will?
Is it my Subjects or my Virtue ſtays me?
No, Virtue's patient and abhors Revenge,
Nay, ſometimes weeps at Juſtice——'Tis not Love.
Ah! call it any thing but that; 'tis Mercy [*Aſide.*

Mercy that pities Foes when in Diſtreſs,
Mercy the Heav'ns delight——— [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I fear your hot-ſpur Violence
Has brought you to the very Brink of Fate,
And 'tis not in my Power, if I'd the Will,
To ſave you from the Sentence of the Law;
The Lords that are to be your equal Judges,
The Houſe has choſe already, and To-morrow,
So ſoon your Tryal is to be. The People
Cry aloud for Juſtice; threfore I'll no more
Repeat my Wrongs, but think you are the Man
That once was loyal.

Eſſex. Once!———

Qu. Hold!—For that Reaſon I will not upbraid you,
To triumph o'er a miſerable Man
Is baſe in any, in a Queen far worſe——
Speak now, my Lord, and think what's in my Power
That may not wrong your Queen, and I will grant you
So——I am ſure in this I have not err'd. [*Aſide.*

Eſſex. Bleſt be my Queen, in Mercy rich as Heaven—
Now, now my Chains are light—Come, welcome Death.
Come all you Spirits of Immortality,
And waft my Soul unto his bright Abode,
That gives my Queen this Goodneſs: Let me
Moſt humbly and devoutly aſk two things;
The firſt is, if I am condemn'd,
That Execution may be done within
The *Tower*-Walls, and ſo I may not ſuffer
Upon a publick Scaffold to the World.

Qu. I grant it—O, and wiſh I cou'd do more. [*Aſide.*

Eſſex. Eternal Bleſſings crown your Royal Head:
The next, the extremeſt Bliſs my Soul can covet,
And carry with it to the other World,
As a firm Paſſport to the Powers incens'd,
Say you have pardon'd me, and have forgot
The Rage, the Guilt, and Folly of your *Eſſex.*

Queen. Ha! What ſhall I do now?
Look to thyſelf, and guard thy Character——— [*Aſide.*
Go cure your Fame, and make yourſelf but what I wiſh
Then you ſhall find that I am ſtill your Queen——(you,

But

But that you may not ſee I'm covetous
Of my Forgiveneſs, take it from my Heart;
I freely pardon now whate'er y'ave done
Amiſs to me, and hope you will be quitted;
Nay, I not only hope it, but ſhall pray for it,
My Prayers to Heav'n ſhall be that you may clear
Your ſelf.

Eſſex. O moſt Renown'd and Godlike Mercy!
O let me go; your Goodneſs is too bright
For ſinful Eyes like mine, or like the Fiend
Of Hell, when daſht from the Æthereal Light,
I ſhall ſhoot downwards with my Weight of Curſes,
Cleave and be chain'd for ever to the Centre——

Queen. He is going, Ah! but whither? to his Tryal,
To be condemn'd, perhaps, and then to die.
If ſo, what Mercy haſt thou ſhew'd in that?
Pity and Pardon! Poor Amends his Life!
If thoſe be well, a Crocodile is blameleſs
That weeps for Pity, yet devours his Prey:
And dare not I do more for *Eſſex*, I
That am a Woman, and in Womankind
Pity's their Nature, therefore I am reſolv'd
It ſhall be in's own Power to ſave his Life.
If I ſhall ſin in this, witneſs juſt Heaven,
'Tis Mercy like yourſelf that draws me to't,
And you forgive me tho' the World may not——
[*Aſide.*
My Lord, perhaps we may ne'er meet again,
And you in Perſon may not have the Power
T' implore what I do freely grant you; therefore
That you may ſee you have not barely forc'd
An empty Pity from me, here's a Pledge,
I give it from my Finger, with this Promiſe,
That whenſoever you return this Ring, [*Gives him a Ring.*
To grant in lieu of it whate'er you aſk.

Eſſ. Thus I receive it with far greater Joy [*Receives it on*
Than the poor Remnant of Mankind that ſaw (*his Knees.*
The Rain Bow Token in the Heav'ns, when ſtrait
The Floods abated, and the Hills appear'd,
And a new ſmiling World the Waves brought forth.

Queen. No more, be gone, fly with thy Safety hence,
Left horrid, dread Repentance seize my Soul,
And I recal this strange Misdeed——Here take
[*Enter the rest with the Guards.*
Your Prisoner there, he is to be condemn'd
Or quitted by the Law--away with him. [*Ex. Guards with*
Now *Nottingham*, my Queen is now at rest, (*the Earl.*
And *Essex'* Fate is now my least of Troubles.
Enter Countess of Essex *running and weeping, then kneels before the* Queen, *and holds by her Robe.*

C. Ess. Where is my Queen? where is my Royal
I throw myself for Mercy here. (Mistress?——

Queen. What meanest thou?

C. Ess. Here I will kneel, here with my humble Body
Fast rooted to the Earth, as I'm to Sorrow,
No Moisture but my Tears to nourish me,
Nor Air but Sighs, till I shall grow at last
Like a poor shrivell'd Trunk blasted with Age
And Grief, and never think to rise again
Till I've obtain'd the Mercy I implore.

Queen. Thou dost amaze me.

C. Ess. Here let me grow the abject'st thing on Earth,
A despis'd Plant beneath the mighty Cedar,
Yet if you will not pity me, I swear
These Arms shall never cease, but grasping still
Your Royal Robe, shall hold you thus for ever.

Qu. Prithee be quick, and tell me what wou'd'st have.

C. Ess. I dare not, yet I must—my Silence will
Be Death, my Punishment can be no more.
Prepare to hear, but learn to pity first,
For 'tis a Story that will start your Patience——
O save the Earl of *Essex*, save his Life,
My Lord whom you've condemn'd to Prison strait,
And save my Life, who am no longer *Rutland*,
But *Essex'* faithful Wife——he is my Husband.

Queen. Thy Husband!

C. Ess. Yes, too true it is, I fear,
By th' awful darting Fury in your Eyes,
The threat'ning Prologue of our utter Ruins.
Marry'd we were in secret, ere my Lord

Was

Was ſent by you unto his fatal Government
In *Ireland*.

Queen. Then thou art wedded to thy Grave——
Doſt think by this, by multiplying Treaſons,
And boldly braving me with them before
My Face, to ſave thy wicked Huſband's Life?
What will my reſiſtleſs Fate do with me now! [*Aſide.*
Why doſt thou hold me ſo? take off thy Hands.

C. Eſſ. Alas, I aſk not mine! if that will pleaſe you,
I'll glut you with my Torments; act whate'er
Your Fury can invent: but 'tis for him,
My Lord, my Love, the Soul of my Deſires.
My Love's not like the common Rate of Women's,
It is a *Phœnix*, there is not one ſuch more:
How gladly would I burn like that rare Bird,
So that the Aſhes of my Heart cou'd purchaſe
Poor *Eſſex*' Life, and Favour of my Princeſs!

Queen. Wou'd I were looſe 'mong Wilds, or any where,
In any Hell but this——Why ſay I Hell?
Can there be melting Lead, or Sulphur yet
To add more Pain to what my Breaſt endures? [*Aſide.*
Why doſt thou hang on me, and tempt me ſtill?

C. Eſſ. O throw me not away---wou'd you but pleaſe
To feel my throbbing Breaſt, you might perceive,
At ev'ry Name, and every Thought of *Eſſex*,
How my Blood ſtarts, and Pulſes beat for Fear,
And ſhake and tear my Body like an Earthquake;
And ah, which cannot chuſe but ſtir your Heart
The more to pity me, the unhappy frighted Infant,
The tender Offspring of our guilty Joys,
Pleads for its Father in the Womb,
As now its wretched Mother does.

Queen. Quickly
Unlooſe her Hands, take her from my Sight.

C. Eſſ. O you will not---you'll hear me firſt, and grant (me,
Grant me poor *Eſſex* Life---ſhall *Eſſex* live?
Say, but you'll pardon him before I go.

Queen. Help me---will no one eaſe me of this Burden?

C. Ess. Oh! I am too weak for these inhuman Creatures,
[*The Women takes off her Hands.*
My Strength's decay'd, my Joints and Fingers numb'd,
And can no longer hold, but fall I must.
Thus like a miserable Wretch that thinks
H'as 'scap'd from drowning, holding on a Rock
With Fear and Pain, and his own Weight oppreſt,
And dasht by every Wave that shrinks his Hold,
[*She falls down with Faintness.*
At length lets go, and drops into the Sea,
And cries for Help, but all in vain, like me.

Queen. Be gone, and be deliver'd of thy Shame:
Let the vile Insect live, and grow to be
A Monster baser, hotter, worser far,
Than the ungrateful Parents that begot it.

C. Ess. Ah cruel, most remorseless Princess! hold,
What has it done to draw such Curses from you?

Queen. Go; let her be close Prisoner in her Chamber.

C. Ess. Since I must go, and from my *Essex* part,
Despair and Death at once come seize my Heart:
Shut me from Light, from Day ne'er to be seen
By human kind, nor my more cruel Queen;
Yet bless her Heav'n, and hear my loyal Prayer,
May you ne'er love like me, nor e'er despair:
Ne'er see the Man at his departing Breath,
Whom you so love and fain would save from Death;
Lest Heav'n be deaf as you are to my Cry,
And you run mad, and be as curst as I.
[*Exit* C. Essex, *carried away by Women.*

Queen. She's gone, but at her parting shot a Truth
Into by Breast, has pierc'd my very Soul——
Why was I Queen? and why was I not *Rutland*?
Then had my Princess, as myself did now,
Giv'n *Essex* such a Ring, and the Reward
Had then been mine, as now the Torment is——
O wretched State of Monarchs! theirs is still
The Business of the World, and all the Pains,
Whilst happy Subjects sleep beneath their Gains;
The meanest Hind rules in his humble House,
And nothing but the Day sees what he does;

But Princes, like the Queen of Night, so high,
Their Spots are seen by ev'ry vulgar Eye:
And as the Sun, the Planets glorious King,
Gives Life and Growth to every mortal thing,
And by his Motion all the World is blest,
Whilst he himself can never be at rest;
So if there are such Blessings in a Throne,
Kings rain 'em down, while they themselves have none.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Walter Raleigh *with the* Queen's *Guards. The Lieutenant of the* Tower.

Ral. MR. Lieutenant, here expires my Charge:
I received Orders from her Majesty,
And the Lord Steward, to return the Prisoners
Safe in your Custody, and with you I leave 'em,
With charge to have them in a Readiness:
For Execution will be very speedy.
Lieut. I shall, Sir.
Enter Countess of Nottingham,
Ral. Ha! the Lady *Nottingham!*
What makes her here?
Not. Where is my Lord of *Essex?*
I am commanded straight to speak with him,
And bring a Message from her Majesty.
Ral. Madam,
What News can this strange Visit bring?
How fares the Queen? Are her Resolves yet stedfast?
Not. No, when she heard that *Essex* was condemn'd,
She started and look'd pale; then blushing red,
And said that Execution should be strait,
Then stopt, and said she'd hear first from the Earl;
So she retir'd and past an Hour in Thought,
None daring t'interrupt her, till in haste
She sent for me, commanding me to go,

And

And tell my Lord from her, ſhe could reſiſt
No longer her Subjects loud Demands for Juſtice,
And therefore wiſh'd, if he had any Reaſons
That were of Weight to ſtay his Execution,
That he wou'd ſend them ſtraight by me;
Then bluſh'd again and ſigh'd, and preſs'd my Hand,
And pray'd me to be ſecret, and deliver
What *Eſſex* ſhould return in Anſwer to her.

Ral. I know not what ſhe means, but doubt th' Event—
You can beſt tell the Cauſe of her Diſturbance.
I will to *Burleigh*, and then both of us
Will make Attempts to recollect the Queen.

[*Ex.* Raleigh *and Guards.*

Not. Pray bring me to my Lord.

Lieu. Madam, I will acquaint him that y'are here [*Ex.*

Not. Now Dragons Blood diſtil thro' all my Veins, [*Lt.*
And Gall inſtead of Milk ſwell up my Breaſts,
That nothing of the Woman may appear,
But horrid Cruelty and fierce Revenge——

Enter *Eſſex.*

He comes with ſuch a Gallantry and Port,
As if his Miſeries were Harbingers,
And Death the State to ſet his Perſon out——
Wrongs leſs than mine, tho' in a Tyger's Breaſt,
Might now be reconcil'd to ſuch an Object;
But ſlighted Love my Sex can ne'er forget.

Eſſex. Madam, this is a Miracle of Favour,
A double Goodneſs in my Royal Miſtreſs,
T'imploy the fair, the injur'd *Nottingham*?
And 'tis no leſs in you to condeſcend
To ſee a Wretch like me, that has deſerv'd
No favour at your Hands.

Not. No more, My Lord; the Queen,
The gracious Queen commends her Pity to you,
Pity by me that owe a great deal more,
You know, and wiſh that I were once your Queen
To give you what my Heart had ſo long in Store.

Eſſ. Then has my Death more Charms than Life can [promiſe,
Since my Queen pities me, and you forgive me.

Not. Hold, my good Lord, that is not all, ſhe ſends
To know if you can any thing propoſe To

To mitigate your Doom, and ſtay your Death,
Which elſe can be no longer than this Day.
Next, if y'are ſatisfy'd with ev'ry Paſſage
In your late Trial, if 'twere fair and legal;
And if y'ave thoſe Exceptions that are real,
She'll anſwer them.

Eſſex. Still is my Death more welcome,
And Life will be a Burden to my Soul,
Since I can ne'er require ſuch Royal Goodneſs.
Tell her then, fair and charitable Meſſenger,
That *Eſſex* does acknowledge every Crime,
His Guilt unworthy of ſuch wond'rous Mercy;
Thanks her Bright Juſtice, and the Lords his Judges,
For all was gracious and divine like her;
And I have now no Injuſtice to accuſe,
Nor Enemy to blame that was the Cauſe,
No Innocence to ſave me but the Queen.

Not. Ha! is this true! how he undoes my hopes! [*Aſide.*
And is that all? Have you not one Requeſt
To aſk, that you can think the Queen will grant you?

Eſſ. I have, and humbly 'tis that ſhe would pleaſe
To ſpare my Life; not that I fear to die;
But in ſubmiſſion to her Heav'nly Juſtice,
I own my Life a forfeit to her Power,
And therefore ought to beg it of her Mercy.

Not. If this be real, my Revenge is loſt. [*Aſide.*
Is there nought elſe that you rely upon,
Only ſubmitting to the Queen's mere Mercy,
And barely aſking her ſo great a Grace?
Have you no other Hopes?

Eſſex. Some Hopes I have.

Not. What are they? Pray, my Lord, declare 'em [boldly,
For to that only Purpoſe I am ſent.

Eſſ. Then I am happy, happieſt of Mankind,
Bleſt in the rareſt Mercy of my Queen,
And ſuch a Friend as you, bleſt in you both.
The Extacy will let me hold no longer—
Behold this Ring, the Paſſport of my Life;
At laſt y'ave pull'd the Secret from my Heart,
This precious Token——

Amidſt

Amidſt my former Triumphs in her Favour,
She took from off her Finger, and beſtow'd
On me—mark—with the Promiſe of a Queen,
Of her bright ſelf leſs failing than an Oracle,
That in what Exigence of State ſoe'er
My life was in, that Time when I gave back,
Or ſhould return this Ring again to her,
She'd then deny me nothing I cou'd aſk.

Not. O give it me, my Lord, and quickly let
Me bear it to the Queen, and aſk your Life.

Eſſex. Hold, generous Madam, I receiv'd it on
[*Kneels and gives* Nottingham *the Ring.*
My Knees, and on my Knees I will reſtore it.
Here take it, but conſider what you take;
'Tis the Life, Blood, and very Soul of *Eſſex.*
I've heard that by a ſkilful Artiſt's Hand,
The Bowels of a Wretch were taken out,
And yet he liv'd; you are that gallant Artiſt.
O touch it as you would the Seals of Life!
And give it to my Royal Miſtreſs' Hand,
As you wou'd pour my Blood back in its empty Channels,
That gape and thirſt like Fiſhes on the Ooſe,
When Streams run dry, and their own Element
Forſakes 'em; if this ſhould in the leaſt miſcarry,
My Life's the Purchaſe that the Queen will have for't.

Not. Doubt you my Care, my Lord? I hope you do not.

Eſſ. I will no more ſuſpect my Fate nor you;
Such Beauty and ſuch Merits muſt prevail.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Earl of *Southampton* having Leave,
Deſires to ſpeak with you, my Lord.

Not. Repoſe
Your Mind, and take no Thought but to be happy;
I'll ſend you Tidings of a laſting Life.

Eſſ. A longer and much happier Life attend
Both my good Queen and you. [*Exit* Eſſex.

Not. Farewel, my Lord—
Yes a much longer Life than thine, I hope,
And if thou chance to dream of ſuch ſtrange Things,
Let it be there where lying Poets feign
Elyſium is, where Myrtles lovely ſpread,

Trees

Trees of delicious Fruit invite the Taste,
And sweet *Arabian* Plants delight the Smell;
Where pleasant Gardens drest with curious Care
By Lovers Ghosts, shall recreate thy Fancy;
And there perhaps thou soon shalt meet again
With amorous *Rutland*, for she cannot chuse
But be Romantick now, and follow thee——

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Madam, the Queen.

Not. Ha! that's unlucky—She come to the *Tower!*
Yet 'tis no Matter; see him I am sure
She will not, or at worst will be persuaded.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. How now, dear *Nottingham*, hast seen the Earl?
I left *Whitehall*, because I cou'd not rest
For Crowds that hallow'd for their Executions,
And others that petition'd for the Traitors.
Quick, tell me, hast thou done as I commanded?

Not. Yes, Madam, I have seen and spoke with him:

Queen. And what has he said to thee for himself?

Not. At my first Converse with him I did find him
Not totally despairing, nor complaining;
But yet a haughty Melancholy
Appear'd in all his Looks, that shew'd him rather
Like one that had more Care
Of future Life than this.

Queen. Well, but what said he,
When thou awaked'st him with Hopes of Pity?

Not. To my first Question, put by your Command,
Which was to know if he were satisfy'd
In the Proceedings of his lawful Tryal?
He answer'd with a careless Tone and Gesture,
That it was true, and he must needs confess
His Tryal look'd most fair to all the World;
But yet he too well knew
The Law that made his Actions Treason,
Consulted but with Foes and Circumstances,
And never took from Heav'n or *Essex'* Thoughts
A Precedent or Cause that might condemn him:
For if they had the least been read in either,
They would have quickly found his Innocence.

Queen. Ha!

Not. That was but the Prologue, mark what follows:

Qu. What, durst he be so bold to brand my Justice?

Not. I pray'd that he wou'd urge that Scene no more,
But since he was condemn'd and stood in need
Of Mercy, to implore it of your Majesty,
And beg his Life, which you would not deny:
For to that end I said that you were pleas'd
To send me to him, and then told him all,
Nay, more than you commanded me to say.

Queen. What said he then? that alter'd him, I hope.

Not. No not at all, but as I have seen a Lion
That has been play'd withal with gentle Strokes,
Has at the last been jested into Madness;
So on a sudden started into Passion
The furious Earl, his Eyes grew fiery red,
His Words precipitate, and Speech disorder'd;
Let the Queen have my Blood, said he, 'tis that
She longs for, pour it out to my Foes to drink;
As Hunters when the Quarry is run down,
Throw to the Hounds his Entrails for Reward.
I have enough to spare, but by the Heavens
I swear, were all my Veins like Rivers full,
And if my Body held a Sea of Blood,
I'd lose it all to the last innocent Drop,
Before I'd, like a Villain, beg my Life.

Qu. Hold, *Nottingham*, and say th' art not in Earnest—
Can this be true? So impudent a Traitor!

Not. That's but the Gloss, the Colour of his Treason,
But after, he did paint himself to the Life:
Wou'd the Queen, said he, have me own a Treason,
Impose upon myself a Crime the Law
Has found me guilty of by her Command;
And so by asking of my forfeit Life,
Clear and proclaim her Justice to the World,
And stain my self for ever? no, I'll die first.

Qu. Enough; I'll hear no more, you wrong him, 'tis
Impossible he should be such a Devil.

Not. Madam, I've done.

Queen. I prithee pardon me——
But could he say all this?

Not.

Not. He did, and more;
But 'tis no matter, 'twill not be believ'd,
If I ſhould tell thee half of what he utter'd,
How inſolent and how prophane he us'd you.
Queen. You need not, I had rather
Believe it all than put you to the Trouble
To tell it o'er again, and me to hear it.
Then I am loſt, betray'd by this falſe Man:
My Courage, Power, my Pity all betray'd,
And like that Giant, Patriarch of the *Jews*,
Bereft at once both of his Sight and Strength,
By treacherous Foes, I wander in the dark,
By *Eſſex* weak'ned, and by *Eſſex* blinded:
But then as he pray'd that his Strength might } *Aſide.*
At once to be reveng'd on them and die, [grow
So grant me Heav'n but ſo much Reſolution
To grope my Way, that where I lay but hold
On whatſoe'er this huge *Coloſſus* ſtands,
I'll pull the Scaffold down, tho' o'er my Head,
And loſe my Life to be reveng'd on his ——
Well, *Nottingham*, I have but one Word more,
Talk'd not this wicked Creature of no Reaſon,
No Obligation that I had to ſave
His Life?
Not. No, but far worſe than I have told you.
Queen. Sure thou art moſt unhappy in ill News!
No Promiſe, nor Token did he ſpeak of?
Not. Not the leaſt Word, and if there are ſuch things,
I do ſuppoſe he keeps 'em to himſelf;
For Reaſons that I know not.
Queen. 'Tis moſt falſe,
He needs muſt tell thee all, and thou betray'ſt him.
Not. Your Majeſty does me Wrong——
Queen. Hear me ——
Oh! I can hold no longer——Say, ſent he
No Ring, no Token, nor no Meſſage by thee?
Not. Not any, on the Forfeit of my Life.
Queen. Thou lyeſt——can Earth produce ſo vile a Creature?——
Hence from my Sight, and ſee my Face no more——

Yet tarry *Nottingham*——Come back again.
This may be true, and I am ſtill the Wretch [*Aſide.*
To blame and to be pity'd——Prythee pardon me;
Forget my Rage, thy Queen is ſorry for't.
Not. I would your Majeſty, inſtead of me,
Had ſent a Perſon that you cou'd confide in,
Or elſe that you wou'd ſee the Earl yourſelf.
Queen. Prythee no more; go to him!
No, but I'll ſend a Meſſage for his Head;
His Head's the Token that my Wrongs require,
And his baſe Blood the Stream to quench my Fury——
Prythee invent: for thou art wond'rous witty
At ſuch Inventions; teach my feeble Malice
How to torment him with a thouſand Deaths,
Or what is worſe than Death——Speak, my *Medea*,
And thou wilt then oblige thy Queen for ever.
Not. Firſt ſign an Order for his Execution.
Queen. Say, it is done, but how to torture him!
Not. Then as the Lords are carrying to the Block,
Condoling both their ſad Misfortunes,
Which to departing Souls is ſome Delight,
Order a Pardon for *Southampton*'s Life,
It will be worſe than Hell to *Eſſex*' Soul,
Where 'tis a going, to ſee his Friend ſnatch'd from him,
And make him curſe his ſo much Pride and Folly,
That loſt his own life in Exchange for his.
Queen. That was well thought on!
Not. This is but the leaſt,
The next will be a fatal Stroke, a Blow indeed;
A thouſand Heads to loſe is not ſo dreadful.
Let *Rutland* ſee him at the very Moment
Of her expiring Huſband; ſhe will hang
Worſe than his Guilt upon him, lure his Mind,
And pull it back to Earth again; double
All the fierce Pangs of Thought and Death upon him,
And make his loaded Spirits ſink to Hell.
Queen. O thou art the *Machiavel* of all the Sex,
Thou braveſt, moſt heroick for Invention!
Come let's diſpatch——

Enter

Enter Burleigh, Raleigh, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*
My Lords, ſee Execution done on *Eſſex*;
But for *Southampton*, I will pardon him:
His Crimes he may repent of; they were not
So great, but done in Friendſhip to the other.
Act my Commands with Speed, that both of us
May ſtraight be out of Torment——My Lord *Burleigh*,
And you Sir *Walter Raleigh*, ſee't perform'd;
I'll not return till you have brought the News.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Nottingham.

Ral. I wou'd ſhe were a hundred Leagues from hence
Well, and the Crown upon her Head; I fear
She'll not continue in this Mind a Moment.

Burl. Then't ſhall be done this Moment--Who attends?
Bid the Lieutenant have his Priſoners ready. [*Exit Offi.*
Now we may hope to ſee fair Days again
In *England*, when this hov'ring Cloud is vaniſh'd,
Which hung ſo long betwixt our Royal Sun
And us, but ſoon will viſit us with Smiles,
And raiſe her drooping Subjects Hearts——

Enter the two Earls, Lieutenant and Guards.

My Lord,
We bring an Order for your Execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you muſt die
This very Hour.

South. Indeed the Time is ſudden!

Eſſ. Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes?
Falſe Sex, and Queen more perjur'd than them all.
But die I will without the leaſt Complaint,
My Soul ſhall vaniſh ſilent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdant Fields,
And Leaves of weeping Flowers--Come, my dear Friend,
Partner in Fate, give me thy Body in
Theſe faithful Arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, and Heaven my Witneſs too,
I have no Weight, no Heavineſs on my Soul,
But that I've loſt my deareſt Friend his Life.

South. And I proteſt by the ſame Powers Divine,
And to the World, 'tis all my Happineſs,

The greateſt Bliſs my Mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we muſt die, my Lord, to die together.

Earl. The Queen, my Lord *Southampton*, has been pleas'd
To grant particular Mercy to your Perſon;
And has by us ſent you a Reprieve from Death,
With Pardon of your Treaſons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.

South. O my unguarded Soul! Sure never was
A Man with Mercy wounded ſo before!

Eſſ. Then I am looſe to ſteer my wand'ring Voyage,
Like a bad Veſſel that has long been croſt,
And bound by adverſe Winds, at laſt gets Liberty,
And joyfully makes all the Sail ſhe can,
To reach its wiſh'd for Port——Angels protect
The Queen, for her my chiefeſt Prayers ſhall be,
That as in time ſh'as ſpar'd my noble Friend,
And owns his Crimes worth Mercy, may ſhe ne'er
Think ſo of me too late when I am dead——
Again, *Southampton*, let me hold thee faſt,
For 'tis my laſt Embrace.

South. O be leſs kind, my Friend, or move leſs Pity,
Or I ſhall ſink beneath the Weight of Sadneſs!
Witneſs the Joy I have in Life to part
With you; witneſs theſe Woman's Throbs and Tears;
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And ſhou'd have ſmil'd to ſhare the Death of *Eſſex*.

Eſſ. O ſpare this Tenderneſs for one that needs it,
For her that I'll commit, 'tis all that I
Can claim of my *Southampton*—— O my Wife!
Methinks that very name ſhou'd ſtop thy Pity,
And make thee covetous of all as loſt
That is not meant to her—Be a kind Friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying *Eſſex* to thy Queen,
Leſt it ſhould coſt a Tear, nor ne'er offend her.

South. O ſtay, my Lord, let me have one Word more:
One laſt Farewel, before the greedy Axe
Shall part my Friend, my only Friend, from me,
And *Eſſex* from himſelf—I know not what

Are

Are call'd the Pangs of Death, but ſure I am
I feel an Agony that's worſe than Death——
Farewel.

Eſſ. Why, that's well ſaid——Farewel to thee——
Then let us part, juſt like two Travellers,
Take diſtant Paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longeſt, mine the ſhorteſt Way——
Now let me go——If there's a Throne in Heaven
For the moſt brave of Men and beſt of Friends,
I will beſpeak it for *Southampton.*

South. And I, while I have Life, will hoard thy Memory,
When I am dead, we then ſhall meet again.

Eſſ. Till then, Farewel.

South. Till then, Farewel. [*Exit* South.

Eſſ. Now on, my Lords, and execute your Office—

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex *and Women.*

My Wife! Nay then my Stars will ne'er have done.
Malicious Planets reign, I'll bear it all
To your laſt Drop of Venom on my Head——
Why cruel lovely Creature doſt thou come
To add to Sorrow, if't be poſſible,
A Figure more lamenting? Why this Kindneſs,
This killing Kindneſs now at ſuch a Time!
To add more Woes to thine and my Misfortunes.

C. Eſſ. The Queen, my Lord, hath been ſo merciful
Or cruel, name it as you pleaſe, to let
Me ſee my *Eſſex* ere he dies.

Eſſ. Has ſhe?
Then let's improve this very little Time
Our niggard Fate allows us: For we are owing
To this ſhort Space all the dear Love we had
In ſtore for many happy promis'd Years.

C. Eſſ. What hinders then but we ſhould be both happy?
Whilſt others live long Years, and ſip and taſte,
Like Niggards of their Loves, we'll take whole Draughts.

Eſſ. Then let's embrace in Extaſies of Joys,
Drink all our Honey up in one ſhort Moment,
That ſhou'd have ſerv'd us for our Winter Store:

Be lavish and profuse like wanton Heirs,
That waste their whole Estate at once,
For the kind Queen takes Care, and has ordain'd
That we shall never live to want.

Burl. My Lord,
Prepare, the very utmost Time's at hand,
And we must straight perform the Queen's Command
In leading you to Justice.

C. Ess. Hold, good *Lucifer!*
Be kind a little, and defer Damnation,
Thou canst not think how I will worship thee,
No *Indian* shall adore thee as I will;
Thou shalt have Martyrs, and whole Hecatombs
Of slaughter'd Innocents to suck their Blood,
Widows Estates, and Orphans without Number,
Manors and Parks more than thy Lust requires,
Till thou shalt die, and leave a King's Estate
Behind thee.

Ess. Prythee spare thy precious Heart,
That fluttering so with Passion in thy Breast,
Has almost bruis'd its Tenderness to Death.

C. Ess. Why ask I him, and think of Pity there?
From him on whom kind Heaven has set a Mark,
A heap of Rubbish at the Door, to shew
No cleanly Virtue can inhabit there——
Malicious Toad, and which is worse, foul *Cecil*,
I tell thee, *Essex* soon shall reign in Heaven,
While thou shalt grovel in the Den of Hell,
Roar like the Damn'd, and tremble to behold.
Go, share Dominions with the Powers of Hell,
For *Lucifer* will ne'er dispute
Thy great Desert in Wickedness above him,
Nor who's the uglier Fiend, thy self or he.

Ral. My Lord, you think not of the Queen's Com-
And can you stand thus unconcern'd, and hear [mands,
Your self so much abus'd?

Burl. Be patient, *Raleigh*,
The Pain is all her own, and hurts not *Cecil*,
She will be weary sooner than my self——
Poor innocent and most unhappy Lady,
I pity her.

Ess.

C. Ess. Why, dost thou pity me?
Nay, then I'm fal'n into a low Estate
Indeed, if Hell compassionates my Miseries,
They must be greater than the damn'd endure——
I prithee pardon me——ah my lov'd Lord,
My Heart begins to break; let me go with thee,
And see the fatal blow given to my *Essex*,
That will be sure to rid me soon of Torments:
And 'twill be Kindness in thee——do, my Lord,
Then we shall both be quit of Pain together.

Ess. Ah, why was I condemn'd to this, what Man
But *Essex* ever felt a Weight like this!

C. Ess. O we must never part—Support my Head,
My sinking Head, and lay it to the Pulse,
The throbbing Pulse that beats about thy Heart,
'Tis Musick to my Senses——O my Love!
I have no Tears left in me that shou'd ease
A Wretch that longs for Pity——I am past.
All Pity, and my poor tormented Heart
And Spirits within are quite consum'd,
Which is the Balm, the Scorpion's Blood that cures
The biting Pain of Sorrow, quite have left me,
And I am now a wretched hopeless Creature,
Full of substantial Misery, without
One Drop of Remedy.

Ess. Th'art pale, thy Breath
Grows chill, and like the Morning Air on Roses,
Leaves a cold Dew upon thy redder Lips——
She strives and holds me like a drowning Wretch——
O now, my Lords, if Pity ever blest you,
If you were never curst by Tygers, help me——
Now, now, you cruel Heav'ns! I plainly see,
'Tis not your Swords, your Axes, nor Diseases,
Which make the Death of Man so fear'd and painful,
But 'tis such horrid Accidents as these——
She opens her Eyes, which with a waining Look,
Like sickly Stars, give a faint glimmering Light.

C. Ess. Where is my Love?
O think not to get loose, for I'm resolv'd
To stick more close to thee than Life, and when

That's

That's going, mine ſhall run the Race with thine,
And both together reach the happy Goal.

Eſſ. Now I am ſhock'd, and all torn up, and rooted,
That's human in me——What, you mercileſs Hell,
What is't that makes poor Man diſtracted, mad,
Profane, to curſe the Day, himſelf, the Heavens
That made him, but leſs Miſeries than mine?
Why, why you Powers, do you exact from Man
More than your World and all that live beſide?
The Sea is never calm when Tempeſts blow;
Tall Woods and Cedars murmur at the Wind,
And when your horrid Earthquakes cleave the Ground,
The Center groans, and Nature takes its part,
As if they did deſign to break your Laws,
And ſhake your Fetters off: nay, your own Heavens,
When Thunders roar, rebel, the Sun engages,
And all the warring Elements reſiſt:
Heav'n, Seas, and Land are ſuffer'd to contend,
But Man alone is curſt if he complain——
Farewel my everlaſting Love, 'tis vain,
'Tis all in vain againſt reſiſtleſs Fate
That pulls me from thee. [*Gives her a Letter.*
Here, give this Paper to the Queen, which when
She reads, perhaps ſhe will be kind to thee.

C. Eſſ. Wilt thou not let me go?
I'm prepar'd to ſee the deadly Stroke,
And at that Time the fatal Axe falls on thee,
It will be ſure to cut the twiſted Cord
Of both our Lives aſunder.

Eſſ. We muſt part——
Thou Miracle of Love, and Virtues all,
Farewell, and may thy *Eſſex'* ſad Misfortunes
Be doubled all with Bleſſings on thy Soul——
Still, ſtill thou graſp'ſt me like the Pangs of Death——
Ha! now ſhe faints, and like a Wretch
Striving to climb a ſteep and ſlippery Breach,
With many hard Attempts gets up, and ſtill
Slides down again, ſo ſhe lets go at laſt
Her eager Hold, and ſinks beneath the Weight——
Support her all——

Burl.

Burl. My Lord, ſhe will recover;
Pray leave her with her Women, and make Uſe
Of this ſo kind an Opportunity
To part with her.

Eſſ. Cruel hard-hearted *Burleigh!*
Moſt barbarous *Cecil!*

Burl. See, my Lord,
She ſoon will come t'her ſelf, and you muſt leave her--
Haſte away.

Lieut. Make way there.

Eſſ. Look to her, faithful Servants, while ſhe lives
She'll be a tender Miſtreſs to you all——
Come puſh me off then, ſince I muſt ſwim o'er,
Why do I thus ſtand ſhivering on the Shore!
'Tis but a Breath, and I no more ſhall think,
Mix with the Sun, or into Atoms ſhrink:
Lift up thy Eyes no more in ſearch of mine,
Till I am dead, then glad the World with thine——
This Kiſs (O that it would for ever laſt!)
Give me of Immortality a Taſte——
Farewel,
May all that's paſt, when thou recover'ſt, ſeem
Like a glad Waking from a fearful Dream.

[*Exit* Eſſex *to Execution*, Burleigh, Raleigh, *Lieutenant and Guards.*

Manet Counteſs of Eſſex *with Women.*

Wom. See, ſhe revives.

C. Eſſ. Where is my *Eſſex*, where?

Wom. Alas! I fear by this Time he's no more.

C. Eſſ. Why did you wake me then from ſuch bright Objects?
I ſaw my *Eſſex* mount with Angels Wings,
(Whilſt I rode on the beauteous Cherubim)
And took me on'em, bore me o'er the World
Thro' everlaſting Skies, eternal Light.

Wom. Be comforted.

C. Eſſ. Sure we are the only Pair
Can boaſt of ſuch a Pomp of Miſery,
And none was e'er ſubſtantially ſo curſt,
Since the firſt Couple that knew Sorrow firſt;

Yet

Yet they were happy, and for Paradise
Found a new World unskill'd, unfraught with Vice:
No Tyrant to molest 'em, nor no Sword;
All that had Life, Obedience did afford.
No Pride but Labour there, and healthful Pains,
No Thief to rob them of their honest Gains:
Ambition, now the Plague of every Thought,
Then was not known, or else was unbegot.

Enter the Queen, *Countess of* Nottingham, *Lords and Attendants.*

Queen. Behold where the poor *Rutland* lies, almost
As dead and low, as *Essex* in his Grave
Can be, and I want but a very little
To be more miserable than them both—
Rise, rise, unfortunate and mournful *Rutland*,
I know not what to call thee now, but wish
I could not call thee by the Name of *Essex*——
Rise, and behold thy Queen, I say,
That bends to take thee in her Arms.

C. Ess. O never think to charm me with such Sounds,
Such Hopes that are too distant from my Soul,
For 'tis but preaching Heaven to one that's damn'd—
O take your Pity back, most cruel Queen,
Give it to those that want it for a Cure;
My griefs are mortal, Remedies are vain,
And thrown away on such a Wretch as I——
Here's a Paper from my Lord to you,
It was his last Request that you would read it.

Queen. Giv't me—but oh how much more welcome had
The Ring been in its stead. [*Reads to her self.*

C. Not. Ha! I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*

Queen. Haste, see if Execution be yet done,
If not, prevent it——Fly with Angels Wings——
[*Officers go out.*
O thou far worse than Serpent—worse than Woman!
Ah *Rutland!* here's the cruel Cause of both our Woes,
Mark this, and help to curse her for thy Husband.

The

The Queen reads the Letter.

MADAM,

'I Receive my Death with the Willingneſs and Sub-
'miſſion of a Subject, and as it is the Will of Hea-
'ven and of your Majeſty, with this Requeſt, that you
'would be pleas'd to beſtow that Royal Pity on my poor
'Wife which is deny'd to me, and my laſt flying Breath
'ſhall bleſs you. I have but one Thing to repent of
'ſince my Sentence, which is, that I ſent the Ring by
'*Nottingham*, fearing it ſhould once put my Queen in
'mind of her broken Vow.'

ESSEX.

Repentance, Horrors, Plagues, and deadly Poiſons,
Worſe than a thouſand Deaths, torment thy Soul.

C. Not. Madam———

Queen. Condemn me firſt to hear the Groans of Ghoſts,
The Croaks of Ravens, and the Damn'd in Torments,
Juſt Heav'n, 'tis Muſick to what thou canſt utter.
Be gone—Fly to that utmoſt Verge of Earth,
Where the Globe's bounded with Eternity,
And never more be ſeen of human Kind,
Curſt with long Life, and with a Fear to die,
With thy Guilt ever in thy Memory;
And *Eſſex'* Ghoſt be ſtill before thy Eye.

C. Not. I do confeſs——

Queen. Quick, bear her from my Sight, her Words are blaſting,
Her Eyes are Baſiliſks, Infection reigns
Where'er ſhe breathes; go ſhut her in a Cave,
Or chain her to ſome Rock whole Worlds from hence,
The Diſtance is too near: there let her live
Howling to th' Seas to rid her of her Pain,
For ſhe and I muſt never meet again——
Away with her.

C. Not.

C. Not. I go—but have this Comfort in my Doom;
I leave you all with greater Plagues at home.

[*Ex.* Not.

Enter Burleigh *and* Raleigh.

Burl. Madam, your Orders came too late——
The Earl was dead——

Queen. Then I wish thou wert dead that say'st it;
But I'll be just, and curse none but my self——
What said he when he came so soon to die?

Burl. Indeed his End, made so by woful Casualties,
Was very sad and full of Pity.
But at the Block all Hero he appear'd,
Or else, to give him a more Christian Title,
A Martyr arm'd with Resolution,
Said little, but did bless your Majesty,
And dy'd full of Forgiveness to the World,
As was no doubt his Soul that soon expir'd.

Queen. Come, thou choice Relict of lamented *Essex*,
Call me no more by th' Name of Queen, but Friend.
When thy dear Husband's Death reveng'd shall be,
Pity my Fate, but lay no Guilt on me;
Since 'tis th' Almighty's Pleasure, tho' severe,
To punish thus his faithful Regents here;
To lay on Kings his hardest Task of Rule,
And yet has given 'em but a human Soul,
The subtle Paths of Traytors Hearts to view,
Reason's too dark, a hundred Eyes too few;
Yet when by Subjects we have been betray'd,
The Blame is ours, their Crimes on us are laid;
And that which makes a Monarch's Happiness,
Is not in reigning well, but with Success.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WE act by Fits and Starts, like drowing Men,
But just pop up, and then drop down again;
Let those who call us wicked, change their Sense,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore;
Nor Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if Pharaoh *could divine,*
He might have spar'd his Dream of Seven lean Kine, }
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.
The blazing Comet, which portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from Playhouse Earth,
Sent here since our last Fire, and Lilly *says,*
Foreshews our change of State, and thin third Days.
'Tis not our Want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printers Press would suffer more:
Their Pamphleteers their Venom daily spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit:
Confess the Truth, which of you has not laid
[To the upper Gallery.
Four Farthings out, to buy the Hatfield *Maid?*
Or, what is duller yet and more does spite us,
Democritus *his Wars with* Heraclitus?
These are the Authors that have run us down,
And exercise your Criticks of the Town;
Yet these are Pearls to your lampooning Rhimes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the Times.
Scandal, *the Glory of the* English *Nation,*
Is worn to Rags, and scribbl'd out of Fashion;
Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wise,
You had agreed to Play before the Prize;
Faith, you may hang your Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis just like Children, when they box with Pillows.
Then put an end to Civil War for Shame,
Let each Night Errant, who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her, if he can,
The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

PROLOGUE,

Intended to be ſpoke.

Written by the AUTHOR.

'TIS ſaid, when the renown'd Auguſtus *reign'd,*
That all the World in Peace and Wealth remain'd,
And tho' the School of Action, War, was o'er,
Arms, Arts, and Letters, then encreas'd the more.
All theſe ſprung from our Royal Virgin's Bays,
And flouriſh'd better than in Cæſar's *Days;*
And only in her Time at once was ſeen Eſſex *and*
So brave a Soldier, Stateſman and a Queen. Burleigh.
Her Reign may be compar'd to that above,
As the beſt Poet Cæſar's *did to* Jove,
For as great Julius *built the mighty Throne,*
And left Rome's *firſt large Empire to his Son,*
Under whoſe Weight, till her Time, we did groan:
So her Great Father was the firſt that ſtruck
Rome's *Triple Crown; but ſhe threw off the Yoke.*
Strait at her Birth new Light the Heav'ns adorn'd,
Which more than Fifteen Hundred Years had mourn'd---
But hold, I'm bid to let you underſtand,
That when our Poet took this Work in Hand,
He trembl'd ſtraight, like Prophets in a Dream,
Her awful Genius ſtood, and threaten'd him!
Her modeſt Beauties only he has ſhewn,
And has her Character ſo nicely drawn,
That if herſelf, in pureſt Robes of Light,
Should come from Heav'n, and bleſs us with her Sight,
She would not bluſh to hear what he has writ.
Therefore——
To all the ſhining Sex this Plays addreſt,
But more the Court, the Planets of the reſt;
You, who on Earth are Mens beſt ſofteſt Fate,
So that when Heav'n with ſome rough Piece has met,
It ſends him you to mould, and new create.
Strange Ways to Virtue ſome may think to prove,
But yet the beſt and ſureſt Path is Love.
Love, like the Ermin, is ſo nice a Gueſt,
It never enters in a vitious Breaſt——
If you are pleas'd, we will be bold to ſay,
This modeſt Poem is the Ladies Play.

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Alzira
Ambitious Step Mother
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Amorous Widow, or Wanton Wife
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Anna Bullen
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Anthony and Cleopatra
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Artifice
As you Like it
Atheist
Athaliah
Aurengzebe
Bartholomew Fair
Basset Table
Beaux Stratagem
Biter
Bold Stroke for a Wife
British Enchanters, or no Magick like Love
Busirs, King of Egypt
Busie Body
Caius Marius
Careless Husband
Catiline, his Conspiracy
Cato
Cæsar in Borgia
Cæsar in Egypt
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Duke of Guise
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Esop
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Fair Quaker of Deal, or Humours of the Navy
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Fatal Secret
Flora, or Hob in the Well
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Funeral, or Grief Alamode
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Gentle Shepherd
George Barnwell
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Hamlet Prince of Denmark
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Henry V. or Conquest of France
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Love's last Shift
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Much ado about Nothing
Nero, Emperor of Rome
Nonjuror
Œdipus
Old Batchelor

Oroonoko
Orphan, or unhappy Marriage
Othello, Moor of Venice
Perjur'd Husband
Perolla and Izadora
Phædra and Hippolitus
Philotas
Pilgrim
Prophetess
Provok'd Husband
Provok'd Wife
Recruiting Officer
Refusal, or Ladies Philosophy
Rehearsal, with the Key
Relapse, or Virtue in Danger
Revenge
Richard II.
Richard III.
Rival Fools
Rival Ladies
Rival Queens
Romeo and Juliet
Royal Convert
Royal Merchant
Rule a Wife and have a Wife
She Would if she Could
She Would and she Would not
Silent Woman
Sir Courtly Nice, or it Cannot be
Sophonisba
Spanish Fryer, or Double Discovery
Spring
Squire of Alsatia
Stage Coach
Strollers
Suspicious Husband
Tamerlane
Tempest
Tender Husband, or Accomplished Fools
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Tunbridge Walks
Twelfth Night
Twin Rivals
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Venice Preserv'd, or a Plot Discovered
Way of the World
What d'ye Call it
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Published May 10th 1759 by J. & R. Tonson.

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

Quin morere, ut merita es; ferróque averte dolorem.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXVI.

TO HER

GRACE *the* DUTCHESS

OF

ORMOND.

MADAM,

THE Privilege of Poetry (or it may be the Vanity of the Pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of Right to pretend at the ſame time, to the Favour of thoſe, whom their high Birth and excellent Qualities have placed in a very diſtinguiſhing Manner above the reſt of the World. If this be not a received Maxim, yet I am ſure I am to wiſh it were, that I may have at leaſt ſome kind of Excuſe for laying this Tragedy at your GRACE's Feet. I have too much Reaſon to fear that it may prove but an indifferent Entertainment to Your GRACE,

ſince, if I have any way ſucceeded in it, it has been in deſcribing thoſe violent Paſſions which have been always Strangers to ſo happy a Temper, and ſo noble and ſo exalted a Virtue as Your GRACE is Miſtreſs of. Yet for all this, I cannot but confeſs the Vanity which I have, to hope that there may be ſomething ſo moving in the Misfortunes and Diſtreſs of the Play, as may be not altogether unworthy of Your GRACE's Pity. This is one of the main Deſigns of Tragedy, and to excite this generous Pity in the greateſt Minds, may paſs for ſome kind of Succeſs in this Way of Writing. I am ſenſible of the Preſumption I am guilty of by this Hope, and how much it is that I pretend to in Your GRACE's Approbation; if it be my good Fortune to meet with any little Share of it, I ſhall always look upon it as much more to me than the general Applauſe of the Theatre, or even the Praiſe of a good Critick. Your GRACE's Name is the beſt Protection this Play can hope for, ſince the World, ill-natur'd as it is, agrees in an univerſal Reſpect and Deference for Your GRACE's Perſon and Character. In ſo cenſorious an Age as this is, where Malice furniſhes out all the publick Converſations, where every body pulls and is pull'd to Pieces of courſe, and where there is hardly ſuch a Thing as being merry, but at another's Expence; yet by a publick and uncommon Juſtice to the Dutcheſs of *Ormond*, Her Name has never been mention'd, but as it ought, tho' She has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction from the Faireſt of Her own Sex, and Virtue enough to make the Looſe and Diſſolute of the other (a very formidable Party) Her Enemies. Inſtead of this,

they

they agree to ſay nothing of Her but what She deſerves. That Her Spirit is worthy of Her Birth; Her Sweetneſs, of the Love and Reſpect of all the World; Her Piety, of her Religion; Her Service, of Her Royal Miſtreſs; and Her Beauty and Truth, of her Lord; that in ſhort every Part of her Character is Juſt, and that She is the beſt Reward for one of the greateſt Heroes this Age has produc'd. This, Madam, is what You muſt allow People every where to ſay; thoſe whom You ſhall leave behind You in *England* will have ſomething further to add, the Loſs we ſhall ſuffer by Your GRACE's Journey to *Ireland*; the Queen's Pleaſure, and the Impatient Wiſhes of that Nation, are about to deprive us of Two of our publick Ornaments. But there is no arguing againſt Reaſons ſo prevalent as theſe. Thoſe who ſhall lament Your GRACE's Abſence will yet acquieſce in the Wiſdom and Juſtice of her MAJESTY's Choice: Among all whoſe Royal Favours none could be ſo agreeable, upon a thouſand Accounts, to that People, as the Duke of *Ormond*. With what Joy, what Acclamations ſhall they meet a Governor, who, beſide their former Obligations to his Family, has ſo lately ventur'd his Life and Fortune for their Preſervation! What Duty, what Submiſſion ſhall they not pay to that Authority which the Queen has delegated to a Perſon ſo dear to them? And with what Honour, what Reſpect ſhall they receive your GRACE, when they look upon You as the Nobleſt and Beſt Pattern Her MAJESTY cou'd ſend them, of Her own Royal Goodneſs, and Perſonal Virtues? They ſhall behold Your GRACE with the ſame Pleaſure

the *Engliſh* ſhall take whenever it ſhall be their good Fortune to ſee You return again to Your Native Country. In *England* Your GRACE is become a publick Concern; and as your going away will be attended with a general Sorrow, ſo Your Return ſhall give as general a Joy; and to none of thoſe many, more than to,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

NIC. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

LONG has the Fate of Kings and Empires been
The common Bus'neſs of the Tragick Scene,
As if Misfortune made the Throne her Seat,
And none could be unhappy, but the Great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the Crown he wears,
And many are the mighty Monarch's Cares:
By foreign Foes and home-bred Factions preſt,
Few are the Joys he knows, and ſhort his Hours of Reſt.
Stories like theſe with Wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher Sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can ſhare;
Like diſtant Battles of the Pole *and* Swede,
Which frugal Citizens o'er Coffee read,
Careleſs for who ſhould fail or who ſucceed.
Therefore an humble Theme our Author choſe,
A melancholy Tale of private Woes:
No Princes here loſt Royalty bemoan,
But you ſhall meet with Sorrows like your own:
Here ſee imperious Love his Vaſſals treat,
As hardly as Ambition does the Great;
See how ſucceeding Paſſions rage by Turns,
How fierce the Youth with Joy and Rapture burns,
And how to Death, for Beauty loſt, he mourns.
Let no nice Taſte the Poet's Art arraign,
If ſome frail vicious Characters he feign:
Who writes ſhould ſtill let Nature be his Care,
Mix Shades with Lights, and not paint all Things fair,
But ſhew you Men and Women as they are.
With Deference to the Fair he bade me ſay,
Few to Perfection ever found the Way:
Many in many Parts are known t'excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well;
Whom juſtly Life would through each Scene commend,
The Maid, the Wife, the Miſtreſs, and the Friend:
This Age, 'tis true, has one great Inſtance ſeen,
And Heav'n in Juſtice made that One a Queen.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sciolto, *a Nobleman of* Genoa, *Father to* Caliſta.	*Mr.* Bowman.
Altamont, *a young Lord, in Love with* Caliſta, *and deſign'd her Huſband by* Sciolto.	*Mr.* Verbruggen.
Horatio, *his Friend.*	*Mr.* Betterton.
Lothario, *a young Lord, and Enemy to* Altamont.	*Mr.* Powel.
Roſſano, *his Friend.*	*Mr.* Baily.

WOMEN.

Caliſta, *Daughter to* Sciolto.	*Mrs.* Barry.
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Lucilla, *Confident to* Caliſta.	*Mrs.* Prince.

Servants to Sciolto.

SCENE, Sciolto's *Palace and Garden, with ſome Part of the Street, near it in* GENOA.

THE

THE FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Altamont *and* Horatio.

ALTAMONT.

LET this auſpicious Day be ever ſacred,
No Mourning, no Misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for Triumphs and Rejoicings;
Let happy Lovers ever make it holy,
Chooſe it to bleſs their Hopes, and crown their Wiſhes;
This happy Day that gives me my *Caliſta.*
Hor. Yes, *Altamont*; to-day thy better Stars
Are join'd to ſhed their kindeſt Influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble Hand that rais'd thee firſt,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy Father's Grave,
Compleats its Bounty, and reſtores thy Name
To that high Rank and Luſtre which it boaſted,
Before ungrateful *Genoa* had forgot
The Merit of thy god-like Father's Arms;

Before that Country which he long had ſerv'd,
In watchful Counſels, and in Winter Camps,
Had caſt off his white Age to want and Wretchedneſs,
And made their Court to Factions by his Ruin.

Alt. Oh, great *Sciolto!* Oh, my more than Father!
Let me not live, but at thy very Name
My eager Heart ſprings up, and leaps with Joy.
When I forget the vaſt vaſt Debt I owe thee,
Forget! (but 'tis impoſſible) then let me
Forget the Uſe and Privilege of Reaſon,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Deſart among Brutes,
To bear the various Fury of the Seaſons,
The Night's unwholeſome Dew and Noon-day's Heat,
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curſe of Heav'n.

Hor. So open, ſo unbounded was his Goodneſs,
It reach'd even me, becauſe I was thy Friend.
When that great Man I lov'd, thy noble Father
Bequeath'd thy gentle Siſter to my Arms,
His laſt dear Pledge and Legacy of Friendſhip;
That happy Tye made me *Sciolto*'s Son;
He call'd us his, and with a Parent's Fondneſs
Indulg'd us in his Wealth, bleſs'd us with Plenty,
Heal'd all our Cares, and ſweeten'd Love itſelf.

Alt. By Heav'n, he found my Fortunes ſo abandon'd,
That nothing but a Miracle could raiſe 'em;
My Father's Bounty, and the State's Ingratitude,
Had ſtripp'd him bare, nor left him e'en a Grave;
Undone myſelf, and ſinking with his Ruin,
I had no Wealth to bring, nothing to ſuccour him,
But fruitleſs Tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldſt thou didſt,
And didſt it like a Son; when his hard Creditors,
Urg'd and aſſiſted by *Lothario*'s Father,
(Foe to thy Houſe, and Rival of their Greatneſs)
By Sentence of the cruel Law forbid
His venerable Corps to reſt in Earth,
Thou gav'ſt thyſelf a Ranſom for his Bones;
With Piety uncommon, didſt give up
Thy hopeful Youth to Slaves who ne'er knew Mercy,

Sour,

Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveneſs,
And are like Fiends the Factors of Deſtruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious Act, approv'd it,
And bade *Sciolto*'s Bounty be its Proxy,
To bleſs thy filial Virtue with Abundance.

Alt. But ſee he comes, the Author of my Happineſs,
The Man who ſav'd my life from deadly Sorrow,
Who bids my Days be bleſt with Peace and Plenty,
And ſatisfies my Soul with Love and Beauty.

Enter Sciolto, *he runs to* Altamont *and embraces him.*

Sci. Joy to thee, *Altamont!* Joy to myſelf!
Joy to this happy Morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what Nature had deny'd me,
And makes me Father of a Son like thee.

Alt. My Father! Oh let me unlade my Breaſt,
Pour out the Fulneſs of my Soul before you;
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought,
This wond'rous Goodneſs ſtirs. But 'tis impoſſible,
And Utterance all is vile; ſince I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art honeſt;
Goodneſs innate, and Worth hereditary
Are in thy Mind; thy noble Father's Virtues,
Spring freſhly forth, and bloſſom in thy Youth.

Alt. Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
And then with wond'rous Joy beheld its Beauty,
Well pleas'd to ſee the Excellence he gave.

Sci. O noble Youth! I ſwear ſince firſt I knew thee,
Ev'n from that Day of Sorrow when I ſaw thee,
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial Tears,
The Mourner and Redeemer of thy Father,
I ſet thee down and ſeal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my Son, ev'n near me as *Caliſta.*
Horatio and *Lavinia* too are mine; [*Embraces* Hor.
All are my Children, and ſhall ſhare my Heart?
But wherefore waſte we thus this happy Day?
The laughing Minutes ſummon thee to Joy,
And with new Pleaſures court thee as they paſs;

Thy waiting Bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And ſwears thou com'ſt not with a Bridegroom's Haſte.
Alt. Oh! cou'd I hope there was one Thought of *Altamont*,
One kind Remembrance in *Caliſta*'s Breaſt,
The Winds, with all their Wings, would be too ſlow
To bear me to her Feet. For oh! my Father,
Amidſt the Stream of Joy that bears me on,
Bleſt as I am, and honour'd in your Friendſhip,
There is one Pain that hangs upon my Heart.
Sci. What means my Son?
Alt. When at your Interceſſion,
Laſt Night *Caliſta* yielded to my Happineſs,
Juſt ere we parted, as I ſeal'd my Vows
With Rapture on her Lips, I found her cold,
As a dead Lover's Statue on his Tomb;
A riſing Storm of Paſſion ſhook her Breaſt,
Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her Heart were breaking.
With all the tendereſt Eloquence of Love
I beg'd to be a Sharer in her Grief:
But ſhe, with Looks averſe, and Eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her Sorrows were her own,
Nor in a Father's Power to diſpoſe of.
Sci. Away! it is the Cozenage of their Sex,
One of the common Arts they practiſe on us:
To ſigh and weep, then when their Hearts beat high
With Expectation of the coming Joy.
Thou haſt in Camps and fighting Fields been bred,
Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women;
The Virgin Bride, who ſwoons with deadly Fear,
To ſee the End of all her Wiſhes near,
When bluſhing from the Light and publick Eyes,
To the kind Covert of the Night ſhe flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves,
Melts in his Arms, and with a Looſe ſhe loves. [*Exe.*

Enter

Enter Lothario *and* Roſſano.

Loth. The Father and the Huſband!
Roſſ. Let them paſs,
They ſaw us not.
Loth. I care not if they did,
Ere long I mean to meet 'em Face to Face,
And gall 'em with my Triumph o'er *Caliſta.*
Roſſ. You lov'd her once.
Loth. I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her Father to refuſe me,
To make this honourable Fool her Huſband:
For which, if I forget him, may the Shame
I mean to brand his Name with, ſtick on mine.
Roſſ. She, gentle Soul, was kinder than her Father.
Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
Till by long liſt'ning to the ſoothing Tale,
At length her eaſy Heart was wholly mine.
Roſſ. I have heard you oft deſcribe her, Haughty,
Inſolent,
And fierce with high Diſdain; it moves my Wonder,
That Virtue thus defended, ſhould be yielded
A Prey to looſe Deſires.
Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and ſecret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone, ſhone conſcious of the Theft,
Hot with the *Tuſcan* Grape, and high in Blood,
Hap'ly I ſtole unheeded to her Chamber.
Roſſ. That Minute ſure was lucky.
Loth. Oh! 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-ſick Maid,
Looſe, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wiſhes;
Fierceneſs and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
Were charm'd to reſt, and Love alone was waking.
Within her riſing Boſom all was calm,
As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides.
I ſnatch'd the glorious, golden Opportunity,

And

And with prevailing, youthful Ardor preſt her,
'Till with ſhort Sighs, and murmuring Reluctance,
The yielding Fair One gave me perfect Happineſs.
Ev'n all the live-long Night we paſs'd in Bliſs,
In Ecſtaſies too fierce to laſt for ever;
At length the Morn, and cold Indifference came;
When fully ſated with the luſcious Banquet,
I haſtily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was paſt, and ſigh alone.

Roſſ. You ſaw her ſoon again?

Loth. Too ſoon I ſaw her:
For oh! that Meeting was not like the former;
I found my Heart no more beat high with Tranſport,
No more I ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for Enjoyment;
'Twas paſt, and Reaſon took her Turn to reign,
While ev'ry Weakneſs fell before her Throne.

Roſſ. What of the Lady?

Loth. With uneaſy Fondneſs
She hung upon me, wept, and ſigh'd and ſwore
She was undone; talk'd of a Prieſt, and Marriage;
Of flying with me from her Father's Pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry Saint and bleſſed Angel down,
To witneſs for her that ſhe was my Wife.
I ſtarted at that Name.

Roſſ. What Anſwer made you?

Loth None; but pretending ſudden Pain and Illneſs
Eſcap'd the Perſecution: two Nights ſince,
By Meſſage urg'd, and frequent Importunity,
Again I ſaw her. Straight with Tears and Sighs,
With ſwelling Breaſts, with Swooning, with Diſtraction,
With all the Subtilties and powerful Arts
Of wilful Woman lab'ring for her Purpoſe,
Again ſhe told the ſame dull nauſeous Tale.
Unmov'd, I beg'd her ſpare th' ungrateful Subject,
Since I reſolv'd, that Love and Peace of Mind
Might flouriſh long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the Marriage Chain:
That I would ſtill retain her in my Heart,
My ever gentle Miſtreſs and my Friend;

But

But for those other Names of Wife and Husband,
They only meant Ill-nature, Cares, and Quarrels.
Ross. How bore she this Reply?
Loth. Ev'n as the Earth,
When (Winds pent up, or eating Fires beneath
Shaking the Mass) she labours with Destruction.
At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
But when the Storm found Way, 'twas wild and loud,
Mad as the Priestess of the *Delphick* God,
Enthusiastick Passion swell'd her Breast,
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form;
Proud, and disdainful of the Love I proffer'd,
She call'd me Villain! Monster! Base Betrayer!
At last, in very Bitterness of Soul,
With deadly Imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bid me fly that Minute: I obey'd,
And bowing left her to grow cool at leisure.
Ross. She has relented since, else why this Message,
To meet the Keeper of her Secrets here
This Morning!
Loth. See the Person whom you nam'd.

Enter Lucilla.

Well, my Ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace War and proud Defiance,
Or does the peaceful Olive grace your Message?
Is your fair Mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in Juncture with her new Ally,
And make her Husband Party to th' Agreement.
Luc. Is this well done, my Lord? Have you put off
All Sense of human Nature? keep a little,
A little Pity to distinguish Manhood,
Lest other Men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the Brutes.
Loth. I see thou'st learnt to rail.
Luc. I've learnt to weep:
That Lesson my sad Mistress often gives me:

By

By Day ſhe ſeeks ſome melancholy Shade,
To hide her Sorrows from the prying World;
At Night ſhe watches all the long, long Hours,
And liſtens to the Winds and beating Rain,
With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as faſt.
Then ever and anon ſhe wrings her Hands,
And cries, falſe! falſe *Lothario!*

Loth. Oh, no more!
I ſwear thou'lt ſpoil thy pretty Face with Crying.
And thou haſt Beauty that may make thy Fortune:
Some keeping Cardinal ſhall dote upon thee,
And barter his Church Treaſure for thy Freſhneſs.

Luc. What! ſhall I ſell my Innocence and Youth,
For Wealth or Titles, to perfidious Man!
To Man! who makes his Mirth of our Undoing!
The baſe, profeſt Betrayer of our Sex!
Let me grow old in all Misfortunes elſe,
Rather than know the Sorrows of *Caliſta.*

Loth. Does ſhe ſend thee to chide in her Behalf?
I ſwear thou doſt it with ſo good a Grace,
That I could almoſt love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my Lord, there, in her own ſad Lines, [*Giving a Letter.*
Which beſt can tell the Story of her Woes,
That Grief of Heart which your Unkindneſs gives her.
[Lothario *reads*]
Your Cruelty—Obedience to my Father—give my Hand to Altamont.
By Heav'n! 'tis well! ſuch ever be the Gifts,
With which I greet the Man whom my Soul hates. [*Aſide.*
But to go on!
——*Wiſh*——*Heart*——*Honour*——*too faithleſs*——
Weakneſs—to morrow—laſt Trouble—loſt Caliſta.
Women I ſee can change, as well as Men;
She writes me here, forſaken as I am,
That I ſhould bind my Brows with mournful Willow,
For ſhe has giv'n her Hand to *Altamont:*
Yet tell the Fair Inconſtant——

Luc. How, my Lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry Words: ſay to *Caliſta,*

The

The humbleſt of her Slaves ſhall wait her Pleaſure;
If ſhe can leave her happy Huſband's Arms,
To think upon ſo loſt a Thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for Pity come with gentler Looks:
Wound not her Heart with this unmanly Triumph;
And tho' you love her not, yet ſwear you do,
So ſhall Diſſembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The Bridegroom's Friend, *Horatio.*
He muſt not ſee us here? to-morrow early
Be at the Garden Gate.

Loth. Bear to my Love
My kindeſt Thought, and ſwear I will not fail her.

[Lothario *putting up the Letter haſtily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano *one Way,* Lucilla *another.*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very Error of my Eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld *Lothario*;
He ſeem'd conferring with *Caliſta*'s Woman:
At my Approach they ſtarted, and retir'd.
What Buſineſs could he have here, and with her;
I know he bears the noble *Altamont*
Profeſt and deadly Hate—What Paper's this?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Ha! To *Lothario!*—'s Death! *Caliſta*'s Name.

[*Opening it.*

Confuſion and Misfortunes! [*Reads.*

YOUR Cruelty has at length determined me, and I have reſolv'd this Morning to yield a perfect Obedience to my Father, and to give my Hand to Altamont, *in ſpite of my Weakneſs for the falſe* Lothario. *I could almoſt wiſh I had that Heart and that Honour to beſtow with it, which you have robb'd me of:*

Damnation! to the reſt—— [*Reads again.*

But

But oh! I fear could I retrieve 'em, I ſhould again be undone by the too faithleſs, yet too lovely Lothario. *This is the laſt Weakneſs of my Pen, and to-morrow ſhall be the laſt in which I will indulge my Eyes.* Lucilla *ſhall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me ſee you; it ſhall be the laſt Trouble you ſhall meet with from*

The loſt Caliſta.

The loſt indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be Perdition. Fire and Sulphur!
Hell is the ſole Avenger of ſuch Crimes.
Oh, that the Ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy Father curſe his Age:
At ſight of this black Scroll, the gentle *Altamont*
(For oh! I know his Heart is ſet upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his diſcontented Head,
Like Merit ſcorn'd by inſolent Authority,
And never grace the Publick with his Virtues.—
Perhaps ev'n now he gazes fondly on her,
And thinking Soul and Body both alike,
Bleſſes the perfect Workmanſhip of Heav'n;
Then ſighing, to his ev'ry Care ſpeaks Peace,
And bids his Heart be ſatisfy'd with Happineſs.
Oh, wretched Huſband! while ſhe hangs about thee
With idle Blandiſhments, and plays the fond one,
Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and looſe 'ſcapes of Love;
And while ſhe claſps thee cloſe makes thee a Monſter.
What if I give this Paper to her Father?
It follows that his Juſtice dooms her dead,
And breaks his Heart with Sorrow; hard Return,
For all the Good his Hand has heap'd on us:
Hold, let me take a Moment's Thought.—

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. My Lord!
Truſt me, it joys my Heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the Company,

Before

Before my Brother's nuptial Rites were ended;
They told me you had felt ſome ſudden Illneſs;
Where are you ſick? Is it your Head? your Heart?
Tell me, my Love, and eaſe my anxious Thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my Arms,
Sooth you to Reſt, and ſoften all your Pain.

Hor. It were unjuſt: No, let me ſpare my Friend,
Lock up the fatal Secret in my Breaſt,
Nor tell him that which will undo his Quiet.

Lav. What means my Lord?

Hor. Ha! ſaidſt thou, my *Lavinia?*

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me ſuffer;
Why are you pale? Why did you ſtart and tremble?
Whence is that Sigh? And wherefore are your Eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The ſick Man thus,
Acknowledging the Summons of his Fate,
Lifts up his feeble Hands and Eyes for Mercy,
And with Confuſion thinks upon his Audit.

Hor. Oh no! thou haſt miſtook my Sickneſs quite,
Theſe Pangs are of the Soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpeſt Convulſions, ſpotted Peſtilence,
Or any other deadly Foe to Life,
Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought.

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falſly call me your *Lavinia?*
And ſwear I was *Horatio*'s better Half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourſelf,
And rob me of my Partnerſhip of Sadneſs?
Witneſs, ye Holy Pow'rs, who know my Truth,
There cannot be a Chance in Life ſo miſerable,
Nothing ſo very hard but I could bear it,
Much rather than my Love ſhould treat me coldly,
And uſe me like a Stranger to his Heart.

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But moſt from thee. I never knew a Pleaſure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But ſtraight I ran to bleſs thee with the Tidings,
And laid up all my Happineſs with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore ſhould I give thee Pain?
Then ſpare me, I conjure thee; aſk no further;

Allow

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
And let 'em brood in ſecret o'er their Sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well?
Forgive me if I ſaw you ſad, *Horatio*,
And aſk'd to weep out Part of your Misfortunes:
I wo'not preſs to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd Lord, yet you muſt grant me this,
Forget your Cares for this one happy Day,
Devote this Day to Mirth, and to your *Altamont*;
For his dear ſake let Peace be in your Looks.
Ev'n now the jocund Bridegroom wants your Wiſhes,
He thinks the Prieſt has but half bleſt his Marriage,
'Till his Friend hails him with the Sound of Joy.

Hor. Oh never! never! never! thou art innocent:
Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
And Candor of the Mind adorn thee ever;
But there are ſuch, ſuch falſe ones in the World,
'Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement
To hear their Story told.

Lav. Falſe ones, my Lord?

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Deſires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are falſe, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety:
One Lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the laſt Fool is welcome as the former:
'Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives Place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be ſuch? And have they Peace of Mind?
Have they in all the Series of their changing
One happy Hour? If Women are ſuch things,
How was I form'd ſo different from my Sex!
My little Heart is ſatisfy'd with you;
You take up all the Room, as in a Cottage
Which harbours ſome benighted princely Stranger,
Where the good Man, proud of his Hoſpitality,
Yields all his homely Dwelling to his Gueſt,
And hardly keeps a Corner for himſelf.

Hor.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee Men would adore 'em,
And all the Bus'neſs of their Lives be loving;
The Nuptial Band ſhould be the Pledge of Peace,
And all Domeſtick Cares and Quarrels ceaſe;
The World ſhou'd learn to love by Virtuous Rules,
And Marriage be no more the Jeſt of Fools. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A *HALL.*

Enter Caliſta *and* Lucilla.

CALISTA.

BE dumb for ever, ſilent as the Grave,
Nor let thy fond officious Love diſturb
My ſolemn Sadneſs, with the Sound of Joy.
If thou wilt ſooth me, tell ſome diſmal Tale
Of pining Diſcontent, and black Deſpair;
For oh! I've gone around through all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love or Shame,
And my dear Peace of Mind is loſt for ever.
Luc. Why do you follow ſtill that wand'ring Fire,
That has miſled your weary Steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a Wilderneſs of Woe?
That falſe *Lothario!* Turn from the Deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle *Altamont*,
Kind as the ſofteſt Virgin of our Sex,
And faithful as the ſimple Village-Swain,
That never knew the courtly Vice of changing,
Sighs at your Feet, and wooes you to be happy.
Cal. Away, I think not of him. My ſad Soul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy Scene,
Such a Retreat as I wou'd wiſh to find;

An

An unfreqented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shade
Ravens, and Birds ill-omen'd, only dwell:
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds: no Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there,
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas for Pity!

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base World, from Malice, and from Shame;
For 'tis the solemn Counsel of my Soul,
Never to live with publick Loss of Honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the Insolence
Of each affected She that tells my Story,
And blesses her good Stars that she is virtuous.
To be a Tale for Fools! Scorn'd by the Women,
And pity'd by the Men! Oh insupportable!

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest Destruction,
The gaping Gulph that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the Danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever-faithful Creature;
By all the Good I wish, by all the Ill
My trembling Heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithless Man again;
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy Life
I charge thee no: my Genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the Crisis of my Fate,
And this one Interview shall end my Cares.
My lab'ring Heart that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge the Burden; that once done,
The busy Thing shall rest within its Cell,
And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls,
Like narrow Brooks that rise with sudden Show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon!

Still

Still as it ebbs the ſofter Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver Love ſupplies its Place.
Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my Temper
Againſt the ſmooth Deluſion; but alas!
(Chide not my Weakneſs, gentle Maid, but pity me)
A Woman's Softneſs hangs about me ſtill:
Then let me bluſh, and tell thee all my Folly.
I ſwear I could not ſee the dear Betrayer
Kneel at my Feet, and ſigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting Heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Luc. Ye ſacred Powers, whoſe gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows, and Flatteries;
Still let me paſs neglected by their Eyes,
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.
Cal. Ha! *Altamont?* *Caliſta*, now be wary,
And guard thy Soul's Acceſſes with diſſembling,
Nor let this hoſtile Huſband's Eyes explore
The warring Paſſions, and tumultuous Thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reaſon.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Be gone, my Cares, I give you to the Winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy *Altamont*;
For from this ſacred Æra of my Love,
A better Order of ſucceeding Days
Come ſmiling forward, white and lucky all.
Caliſta is the Miſtreſs of the Year,
She crowns the Seaſons with auſpicious Beauty,
And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful.
Cal. If I was ever Miſtreſs of ſuch Happineſs,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty Fool,
And waſting all on others, leave myſelf
Without one Thought of Joy to give me Comfort?
Alt. Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair Face profane
This thy great Feſtival with Frowns and Sadneſs!

I ſwear it ſha' not be, for I will wooe thee
With Sighs ſo moving, with ſo warm a Tranſport,
That thou ſhalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
And kindle into Joy.

Cal. I tell thee, *Altamont*,
Such Hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
Ill-ſuited to each other; join'd not match'd;
Some ſullen Influence, a Foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal Marriage, to undo us.
Mark but the Frame and Temper of our Minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this Day,
That fills thee with ſuch Ecſtacy and Tranſport,
To me brings nothing that ſhould make me bleſs it,
Or think it better than the Day before,
Or any other in the Courſe of Time,
That dully took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my Pledge of Happineſs,
To know none fair, none excellent, beſide thee:
If ſtill to love thee with unweary'd Conſtancy,
Through ev'ry Seaſon, ev'ry Change of Life,
Through wrinkled Age, through Sickneſs and Misfortune,
Be worth the leaſt Return of grateful Love,
O then let my *Caliſta* bleſs this Day,
And ſet it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the Day
In which my Father gave my Hand to *Altamont*;
As ſuch I will remember it for ever.

Enter Sciolto, Horatio, *and* Lavinia.

Sci. Let Mirth go on, let Pleaſure know no Pauſe,
But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day.
'Tis yours, my Children, ſacred to your Loves;
The glorious Sun himſelf for you looks gay;
He ſhines for *Altamont* and for *Caliſta*.
Let there be Muſick, let the Maſter touch
The ſprightly String, and ſoftly-breathing Flute,
'Till Harmony rouſe ev'ry gentle Paſſion,
Teach the cold Maid to loſe her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languiſh at her Feet.

Begin:

Begin: ev'n Age itſelf is chear'd with Muſick;
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back paſt Joys, and warms us into Tranſport.
[*Here an Entertainment of Muſick and Dancing.*

SONG.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

I.

AH ſtay! ah turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentleſs Maid?
I follow not to Conquer, but to Die;
You of the Fearful are afraid.

II.

In vain I call; for ſhe like fleeting Air,
When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous Wind,
Flies ſwifter from the Voice of my Deſpair,
Nor caſts one pitying Look behind.

Sci. Take Care my Gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are Friends;
Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and ſwell the Feaſt with Mirth;
The ſprightly Bowl ſhall chearfully go round,
None ſhall be grave, nor too ſeverely wiſe;
Loſſes and Diſappointments, Cares and Poverty,
The rich Man's Inſolence, and great Man's Scorn,
In Wine ſhall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too ſoon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh! grant, ye Powers, that I may ſee theſe happy,
[*Pointing to* Alt. *and* Caliſta.
Completely bleſt, and I have Life enough;
And leave the reſt indifferently to Fate.

Manet Horatio.

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and ſought *Lothario?*
This Letter may be forg'd; perhaps the Wantonneſs
Of his vain Youth, to ſtain a Lady's Fame;
Perhaps his Malice to diſturb my Friend.
Oh no! my Heart forebodes it muſt be true.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt
That ſhook her Soul; tho' damn'd Diſſimulation
Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and ſet to publick View
A ſpecious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
O, falſe Appearance! What is all our Sovereignty,
Our boaſted Pow'r? when they oppoſe their Arts,
Still they prevail, and we are found their Fools.
With ſuch ſmooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The firſt fair She beguil'd her eaſy Lord;
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
Nor could believe that ſuch a heav'nly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street near Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Lothario *and* Roſſano.

Loth. TO tell thee then the Purport of my Thoughts,
The Loſs of this fond Paper would not give me
A Moment of Diſquiet, were it not
My Inſtrument on this *Altamont*;
Therefore I mean to wait ſome Opportunity
Of ſpeaking with the Maid we ſaw this Morning.

Roſſ.

Ruff. I wish you, Sir, to think upon the Danger
Of being seen; to-day their Friends are round 'em.
And any Eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your Life and Safety to the Hazard.
[*They confer aside.*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Still I must doubt some Mystery of Mischief,
Some Artifice beneath. *Lothario*'s Father!
I know him well, he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in Words, and bold in peaceful Counsels,
But of a cold, unactive Hand in War;
Yet with these Coward's Virtues he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest Friend.
This Son, if Fame mistakes not, is more hot.
More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [*Seeing him.*
Loth. Damnation! He again!—This second Time
To-day he has crost me like my evil Genius.
Hor. I sought you, Sir.
Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.
Hor. 'Tis well you are: The Man who wrongs my Friend
To the Earth's utmost Verge would I pursue!
No Place, tho' e'er so holy, should protect him;
No Shape that artful Fear e'er form'd should hide him,
'Till he fair Answer made, and did me Justice.
Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am *Lothario?*
As great a Name as this proud City boasts of.
Who is this mighty Man then, this *Horatio,*
That I should basely hide me from his Anger,
Lest he should chide me for his Friend's Displeasure?
Hor. The Brave, 'tis true, do never shun the Light,
Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers,
Freely without Disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.
Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a Purpose
Which my Soul ever fram'd, or my Hand acted,
But I could well have bid the World look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open Boldneſs, this free Spirit?
When but this very Morning I ſurpris'd thee,
In baſe, diſhoneſt Privacy, conſulting
And bribing a poor mercenary Wretch,
To ſell her Lady's Secrets, ſtain her Honor,
And with a forg'd Contrivance blaſt her Virtue:—
At Sight of me thou fled'ſt!
Loth. Ha! fled from thee?
Hor. Thou fled'ſt, and Guilt was on thee, like a Thief,
A Pilferer deſcry'd in ſome dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with miſchievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Reſt,
And do a Midnight Murder on the Sleepers.
Loth. Slave! Villain!
[*Offers to draw,* Roſſano *holds him.*
Roſſ. Hold, my Lord! think where you are,
Think how unſafe and hurtful to your Honour
It were to urge a Quarrel in this Place,
And ſhock the peaceful City with a Broil.
Loth. Then, ſince thou doſt provoke my Vengeance, know,
I would not for this City's Wealth, for all
Which the Sea wafts to our *Ligurian* Shore,
But that the Joys I reap'd with that fond Wanton,
The Wife of *Altamont*, ſhould be as public
As is the Noon-day Sun, Air, Earth, or Water,
Or any common Benefit of Nature:
Think'ſt thou I meant the Shame ſhould be conceal'd?
Oh no! by Hell and Vengeance, all I wanted
Was ſome fit Meſſenger to bear the News
To the dull doting Huſband: Now I have found him,
And thou art he.
Hor. I hold thee baſe enough
To break through Law, and ſpurn at ſacred Order,
And do a brutal Injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young Lord; I think *Caliſta*
Too nice, too noble, and too great of Soul,
To be the Prey of ſuch a Thing as thou art.
'Twas baſe and poor, unworthy of a Man,
To forge a Scroll ſo villainous and looſe,

And

And mark it with a noble Lady's Name:
These are the mean, dishonest Arts of Cowards,
Strangers to Manhood, and to glorious Dangers;
Who bred at Home in Idleness and Riot,
Ransack for Mistresses th' unwholesome Stews,
And never know the Worth of virtuous Love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the Letter? Think so still,
'Till the broad Shame come staring in thy Face,
And Boys shall hoot the Cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no Woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless Tribe you are,
Fit only for yourselves: You herd together;
And when the circling Glass warms your vain Hearts,
You talk of Beauties that you never saw,
And fancy Raptures that you never knew.
Legends of Saints, who never yet had Being,
Or being, ne'er were Saints, are not so false
As the fond Tales which you recount of Love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my Leisure,
I could produce such damning Proof———

Hor. 'Tis false:
You blast the Fair with Lies because they scorn you,
Hate you like Age, like Uglineſs and Impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die Virgins,
And stop the Propagation of Mankind.

Loth. It is the Curse of Fools to be secure,
And that be thine and *Altamont*'s. Dream on:
Nor think upon my Vengeance 'till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, Sir, another Word, and then farewel;
Tho' I think greatly of *Calista*'s Virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy Power to hurt;
Yet as she shares the Honour of my *Altamont*,
That Treasure of a Soldier bought with Blood,
And kept at Life's Expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very Name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the Licence of your Speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish: When you are met
Among your Set of Fools, talk of your Dress,
Of Dice, of Whores, of Horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your Understandings.

Loth. What if we paſs beyond this ſolemn Order?
And, in Defiance of the ſtern *Horatio*,
Indulge our gayer Thought, let Laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred Friendſhip for our Mirth.
Hor. 'Tis well! Sir, you are pleaſant——
Loth. By the Joys
Which my Soul yet has uncontroll'd purſu'd,
I would not turn aſide from my leaſt Pleaſure,
Tho' all thy Force were arm'd to bar my Way;
But like the Birds, great Nature's happy Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, in Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taſte the choiceſt Fruits,
Yet ſcorn to aſk the lordly Owner's Leave.
Hor. What Liberty has vain preſumptuous Youth,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare provoke me unchaſtis'd?
But henceforth, Boy, I warn thee, ſhun my Walks;
If in the Bounds of yon forbidden Place
Again thou'rt found, expect a Puniſhment,
Such as great Souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from thoſe who wrong 'em much, ev'n Death;
Or ſomething worſe; an injur'd Huſband's Vengeance
Shall print a thouſand Wounds, tear thy fine Form,
And ſcatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.
Loth. Is then my Way in *Genoa* preſcrib'd,
By a Dependent on the wretched *Altamont*,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in Taverns,
And vouches for his Valour's Reputation?
Hor. Away, thy Speech is fouler than thy Manners.
Loth. Or if there be a Name more vile, his Paraſite,
A Beggar's Paraſite?
Hor. Now learn Humanity.
[*Offers to ſtrike him,* Roſſano *interpoſes.*
Since Brutes and Boys are only taught with Blows.
Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*
Roſſ. Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already ſee
The Crowd are gath'ring to us.
Loth. O *Roſſano!*
Or give me Way, or thou'rt no more my Friend.
Roſſ. *Sciolto*'s Servants too have ta'en th' Alarm;
You'll

You'll be oppreſt by Numbers: be advis'd,
Or I muſt force you hence; take't on my Word,
You ſhall have Juſtice done you on *Horatio*.
Put up, my Lord.

Loth. This wo'not brook Delay;
Weſt of the Town a Mile, among the Rocks,
Two Hours ere Noon to-morrow I expect thee,
Thy ſingle Hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there,

Loth. To-morrow, oh my better Stars! to-morrow
Exert your Influence, ſhine ſtrongly for me;
'Tis not a common Conqueſt I would gain,
Since Love, as well as Arms, muſt grace my Triumph.

[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano.

Hor. Two Hours ere Noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He ſees *Caliſta!* oh unthinking Fool———
What if I urg'd her with the Crime and Danger?
If any Spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her Breaſt, my Breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but proſper there, I wou'd not doubt
My Combat with that loud vain-glorious Boaſter.
Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
Did you but think how ſeldom Fools are juſt,
So many of your Sex would not in vain,
Of broken Vows, and faithleſs Men, complain:
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Senſe betray'd?
Convinc'd by Reaſon, they your Pow'r confeſs,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs.
And, conſcious of your Worth, can never love you leſs.

[*Exit*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Sciolto *and* Calista.

SCIOLTO.

NOW by my Life, my Honour, 'tis too much;
Have I not mark'd thee wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this Day of Joy?
When ev'ry Heart was chear'd; and Mirth went round,
Sorrow, Displeasure, and repining Anguish,
Sat on thy Brow; like some malignant Planet,
Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
Who scouls adverse, and lours upon the World;
When all the other Stars, with gentle Aspect,
Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man.
Cal. Is then the Task of Duty half perform'd?
Has not your Daughter giv'n herself to *Altamont*,
Yielded the native Freedom of her Will,
To an imperious Husband's lordly Rule,
To gratify a Father's stern Command?
Sci. Dost thou complain?
Cal. For Pity do not frown then,
If in despite of all my vow'd Obedience,
A Sigh breaks out, or a Tear falls by chance:
For oh! that Sorrow which has drawn your Anger,
Is the sad Native of *Calista*'s Breast,
And once possest will never quit its Dwelling,
'Till Life, the Prop of all, shall leave the Building,
To tumble down, and moulder into Ruin.

Sci.

Sci. Now by the ſacred Duſt of that dear Saint
That was thy Mother; by her wond'rous Goodneſs,
Her ſoft, her tender, moſt complying Sweetneſs,
I ſwear ſome ſullen Thought that ſhuns the Light
Lurks underneath that Sadneſs in thy Viſage.
But mark me well, tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee,
As much, I think, as a fond Parent can;
Yet ſhou'dſt thou (which the Pow'rs above forbid)
E'er ſtain the Honour of thy Name with Infamy,
I'll caſt thee off, as one whoſe impious Hands
Had rent aſunder Nature's neareſt Ties,
Which once divided never join again.
To-day, I have made a noble Youth thy Huſband,
Conſider well his Worth, reward his Love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art ſo. [*Exit* Sciolto.

Cal. How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man?
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleaſure with a ſcanty Hand;
To his, the Tyrant Huſband's Reign ſucceeds:
Proud with Opinion of ſuperior Reaſon,
He holds domeſtick Bus'neſs and Devotion
All we are capable to know, and ſhuts us,
Like cloiſter'd Idiots, from the World's Acquaintance,
And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high Souls, but to aſſert ourſelves,
Shake off this vile Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. She's here! yet oh! my Tongue is at a Loſs:
Teach me, ſome Pow'r, that happy Art of ſpeech,
To dreſs my Purpoſe up in gracious Words;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous Paſſions.
By Heav'n ſhe weeps!——— Forgive me, fair *Caliſta*,
If I preſume on Privilege of Friendſhip,
To join my Grief to yours, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench thoſe Eyes in Tears.

Cal.

Cal. To ſteal unlook'd for on my private Sorrow,
Speaks not the Man of Honour, nor the Friend,
But rather means the Spy.

Hor. Unkindly ſaid!
For oh! as ſure as you accuſe me falſly,
I come to prove myſelf *Caliſta*'s Friend.

Cal. You are my Huſband's Friend, the Friend of *Altamont*.

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's Fate?
Are you not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whoſe blended Waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the Sea, one common Flood!
Then, who can give his Friendſhip but to one?
Who can be *Altamont*'s and not *Caliſta*'s?

Cal. Force, and the Wills of our imperious Rulers,
May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain;
But Minds will ſtill look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm,
Stands on the Shore, and ſends his Wiſhes back
To the dear native Land from whence he came.

Hor. When Souls that ſhould agree to Will the ſame,
To have one common Object for their Wiſhes,
Look different Ways, regardleſs of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedneſs enſues:
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial Bed,
The Night ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry Day ſhall be a Day of Cares.

Cal. Then all the boaſted Office of thy Friendſhip,
Was but to tell *Caliſta* what a Wretch ſhe is;
Alas! what needed that?

Hor. Oh! rather ſay,
I came to tell her how ſhe might be happy;
To ſooth the ſecret Anguiſh of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this Paradiſe is known,
Where lies the bliſsful Region? Mark my Way to it,
For oh! 'tis ſure, I long to be at Reſt.

Hor. Then—to be Good is to be happy;—Angels

Are

Are happier than Mankind, becauſe they are better,
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,
Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings; the Bleſt know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n is Goodneſs.

Cal. And what bold Paraſite's officious Tongue
Shall dare to tax *Caliſta*'s Name with Guilt?

Hor. None ſhould; but 'tis a buſy, talking World,
That with licentious Breath, blows like the Wind,
As freely on the Palace, as the Cottage.

Cal. What myſtick Riddle lurks beneath thy Words,
Which thou would'ſt ſeem unwilling to expreſs,
As if it meant Diſhonour to my Virtue?
Away with this ambiguous ſhuffling Phraſe,
And let thy Oracle be underſtood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what would'ſt thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and *Caliſta!*——Thus they join
Two Names, which Heav'n decreed ſhould never meet;
Hence have the Talkers of this populous City,
A ſhameful Tale to tell for publick Sport,
Of an unhappy Beauty, a falſe Fair One,
Who plighted to a noble Youth her Faith,
When ſhe had given her Honour to a Wretch.

Cal. Death! and Confuſion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly Inſolence!
To be the Sport of a looſe Ruffian's Tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vileſt Creature,
That ever was a Slave to Vice and Infamy.

Hor. By Honour and fair Truth you wrong me much;
For, on my Soul, nothing but ſtrong Neceſſity
Cou'd urge my Tongue to this ungrateful Office:
I came with ſtrong Reluctance, as if Death
Had ſtood a-croſs my Way to ſave your Honour,
Yours and *Sciolto*'s, yours and *Altamont*'s;
Like one who ventures through a burning Pile,
To ſave his tender Wife, with all her Brood
Of little Fondlings, from the dreadful Ruin.

Cal.

Cal. Is this, is this the famous Friend of *Altamont!*
For noble Worth and Deed of Arms renown'd?
Is this! this Tale-bearing, officious Fellow,
That watches for Intelligence from Eyes;
This wretched *Argus* of a jealous Husband,
That fills his easy Ears with monstrous Tales,
And make him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody Revenge on his defenceless Wife;
Who guiltless dies, because her Fool ran mad.

Hor. Alas! this Rage is vain; for if your Fame,
Or Peace be worth your Care, you must be calm,
And listen to the Means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky Minute of your Fate.
By me your Genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst *Lothario* more;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shun'd
By all your virtuous Maids and noble Matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare Beauty
To Infamy, Diseases, Prostitution——

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd Slave!
That dar'st forget my Birth, and sacred Sex,
And shock me with the rude unhallow'd Sound.

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful Face of Heav'n
Breathe out a solemn Vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or by my *Altamont*'s dear Life I swear,
This Paper!—Nay, you must not fly!—This Paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty Paper shall divulge your Shame——

Cal. What mean'st thou by that Paper? What Contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my Father,
To turn his Heart against his wretched Daughter,
That *Altamont* and thou may share his Wealth?
A Wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The Weakness of my Sex.——Oh, for a Sword,
To urge my Vengeance on the Villain's Hand
That forg'd the Scroll.

Hor. Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where *Calista*'s Name—— [*Shewing the Letter near.*

Cal.

Cal. To Atoms thus. [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, detested Falshood,
The wicked, lying Evidence of Shame.
Hor. Confusion!
Cal. Henceforth, thou officious Fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare ev'n on thy Life
To breathe an Accent that may touch my Virtue,
I am myself the Guardian of my Honour,
And wo'not bear so insolent a Monitor.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Where is my Life, my Love, my charming Bride,
Joy of my Heart, and Pleasure of my Eyes,
The Wish, and Care, and Business of my Youth?
Oh! let me find her, snatch her to my Breast?
And tell her she delays my Bliss too long,
Till my soft Soul ev'n sickens with Desire.
Disorder'd!———and in Tears! *Horatio* too!
My Friend is in Amaze;——What can it mean?
Tell me, *Calista*, who has done thee Wrong,
That my swift Sword may find out the Offender,
And do thee ample Justice.
Cal. Turn to him.
Alt. *Horatio!*
Cal. To that Insolent.
Alt. My Friend?
Could he do this! He, who was half myself!
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills: Have I not found him just,
Honest as Truth itself? And cou'd he break
The Sanctity of Friendship? Could he wound
The Heart of *Altamont* in his *Calista?*
Cal. I thought what Justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his Tale,
Applaud his Malice, that wou'd blast my Fame,
And treat me like a common Prostitute.
Thou art perhaps Confederate in his Mischief,
And wilt believe the Legend, if he tells it.

Alt.

Alt. Oh impious! what presumptuous Wretch shall dare
To offer at an Injury like that?
Priesthood, nor Age, nor Cowardise itself,
Shall save him from the Fury of my Vengeance.
Cal. The Man who dar'd to do it was *Horatio!*
Thy darling Friend! 'Twas *Altamont*'s *Horatio!*
But mark me well! while thy divided Heart
Dotes on a Villain that has wronged me thus,
No Force shall drag me to thy hated Bed;
Nor can my cruel Father's Power do more
Than shut me in a Cloister; there, well pleas'd,
Religious Hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast, and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy, speechless Saints to dwell;
But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran,
Free from the Marriage Chain, and from that Tyrant,
Man. [*Exit* Calista.
Alt. She's gone; and as she went, ten thousand Fires
Shot from her angry Eyes, as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel Vow she made.
Now as thou art a Man, *Horatio*, tell me,
What means this wild Confusion in thy Looks?
As if thou wer't at Variance with thyself,
Madness and Reason combating within thee,
And thou were't doubtful which shou'd get the better.
Hor. I wou'd be dumb for ever, but thy Fate
Has otherwise decreed it: thou hast seen
That Idol of thy Soul, that fair *Calista*,
Thou hast beheld her Tears.
Alt. I have seen her weep,
I have seen that lovely One, that dear *Calista*,
Complaining in the Bitterness of Sorrow,
That thou my Friend *Horatio!* thou hast wrong'd her.
Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her Eyes been fed
From that rich Stream which warms her Heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my *Altamont!* She has undone thee.

Alt.

Alt. Doſt thou join Ruin with *Caliſta*'s Name?
What is ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely good?
Is ſhe not more than Painting can expreſs,
Or youthful Poets fancy, when they love?
Does ſhe not come, like Wiſdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Bleſſings, giving Wealth and Honour?
The Dowry which ſhe brings is Peace and Pleaſure,
And everlaſting Joys are in her Arms.

Hor. It had been better thou hadſt liv'd a Beggar,
And fed on Scraps at great Mens ſurly Doors,
Than to have match'd with one ſo falſe, ſo fatal.——

Alt. It is too much for Friendſhip to allow thee:
Becauſe I tamely bore the Wrong thou didſt her,
Thou doſt avow the barb'rous, brutal Part,
And urge the Injury ev'n to my Face.

Hor. I ſee ſhe has got Poſſeſſion of thy Heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a Syren, to her Bed,
With Looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds:
Too late the Rocks and Quickſands will appear,
When thou art wreckt upon the faithleſs Shore.
Then vainly wiſh thou hadſt not left thy Friend,
To follow her Deluſion.

Alt. If thy Friendſhip
Do churliſhly deny my Love a Room,
It is not worth my keeping, I diſclaim it.

Hor. Canſt thou ſo ſoon forget what I've been to thee?
I ſhar'd the Taſk of Nature with thy Father,
And form'd with Care thy unexperienc'd Youth
To Virtue and to Arms.
Thy noble Father, oh thou light young Man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One Fortune fed us,
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flouriſh'd, and together fell.
He call'd me Friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus? for a Woman? nay a vile one too?

Alt. Thou canſt not, dar'ſt not mean it; ſpeak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name *Caliſta*.

Hor. I had not ſpoke at firſt, unleſs compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myſelf; but ſince thus urg'd,
I muſt avow I do not know a viler.

Alt.

Alt. Thou wer't my Father's Friend, he lov'd thee well;
A kind of venerable Mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my Vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my Sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more. [*Going out.*

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must, and will preserve thee from Dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*

Alt. Let go my Arm.

Hor. If Honour be thy Care, if thou would'st live,
Without the Name of credulous, wittal Husband,
Avoid thy Bride, shun her detested Bed,
The Joys it yields are dash'd with Poison——

Alt. Off!
To urge me but a Minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted! stain'd!

Alt. Madness and Raging!
But hence!

Hor. Dishonour'd by the Man you hate——

Alt. I pr'ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If Life be worth the keeping——

Hor. By *Lothario.*

Alt. Perdition take thee, Villain, for the Falshood.
[*Strikes him.*
Now nothing but thy Life can make Atonement.

Hor. A Blow! Thou hast us'd me well—— [*Draws.*

Alt. This to thy Heart——

Hor. Yet hold!——By Heav'n his Father's in his Face,
Spite of my Wrongs my Heart runs o'er with Tenderness,
And I cou'd rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself, for by my much-wronged Love,
I swear the poor Evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold! thou know'st I dare!——Think how we've liv'd——

[*They fight*; Altamont *presses on* Horatio, *who retires.*

Nay! then 'tis brutal Violence! And thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the Life she gave.
[*They fight.*

Lavinia.

Lavinia *enters and runs between their Swords.*

Lav. My Brother, my *Horatio!* is it poſſible?
Oh? turn your cruel Swords upon *Lavinia.*
If you muſt quench your impious Rage in Blood,
Behold, my Heart ſhall give you all her Store,
To ſave thoſe dearer Streams that flow from yours.
Alt. 'Tis well thou haſt found a Safeguard; none but this,
No Pow'r on Earth could ſave thee from my Fury.
Lav. O fatal, deadly Sound!
Hor. Safety from thee!
Away, vain Boy! Haſt thou forgot the Rev'rence
Due to my Arm, thy firſt thy great Example,
Which pointed out thy Way to noble Daring,
And ſhew'd thee what it was to be a Man?
Lav. What buſy, medling Fiend, what Foe to Goodneſs,
Could kindle ſuch a Diſcord? Oh, lay by
Thoſe moſt ungentle Looks, and angry Weapons,
Unleſs you mean my Grieſs and killing Fears,
Should ſtretch me out at your relentleſs Feet,
A wretched Coarſe, the Victim of your Fury.
Hor. Aſk'd thou what made us Foes? 'twas baſe Ingratitude:
'Twas ſuch a Sin to Friendſhip, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That ſtrives with Man's untoward monſtrous Wickedneſs,
Unweary'd with forgiving, ſcarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, Child! Brother! Friend!
With barb'rous, bloody Malice, ſought my Life.
Alt. Thou art my Siſter, and I would not make thee
The lonely Mourner of a widow'd Bed,
Therefore thy Huſband's Life is ſafe; but warn him,
No more to know this hoſpitable Roof.
He has but ill repaid *Sciolto*'s Bounty;
We muſt not meet; 'tis dangerous: farewel.
[*He is going,* Lavinia *holds him.*
Lav. Stay, *Altamont,* my Brother ſtay, if ever
Nature, or what is nearer much than Nature,

The

The kind Consent of our agreeing Minds,
Have made us dear to one another, stay,
And speak one gentle Word to your *Horatio*.
Behold, his Anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you Friend, then press you hard, with all
The tender, speechless Joy of Reconcilement.

Alt. It cannot, sha'not be!——you must not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly then!

Alt. Each Minute that I stay,
Is a new Injury to fair *Calista*.
From thy false Friendship to her Arms I'll fly:
There, if in any Pause of Love I rest,
Breathless with Bliss, upon her panting Breast,
In broken melting Accents, I will swear,
Henceforth to trust my Heart with none but her;
Then own the Joys, which on her Charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless Friend.

[Altamont *breaks from* Lavinia, *and exit.*

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my *Lavinia*, from the Earth;
It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,
This wond'rous Waste of Tears, too much to give,
To an ungrateful Friend, and cruel Brother.

Lav. Is there not Cause for Weeping? Oh *Horatio!*
A Brother and a Husband were my Treasure,
This was all the little Wealth that poor *Lavinia*
Sav'd from the Shipwreck of her Father's Fortunes.
One half is lost already; if thou leav'st me,
If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as *Altamont*,
Whom shall I find to pity my Distress,
To have Compassion on a helpless Wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched Head?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft Complainings?
Tho' *Altamont* be false, and use me hardly.
Yet think not I impute his Crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken, for I'll keep thee,
Next to my Heart, my certain Pledge of Happiness.
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of Goodness,
And made thee all my Portion here on Earth;
It gave thee to me, as a large Amends,

For

For Fortune, Friends, and all the World beſide.
Lav. Then you will love me ſtill, cheriſh me ever,
And hide me from Misfortune in your Boſom:
Here end my Cares, nor will I loſe one Thought,
How we ſhall live, or purchaſe Food and Raiment.
The holy Pow'r, who cloaths the ſenſeleſs Earth,
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs and verdant Graſs,
Whoſe bounteous Hand feeds the whole Brute Creation,
Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.
Hor. From *Genoa*, from Falſhood and Inconſtancy,
To ſome more honeſt diſtant Clime we'll go,
Nor will I be beholden to my Country,
For ought but thee, the Partner of my Flight.
Lav. Yes, I will follow thee; forſake, for thee,
My Country, Brother, Friends, ev'n all I have;
Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
And better far, it ſhou'd be left for thee,
And all that I wou'd keep ſhou'd be *Horatio*.
So when a Merchant ſees his Veſſel loſt,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coaſt,
Gladly, for Life, the Treaſure he wou'd give;
And only wiſhes to eſcape, and live.
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the reſt behind.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GARDEN.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

WITH what unequal Tempers are we form'd?
One Day the Soul, ſupine with Eaſe and Fulneſs,
Revels ſecure, and fondly tells herſelf,
The Hour of Evil can return no more;
The next, the Spirits pall'd, and ſick of Riot,
Turn all to Diſcord, and we hate our Beings,
Curſe the paſt Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterneſs, and Anguiſh. Oh! laſt Night!
What has ungrateful Beauty paid me back,
For all that Maſs of Friendſhip which I ſquander'd?
Coldneſs, Averſion, Tears, and ſullen Sorrow,
Daſh'd all my Bliſs, and damp'd my bridal Bed.
Soon as the Morning dawn'd, ſhe vaniſh'd from me,
Relentleſs to the gentle Call of Love.
I have loſt a Friend, and I have gain'd ——a Wife!
Turn not to Thought, my Brain; but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade, there lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulneſs ſteal upon me,
To ſoften and aſſuage this Pain of thinking. [*Exit.*

Enter Lothario *and* Caliſta.

Loth. Weep not, my Fair, but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart,
Kindle again his Torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new Joys; nor let a Thought
Of Diſcord, or Diſquiet paſt, moleſt thee;
But to a long Oblivion give thy Cares,
And let us melt the preſent Hour in Bliſs.

Cal.

Cal. Seek not to ſooth me with thy falſe Endearments,
To charm me with thy Softneſs: 'tis in vain:
Thou canſt no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The Hours of Folly, and of fond Delight,
Are waſted all and fled; thoſe that remain
Are doom'd to Weeping, Anguiſh, and Repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long Account,
Of all the Sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou haſt undone me.

Loth. Unjuſt *Caliſta!* doſt thou call it Ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languiſh,
To wiſh for ſomewhat exquiſitely happy,
And then be bleſt ev'n to that Wiſhes Height?
To die with Joy, and ſtreight to live again,
Speechleſs to gaze, and with tumultuous Tranſport—

Cal. Oh let me hear no more, I cannot bear it.
'Tis deadly to Remembrance; let that Night,
That guilty Night be blotted from the Year,
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Muſick know it,
Let it be dark and deſolate, no Stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wiſh for Light,
Yet want it ſtill, and vainly wait the Dawn;
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame,
To Sorrow, to perfidious falſe *Lothario.*

Loth. Hear this, ye Pow'rs! mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth;
She calls me falſe, ev'n She, the faithleſs She,
Whom Day and Night whom Heav'n and Earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly proteſt,
Ten thouſand Times, ſhe would be only mine,
And yet, behold, ſhe has given herſelf away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the Man whom moſt I hate on Earth.—

Cal. Art thou ſo baſe to upbraid me with a Crime,
Which nothing but thy Cruelty could cauſe!
If Indignation raging in my Soul,
For thy unmanly Inſolence and Scorn,
Urg'd me to do a Deed of Deſperation,
And wound myſelf to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I ſhou'd devote to Death and Hell,

Whom curſe as my Undoer, but *Lothario*;
Hadſt thou been juſt, not all *Sciolto*'s Pow'r,
Not all the Vows and Pray'rs of ſighing *Altamont*,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forſake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in Juſtice, or in Love?
Burns not my Flame as brightly as at firſt?
Ev'n now my Heart beats high, I languiſh for thee,
My Tranſports are as fierce, as ſtrong my Wiſhes,
As if thou hadſt never bleſt me with thy Beauty.

Cal. How didſt thou dare to think that I would live
A Slave to baſe Deſires, and brutal Pleaſures,
To be a wretched Wanton for thy Leiſures,
To toy, and waſte an Hour of idle Time with?
My Soul diſdains thee for ſo mean a Thought.

Loth. The driving Storm of Paſſion will have way,
And I muſt yield before it; were't thou calm,
Love, the poor Criminal, whom thou haſt doom'd,
Has yet a thouſand tender Things to plead,
To charm thy Rage, and mitigate his Fate.

Enter behind them Altamont.

Alt. I have loſt my Peace—Ha! do I live and wake!

Cal. Hadſt thou been true, how happy had I been?
Not *Altamont*, but thou hadſt been my Lord.
But wherefore nam'd I Happineſs with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curſt;
For thee my ſecret Soul each Hour arraigns me,
Calls me to anſwer for my Virtue ſtain'd,
My Honour loſt to thee; for thee it haunts me;
With ſtern *Sciolto* vowing Vengeance on me;
With *Altamont* complaining for his Wrongs——

Alt. Behold him here— [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The Wretch! whom thou haſt made:
Curſes and Sorrows haſt thou heap'd upon him,
And Vengeance is the only Good is left. [*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou haſt ta'en me ſomewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But Love and War take Turns like Day and Night,
And little Preparation ſerves my Turn,

Equal

Equal to both, and arm'd for either Field.
We've long been Foes, this Moment ends our Quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair *Calista* judge the Combat.

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

Alt. Thou hast talk'd too much, thy Breath is Poison to [me,
It taints the ambient Air; this for my Father,
This for *Sciolto*, and this last for *Altamont*.

[*They fight*; Lothario *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

Loth. Oh, *Altamont!* thy Genius is the stronger,
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious Soul
Declining droops, and all her Fires grow pale;
Yet let not this Advantage swell thy Pride,
I conquer'd in my Turn, in Love I triumph'd:
Those Joys are lodg'd beyond the Reach of Fate;
That sweet Revenge comes smiling to my Thoughts,
Adorns my Fall, and chears my Heart in dying. [*Dies.*

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with Shame,
Encompass'd round with Wretchedness? There is
But this one Way, to break the Toil, and 'scape.

[*She catches up* Lothario's *Sword, and offers to kill herself*; Altamont *runs to her, and wrests it from her.*

Alt. What means thy frantick Rage!

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet still,
Still art thou here! and my Soul starts with Horror,
At Thought of any Danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiven?
Oh! thou hast known but little of *Calista*;
If thou hadst never heard my Shame, if only
The midnight Moon, and silent Stars had seen it,
I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a Grave beneath,
And hide me from their Beams.

Sciolto within.] What ho! my Son!

Alt. It is *Sciolto* calls; come near and find me;
The wretched'st Thing of all my Kind on Earth!

Cal. Is it the Voice of Thunder, or my Father?
Madness! Confusion! let the Storm come on,
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,

Dash my devoted Bark; ye Surges, break it!
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the Bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. Ev'n now *Rossano* leap'd the Garden Walls——
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh my Fears!
Last Night thou hadst a Diff'rence with thy Friend,
The Cause thou gav'st me for it was a damn'd one;
Didst thou not wrong the Man who told thee Truth?
Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak,
Ev'n now my Heart is breaking, and the Mention
Will lay me dead before you: see that Body,
And guess my Shame! my Ruin! oh *Calista!*

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And Justice lingers in my lazy Hand;
Thus let me wipe Dishonour from my Name,
And cut thee from the Earth, thou Stain to Goodness—
[*Offers to kill* Calista, Altamont *holds him.*

Alt. Stay thee, *Sciolto*, thou rash Father, stay,
Or turn the Point on me, and through my Breast
Cut out the bloody Passage to *Calista*;
So shall my Love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, *Altamont*; my Heart, that scorn'd thy Love,
Shall never be indebted to thy Pity;
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of *Sciolto*'s Virtue.
Yes! yes, my Father, I applaud thy Justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the Blow:
Be merciful, and free me from my Pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The chearful Day, Men, Earth, and Heav'n, and Thee,
Ev'n Thee, thou venerable good old Man,
For being Author of a Wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the Wildness of her Raving.
Remember Nature! Shou'd thy Daughter's Murder

Defile that Hand, ſo juſt, ſo great in Arms,
Her Blood wou'd reſt upon thee to Poſterity.
Pollute thy Name, and ſully all thy Wars.

Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle Nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my Life:
Loſt as thou art to Virtue, oh *Caliſta!*
I think thou canſt not bear to be outdone?
Then haſte to die, and be oblig'd no more.

Sci. Thy pious Care has giv'n me Time to think,
And ſav'd me from a Crime; then reſt, my Sword;
To Honour have I kept thee ever ſacred,
Nor will I ſtain thee with a raſh Revenge:
But, mark me well, I will have Juſtice done;
Hope not to bear away thy Crimes unpuniſhed,
I will ſee Juſtice executed on thee,
Even to a *Roman* Strictneſs; and thou, Nature,
Or whatſoe'er thou art that plead'ſt within me,
Be ſtill, thy tender Strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your Triumph?
To groan beneath your Scorn and fierce Upbraiding,
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my Miſery
At Morn, at Noon, at Night told over to me,
Leſt my Remembrance might grow pitiſul,
And grant a Moment's Interval of Peace;
Is this, is this the Mercy of a Father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence from my Sight, thy Father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy Infamy to ſome dark Cell,
Where on the Confines of eternal Night,
Mourning, Misfortune, Cares and Anguiſh dwell;
Where ugly Shame hides her opprobrious Head,
And Death and Hell deteſted Rule maintain;
There howl out the Remainder of thy Life,
And wiſh thy Name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to ſome ſuch diſmal Place,
And be more curſt than you can wiſh I were;
This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
Faſting, and Tears, and Hardſhip ſhall deſtroy;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,

Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
Then when you ſee me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean ſhall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and ſighing ſay,
At length her Tears have waſh'd her Stains away;
At length 'tis Time her Puniſhment ſhould ceaſe;
Die thou poor ſuff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace.
[*Exit* Caliſta.

Sci. Who of my Servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

On your Lives
Take Care my Doors be guarded well, that none
Paſs out, or enter, but by my Appointment.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Alt. There is a fatal Fury in your Viſage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces Deſtruction:
My Father, I am ſick of many Sorrows,
Ev'n now my eaſy Heart is breaking with 'em,
Yet, above all, one Fear diſtracts me moſt,
I tremble at the Vengeance which you meditate,
On the poor, faithleſs, lovely, dear *Caliſta*.

Sci. Haſt thou not read what brave *Virginius* did?
With his own Hand he ſlew his only Daughter,
To ſave her from the fierce *Decemvir*'s Luſt.
He ſlew her yet unſpotted, to prevent
The Shame which ſhe might know. Then what ſhou'd I do?
But thou haſt ty'd my Hand.——I wo'not kill her;
Yet by the Ruin ſhe has brought upon us,
The common Infamy that brands us both,
She ſha'not 'ſcape.

Alt. You mean that ſhe ſhall die then?

Sci. Aſk me not what, nor how I have reſolv'd,
For all within is Anarchy and Uproar.
Oh *Altamont!* What a vaſt Scheme of Joy
Has this one Day deſtroy'd! Well did I hope

This

This Daughter wou'd have bleſt my latter Days,
That I ſhould live to ſee you the World's Wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
While I, from buſy Life and Care ſet free,
Had ſpent the Evening of my Age at Home,
Among a little pratling Race of yours:
There, like an old Man talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and ſlept in Peace. Inſtead of this,
Sorrow and Shame muſt bring me to my Grave;
Oh damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourſelf, my Lord:
Roſſano, who but now eſcap'd the Garden,
Has gather'd in the Street a Band of Rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your Friends with Ruin,
Unleſs *Lothario* be return'd in Safety.

Sci. By Heav'n, their Fury riſes to my Wiſh,
Nor ſhall Misfortune know my Houſe alone,
But thou, *Lothario*, and thy Race, ſhall pay me
For all the Sorrows which my Age is curſt with.
I think my Name as great, my Friends as potent,
As any in the State; all ſhall be ſummon'd:
I know that all will join their Hand to ours,
And vindicate thy Vengeance. Raiſe the Body,
And bear it in; his Friends ſhall buy him dearly,
I will have Blood for Ranſom: When our Force
Is full, and arm'd, we ſhall expect thy Sword,
To join with us, and ſacrifice to Juſtice— [*Exit* Sciolto.

[*The Body of* Lothario *is carried off by Servants.*

Manet Altamont.

Alt. There is a ſtupid Weight upon my Senſes;
A diſmal ſullen Stillneſs, that ſucceeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief, like ſilent Death,
After the Tumult and the Noiſe of Life,
Wou'd it were Death, as ſure 'tis wond'rous like it,

For I am ſick of Living, my Soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge:
Love was th' informing, active Fire within,
Now that is quench'd, the Maſs forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred Earth.

[*A tumultuous Noiſe with claſhing of Swords as at a little Diſtance.*

Enter Lavinia *with two Servants, their Swords drawn.*

Lav. Fly, ſwiftly fly, to my *Horatio*'s Aid,
Nor loſe your vain officious Cares on me;
Bring me my Lord, my Huſband to my Arms;
He is *Lavinia*'s Life, bring him me ſafe,
And I ſhall be at Eaſe, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Alt. Art thou *Lavinia?* Oh! what barb'rous Hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceleſs Innocence,
And leave ſuch Marks of more than ſavage Fury?

Lav. My Brother! O my Heart is full of Fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear *Horatio* bleeds,——
Not far from hence, as paſſing to the Port,
By a mad Multitude we were ſurrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted Swords,
And cried aloud for Vengeance, and *Lothario.*
My Lord, with ready Boldneſs ſtood the Shock,
To ſhelter me from Danger, but in vain,
Had not a Party from *Sciolto*'s Palace,
Ruſh'd out, and ſnatch'd me from amidſt the Fray.

Alt. What of my Friend?

Lav. Ha! by my Joys 'tis he, [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bleſs me, he is ſafe!——

Enter Horatio, *with two or three Servants, their Swords drawn.*

1 *Serv.* 'Twere at the utmoſt Hazard of your Life
To venture forth again, till we are ſtronger:
Their Number trebles ours.

Hor.

Hor. No matter, let it;
Death is not half ſo ſhocking as that Traitor.
My honeſt Soul is mad with Indignation,
To think her Plainneſs could be ſo abus'd
As to miſtake that Wretch, and call him Friend;
I cannot bear the Sight.
Alt. Open thou Earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark Boſom,—
To hide me from *Horatio.*
Hor. Oh *Lavinia!*
Believe not but I joy to ſee thee ſafe:
Wou'd our ill Fortune had not drove us hither:
I cou'd ev'n wiſh, we rather had been wreckt
On any other Shore, than ſav'd on this.
Lav. Oh, let us bleſs the Mercy that preſerv'd us,
That gracious Pow'r that ſav'd us for each other:
And, to adorn the Sacrifice of Praiſe,
Offer Forgiveneſs too; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' Offences of thy Friend,
Far, far from thy Remenbrance.
Alt. I have mark'd him,
To ſee if one forgiving Glance ſtole hither;
If any Spark of Friendſhip were alive,
That wou'd by Sympathy at Meeting glow,
And ſtrive to kindle up the Flame a-new;
'Tis loſt, 'tis gone, his Soul is quite eſtrang'd,
And knows me for its Counterpart no more.
Hor. Thou know'ſt thy Rule, thy Empire in *Horatio,*
Nor canſt thou aſk in vain, command in vain,
Where Nature, Reaſon, nay, where Love is Judge;
But when you urge my Temper to comply
With what it moſt abhors, I cannot do it.
Lav. Where didſt thou get this ſullen gloomy Hate?
It was not in thy Nature to be thus;
Come put it off, and let thy Heart be chearful,
Be gay again, and know the Joys of Friendſhip,
The Truſt, Security, and mutual Tenderneſs,
The double Joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendſhip, the Wealth, the laſt Retreat and Strength,

Secure againſt ill Fortune, and the World.
Hor. I am not apt to take a light Offence,
But patient of the Failings of my Friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an Injury
Stabs to the Heart, and rouſes my Reſentment,
(Perhaps it is the Fault of my rude Nature)
I own I cannot eaſily forgive it.
Alt. Thou haſt forgot me.
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy Eyes
Impatient of me then, ſcornful and fierce?
Hor. Becauſe they ſpeak the Meaning of my Heart;
Becauſe they are honeſt, and diſdain a Villain.
Alt. I have wrong'd thee much, *Horatio.*
Hor. True, thou haſt.
When I forget it, may I be a Wretch,
Vile as thyſelf, a falſe perfidious Fellow,
An infamous, believing, *Britiſh* Huſband.
Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it.
I have not, ſince we parted, been at Peace,
Nor known one Joy ſincere; our broken Friendſhip
Purſu'd me to the laſt Retreat of Love,
Stood glaring like a Ghoſt, and made me cold with Horror.
Misfortunes on Misfortunes preſs upon me,
Swell o'er my Head, like Waves, and daſh me down,
Sorrow, Remorſe, and Shame, have torn my Soul,
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes,
And blaſt the Spring and Promiſe of my Year.
Lav. So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To loſe their Freſhneſs amongſt Bones and Rottenneſs,
And have their Odours ſtifled in the Duſt:
Canſt thou hear this, thou cruel hard *Horatio?*
Canſt thou behold thy *Altamont* undone?
That gentle, that dear Youth! canſt thou behold him,
His poor Heart broken, Death in his pale Viſage,
And groaning out his Woes, yet ſtand unmov'd?
Hor. The Brave and Wiſe I pity in Misfortune,

But

But when Ingratitude and Folly ſuffers,
'Tis Weakneſs to be touch'd.
Alt. I wo'not aſk thee
To pity or forgive me; but confeſs,
This Scorn, this Inſolence of Hate is juſt;
'Tis Conſtancy of Mind, and manly in thee.
But oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, *Horatio*,
There is a yielding Softneſs in my Heart
Cou'd ne'er have ſtood it out, but I had ran,
With ſtreaming Eyes, and open Arms upon thee,
And preſt thee cloſe, cloſe!
Hor. I muſt hear no more,
The Weakneſs is contagious, I ſhall catch it,
And be a tame fond Wretch.
Lav. Where wou'dſt thou go?
Wou'dſt thou part thus? You ſha'not, 'tis impoſſible;
For I will bar thy Paſſage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps thy cruel Hand may ſpurn me off,
But I will throw my Body in thy Way,
And thou ſhalt trample o'er my faithful Boſom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me ere thou paſs.
Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious Suit, *Lavinia*.
I have enough to rid me of my Pain.
Caliſta, thou hadſt reach'd my Heart before;
To make all ſure, my Friend repeats the Blow:
But in the Grave our Cares ſhall be forgotten,
There Love and Friendſhip ceaſe. [*Falls.*
[Lavinia *runs to him, and endeavours to raiſe him.*
Lav. Speak to me, *Altamont*.
He faints! he dies! Now turn and ſee thy Triumph;
My Brother! But our Cares ſhall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear Side,
Bemoan thy too hard Fate, then ſhare it with thee,
And never ſee my cruel Lord again.
[Horatio *runs to* Altamont, *and raiſes him in his Arms.*
Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my *Altamont!*
My ſtubborn, unrelenting Heart has killed him.
Look up and bleſs me, tell me that thou liv'ſt.
Oh! I have urg'd thy Gentleneſs too far; [*He revives.*

Do thou and my *Lavinia* both forgive me;
A Flood of Tenderneſs comes o'er my Soul;
I cannot ſpeak—I love! forgive! and pity thee——

Alt. I thought that nothing cou'd have ſtay'd my Soul,
That long ere this her Flight had reach'd the Stars;
But thy known Voice has lur'd her back again;
Methinks I fain wou'd ſet all right with thee,
Make up this moſt unlucky Breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's Forgiveneſs on my Soul,
Shrink to my Grave, and be at Eaſe for ever.

Hor. By Heav'n my Heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this Moment,
I feel thy Pangs of diſappointed Love.
Is it not Pity that this Youth ſhou'd fall,
That all his wond'rous Goodneſs ſhou'd be loſt,
And the World never know it? Oh my *Altamont*?
Give me thy Sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And ſhelter thee from Ruin.

Lav. Oh my Brother,
Think not but we will ſhare in all thy Woes;
We'll ſit all Day, and tell ſad Tales of Love:
And when we light upon ſome faithleſs Woman,
Some Beauty, like *Caliſta*, falſe and fair,
We'll fix our Grief, and our Complaining there;
We'll curſe the Nymph that drew the Ruin on.
And mourn the Youth that was like thee undone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with Black; on one Side Lothario's *Body on a Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.*

Calista *is discovered on a Couch in Black; her Hair hanging loose and disorder'd: After Musick and a Song, she rises and comes forward.*

SONG.

I.

HEAR, you Midnight Phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the Wretch, who wakes with Fear.
You, who wander, scream, and groan
Round the Mansions once your own,
You, who still your Crimes upbraid,
You, who rest not with the Dead;
From the Coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the Day,
From the Charnel and the Tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

II.

Chide Calista *for Delay,*
Tell her 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die, and come away.
See the Sexton with his Spade,
See the Grave already made;
Listen, Fair One, to thy Knell,
This Musick is thy Passing Bell.

Cal.

Cal. 'Tis well! theſe ſolemn Sounds, this Pomp of Horror,
Are fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
Here's Room for Meditation ev'n to Madneſs,
'Till the Mind burſt with thinking. This dull Flame
Sleeps in the Socket. Sure the Book was left
To tell me ſomething;——for Inſtruction then——
He teaches holy Sorrow and Contrition.
And Penitence;——Is it become an Art then?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
[*Throwing away the Book.*
I have more real Anguiſh in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Diſcipline e'er knew.
What Charnel has been rifled for theſe Bones?
Fye? this is Pageantry;——they look uncouthly.
But what of that? If he or ſhe that own'd 'em
Safe from Diſquiet ſit, and ſmile to ſee
The Farce their miſerable Relicts play.
But here's a Sight is terrible indeed;
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay *Lothario*,
That dear Perfidious——Ah!——how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted Blood, and thoſe dead Eyes!
Aſcend, ye Ghoſts, fantaſtick Forms of Night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful Shapes aſcend,
And match the preſent Horror, if you can.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. This dead of Night, this ſilent Hour of Darkneſs,
Nature for Reſt ordain'd, and ſoft Repoſe;
And yet Diſtraction, and tumultuous Jars,
Keep all our frighted Citizens awake:
The Senate, weak, divided, and irreſolute,
Want Pow'r to ſuccour the afflicted State.
Vainly in Words and long Debates they're wiſe,
While the fierce Factions ſcorn their peaceful Orders,
And drown the Voice of Law in Noiſe and Anarchy.
Amidſt the general Wreck, ſee where ſhe ſtands,
[*Pointing to* Caliſta.

Like

Like *Helen* in the Night when *Troy* was ſack'd,
Spectatreſs of the Miſchief which ſhe made.
Cal. It is *Sciolto!* be thyſelf, my Soul;
Be ſtrong to bear his fatal Indignation,
That he may ſee thou art not loſt ſo far,
But ſomewhat ſtill of his great Spirit lives
In the forlorn *Caliſta*.
Sci. Thou wert once
My Daughter.
Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
And never loſt that Name.
Sci. That's ſomething yet,
Thou wert the very Darling of my Age:
I thought the Day too ſhort to gaze upon thee;
That all the Bleſſings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondneſs to beſtow;
Why, didſt thou turn to Folly then, and curſe me?
Cal. Becauſe my Soul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect Copy of my Father,
Where Goodneſs, and the Strength of manly Virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle Void
Fill'd up with light Belief, and eaſy Fondneſs;
It was, becauſe I lov'd, and was a Woman.
Sci. Hadſt thou been honeſt, thou hadſt been a Cherubim;
But of that Joy, as of a Gem long loſt,
Beyond Redemption gone, think we no more.
Haſt thou e'er dar'd to meditate on Death?
Cal. I have, as on the End of Shame and Sorrow.
Sci. Ha! anſwer me! ſay, haſt thou cooly thought?
'Tis not the Stoic's Leſſons got by Rote,
The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Diſſertations,
That can ſuſtain thee in that Hour of Terror:
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the Trial comes, they ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt:
Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after it?
How thy Account may ſtand, and what to anſwer?

Cal.

Cal. I have turn'd my Eyes inward upon myſelf,
Where foul Offence, and Shame have laid all waſte;
Therefore my Soul abhors the wretched Dwelling,
And longs to find ſome better Place of Reſt.

Sci. 'Tis juſtly thought, and worthy of that Spirit
That dwelt in ancient *Latian* Breaſts, when *Rome*
Was Miſtreſs of the World. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my Purpoſe, but it ſticks
Here at my Heart, and cannot find a Way.

Cal. Then ſpare the Telling, if it be a Pain,
And write the Meaning with your Ponyard here.

Sci. Oh! truly gueſs'd——ſeeſt thou this trembling Hand—— [*Holding up a Dagger.*
Thrice Juſtice urg'd——and thrice the ſlack'ning Sinews
Forgot their Office, and confeſt the Father!
At length the ſtubborn Virtue has prevail'd,
It muſt, it muſt be ſo——Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the Dagger.*
And know the reſt untaught.

Cal. I underſtand you,
It is but thus, and both are ſatisfy'd.
[*She offers to kill herſelf*, Sciolto *catches hold of her Arm.*

Sci. A Moment, give me yet a Moment's Space.
The ſtern, the rigid Judge has been obey'd;
Now Nature, and the Father, claim their Turns.
I've held the Balance with an Iron Hand,
And put off ev'ry tender Human Thought,
To doom my Child to Death; but ſpare my Eyes
The moſt unnatural Sight, leſt their Strings crack,
And my old Brain ſplit, and grow mad with Horror.

Cal. Ha! is it poſſible; and is there yet
Some little dear Remain of Love and Tenderneſs
For poor, undone *Caliſta*, in your Heart?

Sci. O! when I think what Pleaſure I took in thee,
What Joys thou gav'ſt me in thy pratling Infancy,
Thy ſprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty,
How I have ſtood, and fed my Eyes upon thee,

Then

Then lifted up my Hands, and wond'ring bleſt thee;
By my ſtrong Grief, my Heart ev'n melts within me;
I could curſe Nature, and that Tyrant, Honour,
For making me thy Father, and thy Judge;
Thou art my Daughter ſtill.

Cal. For that kind Word,
Thus let me fall thus humbly to the Earth;
Weep on your Feet, and bleſs you for this Goodneſs;
Oh: 'tis too much for this offending Wretch,
This Parricide, that murders with her Crimes,
Shortens her Father's Age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his Years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwiſe—but thou muſt die.—

Cal. That I muſt die! it is my only Comfort;
Death is the Privilege of Human Nature.
And Life without it were not worth our taking;
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner,
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.
Come then, and take me to thy cold Arms,
Thou meagre Shade; here let me breathe my laſt,
Charm'd with my Father's Pity and Forgiveneſs,
More than if Angels tun'd their golden Viols,
And ſung a *Requiem* to my parting Soul.

Sci. I am ſummon'd hence, ere this my Friends expect me,
There is I know not what of ſad Preſage,
That tells me, I ſhall never ſee thee more;
If it be ſo, this is our laſt Farewel,
And theſe the parting Pangs, which Nature feels,
When Anguiſh rends the Heart-Strings——Oh! my Daughter! [*Exit* Sciolto.

Cal. Now think, thou curſt *Caliſta*, now behold
The Deſolation, Horror, Blood and Ruin,
Thy Crimes and fatal Folly ſpread around,
That loudly cry for Vengeance on thy Head;
Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect Natures,
How blind with Paſſions, and how prone to Evil,
Makes not too ſtrict Inquiry for Offences,
But is aton'd by Penitence and Pray'r:

Cheap

Cheap Recompence! here 'twould not be received,
Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation,
And cleanſe the Soul from inbred, deep Pollution.
And ſee another injur'd Wretch is come,
To call for Juſtice from my tardy Hand.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Hail to you Horrors! hail, thou Houſe of Death!
And thou the lovely Miſtreſs of theſe Shades,
Whoſe Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkneſs,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.
O! take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee,
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd *Altamont*,
Thou com'ſt to urge me with the Wrongs I've done thee;
But know I ſtand upon the Brink of Life,
And in a Moment mean to ſet me free
From Shame, and thy Upbraiding.

Alt. Falſly, falſly
Doſt thou accuſe me; when did I complain,
Or murmur at my Fate? For thee I have
Forgot the Temper of *Italian* Huſbands,
And Fondneſs has prevail'd upon Revenge;
I bore my Load of Infamy with Patience,
As holy Men do Puniſhment from Heav'n,
Nor thought it hard, becauſe it came from thee;
Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy Loſs,
To wiſh ſome better Fate had rul'd our Loves,
And that *Caliſta* had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, *Altamont!* 'tis hard for Souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they have done amiſs;
But oh! behold my proud, diſdainful Heart
Bends to thy gentler Virtue: Yes, I own,
Such is thy Truth, thy Tenderneſs, and Love,
Such are the Graces that adorn thy Youth,
That were I not abandon'd to Deſtruction,

With

With thee I might have liv'd for Ages bleſt,
And dy'd in Peace within thy faithful Arms.
Alt. Then Happineſs is ſtill within our Reach:
Here let Remembrance loſe our paſt Misfortunes,
Tear all Records that hold the fatal Story;
Here let our Joys begin, from hence go on
In long ſucceſſive Order.
Cal. What! in Death?
Alt. Then art thou fix'd to die——But be it ſo,
We'll go together, my advent'rous Love
Shall follow thee to thoſe uncertain Beings;
Whether our lifeleſs Shades are doom'd to wander
In gloomy Groves, with diſcontented Ghoſts;
Or whether thro' the upper Air we fleet,
And tread the Fields of Light, ſtill I'll purſue thee,
'Till Fate ordains that we ſhall part no more.
Cal. Oh no! Heav'n has ſome better Lot in ſtore
To crown thee with; live, and be happy long;
Live for ſome Maid that ſhall deſerve thy Goodneſs,
Some kind unpractis'd Heart, that never yet
Has liſten'd to the falſe Ones of thy Sex,
Nor known the Arts of ours; ſhe ſhall reward thee,
Meet thee with Virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with Sweetneſs, Beauty, and with Truth;
Be bleſt in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Now mourn indeed, ye miſerable Pair,
For now the Meaſure of your Woes is full.
Alt. What do'ſt thou mean, *Horatio?*
Hor. Oh! 'tis dreadful:
The great, the good *Sciolto* dies this Moment.
Cal. My Father!
Alt. That's a deadly Stroke indeed.
Hor. Not long ago, he privately went forth
Attended but by few, and thoſe unbidden;
I heard which Way he took, and ſtraight purſu'd him,

But

But found him compaſs'd by *Lothario*'s Faction,
Almoſt alone, amidſt a Crowd of Foes;
Too late we brought him Aid, and drove them back;
Ere that his frantic Valour had provok'd
The Death he ſeem'd to wiſh for from their Swords.

Cal. And doſt thou bear me yet, thou patient Earth?
Doſt thou not labour with thy murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly Hoſt of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I ſhall blaſt you,
For I am all Contagion, Death and Ruin,
And Nature ſickens at me; reſt, thou World,
This Parricide ſhall be thy Plague no more;
Thus, thus, I ſet thee free. [*Stabs herſelf.*

Hor. Oh! fatal Raſhneſs!

Alt. Thou doſt inſtruct me well; to lengthen Life,
Is but to trifle now.

[Altamont *offers to kill himſelf*; Horatio *prevents him, and wreſts his Sword from him.*

Hor. Ha! what means
The frantick *Altamont?* Some Foe to Man
Has breath'd on ev'ry Breaſt contagious Fury,
And epidemick Madneſs.

Enter Sciolto, *pale and bloody, ſupported by Servants.*

Cal. Oh, my Heart!
Well may'ſt thou fail, for ſee the Spring that fed
Thy vital Stream is waſted, and runs low.
My Father! will you now at laſt forgive me,
If after all my Crimes, and all your Suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear Name?
Will you forget my Shame, and thoſe wide Wounds,
Lift up your Hand, and bleſs me ere I go
Down to my dark Abode?

Sci. Alas! my Daughter!
Thou haſt raſhly ventur'd in a ſtormy Sea,
Where Life, Fame, Virtue, all were wreck'd and loſt;
But ſure thou haſt borne thy Part in all the Anguiſh,

And

And ſmarted with the Pain: then reſt in Peace,
Let Silence and Oblivion hide thy Name,
And ſave thee from the Malice of Poſterity;
And may'ſt thou find with Heav'n the ſame Forgiveneſs,
As with thy Father here.———Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celeſtial Sounds! Peace dawns upon my Soul,
And ev'ry Pain grows leſs——Oh! gentle *Altamont*,
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone.
But pity me——Had *I* but early known
Thy wond'rous Worth, thou excellent young Man,
We had been happier both: ——Now 'tis too late,
And yet my Eyes take Pleaſure to behold thee;
Thou art their laſt dear Object.——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

Alt. Cold! dead and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd.
But lovely ſtill! Hadſt thou a thouſand Faults,
What Heart ſo hard, what Virtue ſo ſevere,
But at that Beauty muſt of Force relented,
Melted to Pity, Love, and to Forgiveneſs?

Sci. Oh! turn thee from that fatal Object: *Altamont.*
Come near and let me bleſs thee ere I die.
To thee, and brave *Horatio* I bequeath
My Fortunes——Lay me by thy noble Father,
And love my Memory as thou haſt done his,
For thou haſt been my Son.—Oh! gracious Heav'n!
Thou that haſt endleſs Bleſſings ſtill in Store,
For Virtue, and for filial Piety,
Let Grief, Diſgrace, and Want be far away,
But multiply thy Mercies on his Head;
Let Honour, Greatneſs, Goodneſs ſtill be with him,
And Peace in all his Ways—— [*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all;
To thee, *Horatio*, I reſign the Gift,
While I purſue my Father and my Love,
And find my only Portion in the Grave.

Hor. The Storm of Grief bears hard upon his Youth,
And bends him like a drooping Flower to Earth.
Raiſe him and bear him in. [Altamont *is carried off.*

By

By ſuch Examples are we taught to prove,
The Sorrows that attend unlawful Love;
Death or ſome worſe Misfortune, ſoon divide
The injur'd Bridegroom from his guilty Bride:
If you would have the Nuptial Union laſt,
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it faſt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, who play'd *Lavinia*.

YOU see the tripping Dame could find no Favour,
Dearly she paid for Breach of good Behaviour,
Nor could her loving Husband's Fondness save her.
Italian *Ladies lead but scurvy Lives,*
There's dreadful dealing with Eloping Wives;
Thus 'tis, because these Husbands are obey'd
By Force of Laws, which for themselves they made.
With Tales of old Proscriptions they confine
The Right of Marriage-rule to their Male Line,
And Huff, and Domineer, by Right Divine.
Had we the Pow'r, we'd make the Tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in Duties which they owe;
We'd teach the sant'ring Squire who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear Spouse at Home;
Who snores at Night supinely by her Side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial Knot was ty'd,
The plodding Petty-fogger and the Cit,
Have learn'a at least this modern Way of Wit:
Each ill-bred senseless Rogue, though ne'er so dull,
Has the Impudence to think his Wife a Fool;
He spends the Night, where merry Wags resort,
With joking Clubs, and Eighteen-penny Port;
While she, poor Soul's contented to regale,
By a sad Sea-coal Fire, with Wigs and Ale.

Well

EPILOGUE.

Well may the Cuckold-making Tribe find Grace,
And fill an absent Husband's empty Place:
If you wou'd e'er bring Constancy in Fashion,
You Men must first begin the Reformation.
Then shall the golden Age of Love return,
No Turtle for her wand'ring Mate shall mourn;
No foreign Charms shall cause domestick Strife,
But ev'ry married Man shall toast his Wife;
Phillis *shall not be to the Country sent,*
For Carnivals in Town to keep a tedious Lent;
Lampoons shall cease, and envious Scandal die,
And all shall live in Peace, like my good Man and I.

FINIS.

THE London Merchant:

OR,

The HISTORY of

George Barnwell.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By Mr. LILLO.

Learn to be wise by others Harm,
And you shall do full well.
Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

The THIRTEENTH EDITION:
With several *Additions* and *Improvements*, by the AUTHOR.

LONDON:
Printed for H. WOODFALL, T. LOWNDES, and T. CASLON.

MDCCLXVI.

TO

Sir JOHN EYLES, *Bart.*

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of, the City of *London*, and Sub-Governor of the *South-Sea* Company.

SIR,

IF Tragic Poetry be, as Mr. *Dryden* has ſomewhere ſaid, the moſt excellent and moſt uſeful Kind of Writing; the more extenſively uſeful the Moral of any Tragedy is, the more excellent that Piece muſt be of its Kind.

I hope I ſhall not be thought to inſinuate' that this, to which I have preſumed to prefix your Name, is ſuch: That depends on its Fitneſs to anſwer the End of Tragedy, the

exciting of the Paſſions, in order to the correcting ſuch of them as are criminal, either in their Nature, or through their Exceſs. Whether the following Scenes do this in any tolerable Degree, is, with the Deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, ſubmitted to your candid and impartial Judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evident Truth, That Tragedy is ſo far from loſing its Dignity by being accommodated to the Circumſtances of the Generality of Mankind, that it is more truly auguſt in proportion to the Extent of its Influence, and the Numbers that are properly affected by it. As it is more truly great to be the Inſtrument of Good to many who ſtand in need of our Aſſiſtance, than to a very ſmall Part of that Number.

If Princes, *&c.* were alone liable to Miſfortunes ariſing from Vice or Weakneſs in themſelves or others, there would be good Reaſon for confining the Characters in Tragedy to thoſe of ſuperior Rank; but ſince the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reaſonable than to proportion the Remedy to the Diſeaſe.

I am far from denying, that Tragedies founded on any inſtructive and extraordinary

Events

Events in Hiſtory, or well-invented Fables, where the Perſons introduced are of the higheſt Rank, are without their Uſe, even to the Bulk of the Audience. The ſtrong Contraſt between a *Tamerlane* and a *Bajazet* may have its Weight with an unſteady People, and contribute to the fixing of them in the Intereſt of a Prince of the Character of the former; when thro' their own Levity, or the Arts of deſigning Men, they are render'd factious and uneaſy, though they have the higheſt Reaſon to be ſatisfied. The Sentiments and Example of a *Cato* may inſpire his Spectators with a juſt Senſe of the Value of Liberty, when they ſee that honeſt Patriot prefer Death to an Obligation from a Tyrant, who would ſacrifice the Conſtitution of his Country, and the Liberties of Mankind, to his Ambition or Revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to inlarge the Province of the graver Kind of Poetry, and ſhould be glad to ſee it carried on by ſome abler Hand. Plays founded on moral Tales in private Life may be of admirable Uſe, by carrying Conviction to the Mind, with ſuch irreſiſtible Force as to engage all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul in the Cauſe of Virtue, by ſtifling Vice in its firſt Principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to Tragedy, muſt be Strangers to the Energy of that noble Species of Poetry. *Shakeſpear*,

who has given ſuch amazing Proofs of his Genius, in that as well as in Comedy, in his *Hamlet*, has the following Lines:

Had he the Motive and the Cauſe for Paſſion
That I have, he would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,
Confound the Ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

And farther in the ſame Speech:

I've heard, that guilty Creatures at a Play
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene,
Been ſo ſtruck to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.

Prodigious! yet ſtrictly juſt. But I ſhall not take up your valuable Time with my Remarks: Only give me leave juſt to obſerve, that he ſeems ſo firmly perſuaded of the Power of a well-written Piece to produce the Effect here aſcribed to it, as to make *Hamlet* venture his Soul on the Event, and rather truſt that, than a Meſſenger from the other World, tho' it aſſumed, as he expreſſes it, his *noble Father's Form*, and aſſured him, that it was his *Spirit*. *I'll have*, ſays *Hamlet*, *Grounds more relative.*

——The Play's the Thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King.

Such

Such Plays are the beſt Anſwers to them who deny the Lawfulneſs of the Stage.

Conſidering the Novelty of this Attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to ſay ſomething in its Excuſe; and I was unwilling to loſe the Opportunity of ſaying ſomething of the Uſefulneſs of Tragedy in general, and what may be reaſonably expected from the farther Improvement of this excellent Kind of Poetry.

SIR,

I hope you will not think I have ſaid too much of an Art, a mean Specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your Favour and Protection. A Mind conſcious of ſuperior Worth, as much deſpiſes Flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in myſelf an Inclination to ſo contemptible a Vice, I ſhould not have choſen Sir JOHN EYLES for my Patron. And indeed the beſt-written Panegyrick, tho' ſtrictly true, muſt place you in a Light much inferior to that in which you have long been fixed, by the Love and Eſteem of your Fellow-Citizens; whoſe Choice of you for one of their Repreſentatives in Parliament has ſufficiently declared their Senſe of your Merit. Nor hath the Knowledge of your Worth been confined to the City. The Proprietors in the *South-Sea* Company, in which are inclu-

ded Numbers of Persons as considerable for their Rank, Fortune, and Understanding, as any in the Kingdom, gave the greatest Proof of their Confidence in your Capacity and Probity, by chusing you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a Time when their Affairs were in the utmost Confusion, and their Properties in the greatest Danger. Neither is the Court insensible of your Importance. I shall not therefore attempt a Character so well known, nor pretend to add any Thing to a Reputation so well established.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication, wherein there is so much said of other Things, and so little of the Person to whom it is address'd, I have Reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it upon that very Account.

I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

George Lillo.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, jun.

THE Tragic Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distress'd, and Scenes of Royal Woe;
In awful Pomp, majestic, to relate
The Fall of Nations, or some Hero's Fate:
That scepter'd Chiefs may, by Example, know
The strange Vicissitude of Things below;
What Dangers on Security attend;
How Pride and Cruelty in Ruin end:
Hence Providence supreme to know, and own
Humanity adds Glory to a Throne.
In ev'ry former Age, and foreign Tongue,
With native Grandeur thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our Stage, indeed, with wish'd Success,
You've sometimes seen her in an humbler Dress;
Great only in Distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, *or* Otway's *moving Strains,*
The brilliant Drops that fall from each bright Eye,
The absent Pomp, with brighter Gem, supply.
Forgive us, then, if we attempt to show
In artless Strains, a Tale of private Woe,
A London *'Prentice ruin'd is our Theme,*
Drawn from the fam'd old Song that bears his Name.
We hope your Taste is not so high to scorn
A Moral Tale esteem'd ere you were born;
Which, for a Century of rolling Years,
Has fill'd a thousand thousand Eyes with Tears.
If thoughtless Youth to warn, and shame the Age
From Vice destructive, well becomes the Stage;
If this Example Innocence ensures,
Prevent our Guilt, or by Reflection cure;
If Millwood's *dreadful Crimes, and sad Despair,*
Commend the Virtue of the Good and Fair;
Tho' Art be wanting, and our Numbers fail,
Indulge th' Attempt in Justice to the Tale.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At Drury-Lane, 1765.

MEN.

Thorowgood,	Mr. *Havard.*
Barnwell, *Uncle to* George,	Mr. *Burton.*
George Barnwell,	Mr. *Cautherly.*
Trueman,	Mr. *Young.*
Blunt,	Mr. *Ackman.*

WOMEN.

Maria,	Mrs. *Palmer.*
Millwood,	Mrs. *Hopkins.*
Lucy,	Mrs. *Bennet.*

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

SCENE *London, and an adjacent Village.*

THE London Merchant: OR, THE HISTORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Enter Thorowgood *and* Trueman.

TRUEMAN.

SIR, the Packet from *Genoa* is arriv'd.

[*Gives Letters.*

Thor. Heaven be prais'd! The Storm that threatned our Royal Miſtreſs, pure Religion, Liberty, and Laws, is for a Time diverted: The haughty and revengeful *Spaniard*, diſappointed of the Loan on which he depended from *Genoa*, muſt now attend the ſlow Returns of Wealth from his new World, to ſupply his empty Coffers, ere he can execute his propos'd Invaſion of our happy Iſland. By this means, Time is gain'd to make ſuch Preparations on our Part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his Malice, or turn the meditated Miſchief on himſelf.

Tr.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

Tr. He muſt be inſenſible indeed, who is not affected when the Safety of his Country is concern'd. Sir, may I know by what Means?——If I am too bold——

Thor. Your Curioſity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater Pleaſure, becauſe from thence you may learn, how honeſt Merchants as ſuch, may ſometimes contribute to the Safety of their Country, as they do at all Times to its Happineſs; that if hereafter you ſhould be tempted to any Action that has the Appearance of Vice or Meanneſs in it, upon reflecting on the Dignity of our Profeſſion, you may, with honeſt Scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Should *Barnwell*, or I, who have the Benefit of your Example, by our ill Conduct bring any Imputation on that honourable Name, we muſt be left without Excuſe.

Thor. You compliment, young Man. [Trueman *bows reſpectfully.*] Nay, I am not offended. As the Name of Merchant never degrades the Gentleman, ſo by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchaſe the Character of Complaiſant at the Expence of your Sincerity.—But to anſwer your Queſtion. The Bank of *Genoa* had agreed, at an exceſſive Intereſt, and on good Security, to advance the King of *Spain* a Sum of Money, ſufficient to equip his vaſt Armado; of which our peerleſs *Elizabeth* (more than in Name the Mother of her People) being well inform'd, ſent *Walſingham*, her wiſe and faithful Secretary, to conſult the Merchants of this loyal City; who all agreed to direct their ſeveral Agents to influence, if poſſible, the *Genoeſe* to break their Contract with the *Spaniſh* Court. 'Tis done, the State and Bank of *Genoa*, having maturely weigh'd, and rightly judged of their true Intereſt, prefer the Friendſhip of the Merchants of *London* to that of a Monarch, who proudly ſtyles himſelf King of both *Indies*.

Tr. Happy Succeſs of prudent Counſels! What an Expence of Blood and Treaſure is here ſaved! Excellent Queen! O how unlike thoſe Princes, who make the Danger of Foreign Enemies a Pretence to oppreſs their Subjects by Taxes great, and grievous to be borne!

Thor.

Thor. Not so our gracious Queen! whose richest Exchequer is her People's Love, as their Happiness her greatest Glory.

Tr. On these Terms to defend us, is to make our Protection a Benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our Acceptance. Sir, have you any Commands for me at this Time?

Thor. Only look carefully over the Files, to see whether there are any Tradesmens Bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge 'em. We must not let Artificers lose their Time, so useful to the Public and their Families, in unnecessary Attendance. [*Exit* Trueman. *Enter* Maria.] Well, *Maria*, have you given Orders for the Entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the Guests. Let there be Plenty, and of the best, that the Courtiers may at least commend our Hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavour'd not to wrong your well-known Generosity by an ill-tim'd Parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless Caution: I have no Cause to doubt your Prudence.

Ma. Sir, I find myself unfit for Conversation; I should but increase the Number of the Company, without adding to their Satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my Child! this Melancholy must not be indulged.

Ma. Company will but increase it: I wish you would excuse my Absence. Solitude best suits my present Temper.

Thor. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your Account these noble Lords do me the Honour so frequently to grace my Board: Should you be absent, the Disappointment may make them repent of their Condescension, and think their Labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his Time or Honour lost in visiting you, can set no real Value on your Daughter's Company, whose only Merit is, that she is yours. The Man of Quality who chooses to converse with a Gentleman and Merchant of your Worth and Character, may confer Honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, *Maria,* I need not tell you, that a young Gentleman may prefer your Converſation to mine, and yet intend me no Diſreſpect at all; for tho' he may loſe no Honour in my Company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more Pleaſure in yours. I remember the Time when the Company of the greateſt and wiſeſt Man in the Kingdom would have been inſipid and tireſome to me, if it had deprived me of an Opportunity of enjoying your Mother's.

Ma. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous Minds know no Pleaſure in Society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'ſt I have no Heir, no Child, but thee; the Fruits of many Years ſucceſsful Induſtry muſt all be thine: Now it would give me Pleaſure, great as my Love, to ſee on whom you will beſtow it. I am daily ſolicited by Men of the greateſt Rank and Merit for Leave to addreſs you; but I have hitherto declined to give it, in hopes that, by Obſervation, I ſhould learn which Way your Inclination tends; for, as I know Love to be eſſential to Happineſs in the Marriage State, I had rather my Approbation ſhould confirm your Choice, than direct it.

Ma. What can I ſay? How ſhall I anſwer, as I ought, this Tenderneſs, ſo uncommon even in the beſt of Parents? But you are without Example; yet, had you been leſs indulgent, I had been moſt wretched. That I look on the Croud of Courtiers that viſit here, with equal Eſteem, but equal Indifference, you have obſerved, and I muſt needs confeſs; yet, had you aſſerted your Authority, and inſiſted on a Parent's Right to be obey'd, I had ſubmitted, and to my Duty ſacrificed my Peace.

Thor. From your perfect Obedience in every other Inſtance, I fear'd as much; and therefore would leave you without a Bias in an Affair wherein your Happineſs is ſo immediately concern'd.

Ma. Whether from a Want of that juſt Ambition that would become your Daughter, or from ſome other Cauſe, I know not; but I find high Birth and Titles don't recommend the Man who owns them, to my Affections.

Thor.

Thor. I would not that they ſhould, unleſs his Merit recommends him more. A noble Birth and Fortune, though they make not a bad Man good, yet they are a real Advantage to a worthy one, and place his Virtues in the faireſt Light.

Ma. I cannot anſwer for my Inclinations; but they ſhall ever be ſubmitted to your Wiſdom and Authority: And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, Love ſhall never make me act contrary to my Duty. Sir, have I your Permiſſion to retire?

Thor. I'll ſee you to your Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Millwood's *Houſe.*

Millwood *at her Toilet.* Lucy *waiting.*

Mill. HOW do I look To-day, *Lucy?*

Lucy. O, killingly, Madam! A little more Red, and you'll be irreſiſtible!——But why this more than ordinary Care of your Dreſs and Complexion? What new Conqueſt are you aiming at?

Mill. A Conqueſt would be new indeed!

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every Day——but to me——Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect——unfortunate as I am!——But your Wit and Beauty——

Mill. Firſt made me a Wretch, and ſtill continue me ſo. Men, however generous or ſincere to one another, are all ſelfiſh Hypocrites in their Affairs with us. We are no otherwiſe eſteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their Satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, Madam, on the wrong Side in this Argument: Is not the Expence all theirs? And I am ſure, it is our own Fault if we han't our Share of the Pleaſure.

Mill. We are but Slaves to Men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are Slaves moſt certainly, for we lay them under Contribution.

Mill.

Mill. Slaves have no Property; no, not even in themselves: All is the Victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your Principles, Madam.

Mill. I would have my Conquest compleat, like those of the *Spaniards* in the New World; who first plundered the Natives of all the Wealth they had, and then condemn'd the Wretches to the Mines for Life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your Scheme of Government: I should think it much more politick, as well as just, to find my Subjects an easier Employment.

Mill. It's a general Maxim among the knowing Part of Mankind, that a Woman without Virtue, like a Man without Honour or Honesty, is capable of any Action, though never so vile: And yet what Pains will they not take, what Arts not use, to seduce us from our Innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own Opinion? Then is it not just, the Villains, to their Cost, should find us so? But Guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their Guard; therefore we can take Advantage only of the young and innocent Part of the Sex, who having never injur'd Women, apprehend no Injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed!

Mill. Such a one I think I have found. As I have passed through the City, I have often observ'd him receiving and paying considerable Sums of Money: From thence I conclude he is employ'd in Affairs of Consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the Stripling is well made, and has a good Face.

Lucy. About———

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about Eighteen! You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three Years.

Mill.

Mill. If I manage well, I ſhall have done with him much ſooner. Having long had a Deſign on him, and meeting him Yeſterday, I made a full Stop, and gazing wiſhfully on his Face, aſk'd his Name. He bluſh'd, and bowing very low, anſwer'd, *George Barnwell.* I begg'd his Pardon for the Freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the Perſon I had long wiſh'd to ſee, and to whom I had an Affair of Importance to communicate, at a proper Time and Place. He named a Tavern, I talk'd of Honour and Reputation, and invited him to my Houſe. He ſwallow'd the Bait, promis'd to come, and this is the Time I expect him. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Somebody knocks———D'ye hear? I am at home to nobody To-day but him. [*Exit* Lucy.] Leſs Affairs muſt give way to thoſe of more Conſequence; and I am ſtrangely miſtaken if this does not prove of great Importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now after what Manner ſhall I receive him? Let me conſider———What manner of Perſon am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and baſhful; therefore I muſt take care not to put him out of Countenance at firſt. But then, if I have any Skill in Phyſiognomy, he is amorous; and with a little Aſſiſtance, will ſoon get the better of his Modeſty. I'll e'en truſt to Nature, who does Wonders in theſe Matters. If to ſeem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to ſpeak one Thing, and mean the direct contrary, be Art in a Woman—— I know nothing of Nature.

Enter Barnwell, *bowing very low.* Lucy *at a Diſtance.*

Mill. Sir! the Surprize and Joy!——

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is ſuch a Favour!—— [*Advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, Madam!

Mill. So unhop'd for! [*Still advances.*

[Barnwell *ſalutes her, and retires in Confuſion.*

Mill. To ſee you here———Excuſe the Confuſion———

Barn. I fear I am too bold——

Mill.

Mill. Alas! Sir! I may juſtly apprehend you think me ſo. Pleaſe, Sir, to ſit. I am as much at a loſs how to receive this Honour as I ought, as I am ſurpriſed at your Goodneſs in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promiſed to come.

Mill. That is the more ſurprizing; few Men are ſuch religious Obſervers of their Word.

Barn. All who are honeſt are.

Mill. To one another; but we ſimple Women are ſeldom thought of Conſequence enough to gain a Place in their Remembrance.

[*Laying her Hand on his, as by Accident.*

Barn. Her Diſorder is ſo great, ſhe don't perceive ſhe has laid her Hand on mine. Heav'ns! how ſhe trembles! What can this mean! [*Aſide.*

Mill. The Intereſt I have in all that relates to you, (the Reaſon of which you ſhall know hereafter) excites my Curioſity; and were I ſure you would pardon my Preſumption, I ſhould deſire to know your real Sentiments on a very particular Subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor Thoughts on any Subject: I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your Thoughts of Love?

Barn. If you mean the Love of Women, I have not thought of it at all: My Youth and Circumſtances make ſuch Thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general Love we owe to Mankind, I think no one has more of it in his Temper than myſelf: I don't know that Perſon in the World, whoſe Happineſs I don't wiſh, and wou'dn't promote, were it in my Power. In an eſpecial Manner I love my Uncle, and my Maſter; but above all, my Friend.

Mill. You have a Friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, ſincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often bleſs'd with your Company and Converſation.

Barn. We live in one Houſe, and both ſerve the ſame Worthy Merchant.

Mill.

Mill. Happy, happy Youth! whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this Youth. What have I lost, by being form'd a Woman! I hate my Sex, my Self. Had I been a Man, I might perhaps, have been as happy in your Friendship, as he who now enjoys it: But as it is——Oh!——

Barn. I never observ'd Woman before, or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her Sex. [*Aside.*] You seem disorder'd, Madam: May I know the Cause?

Mill. Do not ask me——I can never speak it, whatever is the Cause. I wish for Things impossible. I would be a Servant, bound to the same Master, to live in one House with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her Words and Actions are! And the Effect they have on me is as strange. I feel Desires I never knew before. I must be gone while I have Power to go. [*Aside*] Madam, I humbly take my Leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepar'd a poor Supper, at which I promis'd myself your Company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the Honour you design'd me; but my Duty to my Master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his Service: He is so gentle, and so good a Master, that should I wrong him, tho' he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first Man, the second Favour I ever stoop'd to ask? Go then, thou proud hard-hearted Youth; but know, you are the only Man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater Favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go or stay!

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I wish my Sex's Pride would meet your Scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those Eyes——Oh! spare my Tongue, and let my Blushes——(this Flood of Tears too that will force its Way) declare——what Woman's Modesty should hide.

Barn.

Barn. Oh Heavens! ſhe loves me, worthleſs as I am. Her Looks, her Words, her flowing Tears confeſs it. And can I leave her then? Oh never, never. Madam, dry up your Tears. You ſhall command me always; I will ſtay here for ever if you would have me.

Lucy. So; ſhe has wheedled him out of his Virtue of Obedience already, and will ſtrip him of all the reſt, one after another, till ſhe has left him as few as her Ladyſhip, or myſelf.

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you ſhake off all ſlaviſh Obedience to your Maſter, but you may ſerve him ſtill.

Lucy. Serve him ſtill! Ay, or he'll have no Opportunity of fingering his Caſh; and then he'll not ſerve your End, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. Madam, Supper's on the Table.

Mill. Come, Sir, you'll excuſe all Defects. My Thoughts were too much employed on my Gueſt, to obſerve the Entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Barnwell *and* Millwood.

Blunt. What! is all this Preparation, this elegant Supper, Variety of Wines, and Muſic, for the Entertainment of that young Fellow?

Lucy. So it ſeems.

Blunt. How! is our Miſtreſs turn'd Fool at laſt? She's in love with him, I ſuppoſe.

Lucy. I ſuppoſe not. But ſhe deſigns to make him in love with her, if ſhe can.

Blunt. What will ſhe get by that? He ſeems under Age, and can't be ſuppos'd to have much Money.

Lucy. But his Maſter has, and that's the ſame Thing, as ſhe'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handſome young Fellow; while ſhe's endeavouring to enſnare him, ſhe may be caught herſelf.

Lucy. Nay, were ſhe like me, that would certainly be the Conſequence; for, I confeſs, there is ſomething in Youth and Innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, ſo does the Smoothneſs and Plumpneſs of a Partridge move a mighty Deſire in the Hawk to be the Deſtruction of it.

Lucy. Why, Birds are their Prey, and Men are ours; though, as you obſerv'd, we are ſometimes caught ourſelves. But that, I dare ſay, will never be the Caſe of our Miſtreſs.

Blunt. I wiſh it may prove ſo; for you know we all depend upon her: Should ſhe trifle away her Time with a young Fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we muſt all ſtarve.

Lucy. There's no Danger of that; for I am ſure ſhe has no View in this Affair but Intereſt.

Blunt. Well, and what Hopes are there of Succeſs in that?

Lucy. The moſt promiſing that can be. 'Tis true the Youth has his Scruples; but ſhe'll ſoon teach him to anſwer them, by ſtifling his Conſcience. O! the Lad is in a hopeful Way, depend upon't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Barnwell *and* Millwood *at Supper. An Entertainment of Muſic and Singing. After which they come forward.*

Barn. What can I anſwer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miſerable.

Mill. We are both ſo, and yet the Fault is in ourſelves.

Barn. To eaſe our preſent Anguiſh by plunging into Guilt, is to buy a Moment's Pleaſure with an Age of Pain.

Mill. I ſhould have thought the Joys of Love as laſting as they are great; if ours prove otherwiſe, 'tis your Inconſtancy muſt make them ſo.

Barn. The Law of Heaven will not be revers'd, and that requires us to govern our Paſſions.

Mill.

Mill. To give us Sense of Beauty and Desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a Cruelty to Nature: Have we Passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, tho' in the Cause of Vice; to gaze upon your Beauty, press your Hand, and see your Snow-white Bosom heave and fall, inflames my Wishes; my Pulse beats high, my Senses all are in a Hurry, and I am on the Rack of wild Desire.——Yet, for a Moment's guilty Pleasure, shall I lose my Innocence, my Peace of Mind, and Hopes of solid Happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all! Come on with me and prove
No Joys like Woman kind, no Heav'n like Love.

Barn. I would not———yet must on———

Reluctant thus the Merchant quits his Ease,
And trusts to Rocks and Sands, and stormy Seas;
In hopes some unknown golden Coast to find,
Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the Wind,
Longs much for Joys to come———yet mourns those left behind.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Enter Barnwell.

BARNWELL.

HOW strange are all Things round me! Like some Thief who treads forbidden Ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each Apartment of this well-known House. To guilty Love, as if that were too little, already have I added Breach of Trust.———A Thief!———Can I know myself

ſelf that wretched Thing, and look my honeſt Friend and injured Maſter in the Face? Tho' Hypocriſy may a while conceal my Guilt, at length it will be known, and public Shame and Ruin muſt enſue. In the mean time, what muſt be my Life? Ever to ſpeak a Language foreign to my Heart; hourly to add to the Number of my Crimes, in order to conceal 'em. Sure ſuch was the Condition of the grand Apoſtate, when firſt he loſt his Purity: Like me, diſconſolate, he wandered; and while yet in Heav'n, bore all his future Hell about him.

Enter Trueman.

Tr. Barnwell, Oh how I rejoice to ſee you ſafe! So will our Maſter and his gentle Daughter; who, during your Abſence, often inquired after you.

Barn. Wou'd he were gone! His officious Love will pry into the Secrets of my Soul. [*Aſide.*

Tr. Unleſs you knew the Pain the whole Family has felt on your Account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd. But why thus cold and ſilent! when my Heart is full of Joy for your Return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I alter'd ſince you ſaw me laſt? Or rather, what have you done; and why are you thus chang'd? for I am ſtill the ſame.

Barn. What have I done indeed! [*Aſide.*

Tr. Not ſpeak!——nor look upon me!——

Barn. By my Face he will diſcover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aſide.*

Tr. I cannot bear this Uſage from a Friend; one whom till now I ever found ſo loving; whom yet I love, though this Unkindneſs ſtrikes at the Root of Friendſhip, and might deſtroy it in any Breaſt but mine.

Barn. I am not well; [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a Stranger to theſe Eyes ſince you beheld them laſt.

Tr. Heavy they look indeed, and ſwoln with Tears; ——now they overflow. Rightly did my ſympathizing Heart forebode laſt Night, when thou waſt abſent, ſomething fatal to our Peace.

Barn. Your Friendſhip engages you too far. My Troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone; you have no Intereſt in them, nor ought your Concern for me to give you a Moment's Pain.

Tr. You ſpeak as if you knew of Friendſhip nothing but the Name. Before I ſaw your Grief, I felt it. Since we parted laſt I have ſlept no more than you, but penſive in my Chamber ſat alone, and ſpent the tedious Night in Wiſhes for your Safety and Return; e'en now, tho' ignorant of the Cauſe, your Sorrow wounds me to the Heart.

Barn, 'Twill not be always thus. Friendſhip and all Engagements ceaſe, as Circumſtances and Occaſions vary; and ſince you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both, that now you lov'd me leſs.

Tr. Sure I but dream! Without a Cauſe would *Barnwell* uſe me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful Youth, farewell; I ſhall endeavour to follow your Advice. [*Going.*] Yet ſtay, perhaps, I am too raſh, and angry when the Cauſe demands Compaſſion. Some unforeſeen Calamity may have befaln him too great to bear.

Barn. What Part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile and baſe to move his Temper thus, the beſt of Friends and Men.

Tr. I am to blame, pr'ythee forgive me, *Barnwell.* Try to compoſe your ruffled Mind; and let me know the Cauſe that thus tranſports you from yourſelf; my friendly Counſel may reſtore your Peace.

Barn. All that is poſſible for Man to do for Man, your generous Friendſhip may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your Breaſt; O give it vent, and let me ſhare your Grief; 'twill eaſe your Pain, ſhould it admit no Cure, and make it lighter by the Part I bear.

Barn. Vain Suppoſition! my Woes increaſe by being obſerv'd; ſhould the Cauſe be known, they would exceed all Bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honeſt Heart, Guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. O Torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded? Have I a Thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated Subject, I'll never enter more beneath this Roof, nor see your Face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange——but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that Monster yet.

Tr. Shall our Friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a Blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on Terms; and but upon Conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, tho' you should wonder at my Conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any Conditions I must be your Friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am your's. [*Embracing.*

Tr. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your Peace!

Barn. Will Yesterday return? We have heard the glorious Sun, that till then incessant roll'd, once stopp'd his rapid Course, and once went back: The Dead have risen, and parched Rocks pour'd forth a liquid Stream to quench a People's Thirst: The Sea divided, and form'd Walls of Water, while a whole Nation pass'd in Safety thro' its sandy Bosom: Hungry Lions have refus'd their Prey: And Men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming Flames; but never yet did Time, once past, return.

Tr. Tho' the continued Chain of Time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its Course, 'till, lost in Eternity, it ends where it first began; yet as Heaven can repair whatever Evils Time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair. But Business requires our Attendance; Business the Youth's best Preservative from Ill, as Idleness his worst of Snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little Time to reflect on what has paſt, and follow you. [*Exit* Trueman.] I might have truſted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my Uncle to repair the Wrong I have done my Maſter; but what of *Millwood?* Muſt I expoſe her too? Ungenerous and baſe! Then Heaven requires it not. But Heaven requires that I forſake her. What! never to ſee her more! Does Heaven require that? I hope I may ſee her, and Heaven not be offended. Preſumptuous Hope! Dearly already have I prov'd my Frailty. Should I once more tempt Heaven, I may be left to fall, never to riſe again. Yet ſhall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the Cauſe? She who loves me with ſuch a boundleſs Paſſion! Can Cruelty be Duty? I judge of what ſhe then muſt feel, by what I now endure. The Love of Life, and Fear of Shame, oppos'd by Inclination ſtrong as Death or Shame, like Wind and Tide in raging Conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt: How then can I determine?

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Without a Cauſe aſſign'd, or Notice given, to abſent yourſelf laſt Night was a Fault, young Man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modeſt Bluſh, the Confuſion ſo viſible in your Face, ſpeak Grief and Shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and ſhall Man, who needs himſelf to be forgiven, be harder to appeaſe? If my Pardon or Love be of Moment to your Peace, look up ſecure of both.

Barn. This Goodneſs has o'ercome me. [*Aſide.*] O Sir! you know not the Nature and Extent of my Offence! and I ſhould abuſe your miſtaken Bounty to receive it. Tho' I had rather die than ſpeak my Shame; tho' Racks could not have forced the guilty Secret from my Breaſt, your Kindneſs has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this Concern ſhews you're convinc'd, and I am ſatisfied. How painful is the Senſe of Guilt to an ingenuous Mind? Some youthful Folly, which it were prudent not to inquire in-

to. When we consider the frail Condition of Humanity, it may raise our Pity, not our Wonder, that Youth should go astray; when Reason, weak at the best, opposed to Inclination, scarce form'd, and wholly unassisted by Experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the Slave of Sense. The State of Youth is much to be deplored, and the more so, because they see it not; being then to Danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their Defence. [*Aside.*

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your Pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will. Yet be upon your Guard in this gay thoughtless Season of your Life; when the Sense of Pleasure's quick, and Passions high, the voluptuous Appetites, raging and fierce, demand the strongest Curb; take heed of a Relapse: When Vice becomes habitual, the very Power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my Knees, confess——

Thor. Not a Syllable more upon this Subject; it were not Mercy but Cruelty, to hear what must give you such Torment to reveal.

Barn. This Generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This Remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your Fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. [*Exit* Thorowgood.

Barn. Villain! Villain! Villain! basely to wrong so excellent a Man. Shou'd I again return to Folly?—— Detested Thought!——But what of *Millwood* then?—— Why, I renounce her;——I give her up——The Struggle's over, and Virtue has prevail'd. Reason may convince, but Gratitude compels. This unlook'd-for Generosity has sav'd me from Destruction. [*Going.*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two Ladies from your Uncle in the Country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. [*Exit Footman.*

Barn. Methinks I dread to ſee 'em.———Now every Thing alarms me.———Guilt, what a Coward haſt thou made me!

SCENE II.

Another Room in Thorowgood's *Houſe.*

Millwood *and* Lucy *diſcovered.* *Enter Footman.*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.
Mill. 'Tis very well.———I thank you. [*Exit Foot.*

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. CONfuſion! *Millwood!*

Mill. That angry Look tells me, that here I am an unwelcome Gueſt; I fear'd as much! the Unhappy are ſo every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter Ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! Loſt myſelf, your Happineſs is now my only Care.

Barn. How did you gain Admiſſion?

Mill. Saying we were deſired by your Uncle to viſit and deliver a Meſſage to you, we were received by the Family without Suſpicion, and with much Reſpect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never ſhall trouble you more: I'm come to take my Leave for ever. Such is the Malice of my Fate: I go hopeleſs, deſpairing ever to return. This Hour is all I have left: One ſhort Hour is all I have to beſtow on Love and you, for whom I thought the longeſt Life too ſhort.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It muſt be ſo. Yet think not that Time or Abſence ſhall ever put a Period to my Grief, or make me love you leſs. Tho' I muſt leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn.

Barn. Condemn you! No, I approve your Resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just——'tis necessary,—— I have well weigh'd and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young Man has more Sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a Turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my Part; they must e'en play the Scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*

Mill. 'Twas some Relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, tho' Fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off——This, as I never could expect, I have not learn'd to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a Resolution, that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have Reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a Reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mill. Look on me, *Barnwell*; Am I deform'd or old, that Satiety so soon succeeds Enjoyment? Nay, look again; Am I not she whom Yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her Sex? whose Hand, trembling with Ecstacy, you press'd and moulded thus, while on my Eyes you gazed with such Delight, as if Desire increased by being fed.

Barn. No more; let me repent my former Follies, if possible, without remembring what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my Frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the Danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The Thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

Barn. No——no——I never said I did——O my Heart!

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do———I do———Indeed I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an Embrace at parting too great a Favour—though it would be the laſt. [*He draws back.* A Look ſhall then ſuffice——Farewell———for ever.

[*Exeunt* Millwood *and* Lucy.

Barn. If to reſolve to ſuffer be to conquer,——I have conquer'd.———Painful Victory!

Re-enter Millwood *and* Lucy.

Mill. One thing I had forgot;———I never muſt return to my own Houſe again. This I thought proper to let you know, leſt your Mind ſhould change, and you ſhould ſeek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this ſecond Intruſion; I only came to give you this Caution, and that perhaps was needleſs.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I muſt thank you for it.

Mill. My Friend, your Arm. [*To* Lucy.] Now I am gone for ever. [*Going.*

Barn. One Thing more—Sure there's no Danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwiſe—

Mill. Alas! [*Weeping.*

Lucy. We are right, I find; that's my Cue. [*Aſide.* Ah! dear, Sir, ſhe's going ſhe knows not whither; but go ſhe muſt.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wiſh you well: Why will you thus expoſe yourſelf to needleſs Troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no Help for it: She muſt quit the Town immediately, and the Kingdom as ſoon as poſſible. It was no ſmall Matter, you may be ſure, that could make her reſolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my Friend; ſince he for whoſe dear Sake alone I ſuffer, and am content to ſuffer, is kind and pities me. Where'er I wander thro' Wilds and Deſarts benighted and forlorn, that Thought ſhall give me Comfort.

Barn. For my Sake!———O tell me how; which way am I ſo curs'd to bring ſuch Ruin on thee?

Mill.

Mill. No matter, I am contented with my Lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this Incertainty.

Mill. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I the Cause of your Undoing?

Mill. To know it will but increase your Troubles.

Barn. My Troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, Sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond Expression.

Mill. Remember, Sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin and ease my racking Expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my Lady here was an only Child, and her Parents dying while she was young, left her and her Fortune (no inconsiderable one I assure you) to the Care of a Gentleman, who has a good Estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous Man is rich enough; but what are Riches whem compared to Love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the Office of a faithful Guardian, settled her in a House, hir'd her Servants. ———But you have seen in what Manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lucy. All Things went on as one could wish; till some time ago, his Wife dying, he fell violently in Love with his Charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: Now the Man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable Sort of a Man, but I don't know how it was, she cou'd never endure him. In short, her ill Usage so provoked him, that he brought in an Account of his Executorship, wherein he makes her Debtor to him.—

Mill. A Trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom by his unjust Account he had stripp'd of all before.

Lucy. Now she having neither Money, nor Friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his Account, and give Bond for the Sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his Courtship, till being inform'd by his Spies (truly I suspect some in her own Family) that

you were entertain'd at her Houſe, and ſtay'd with her all Night, he came this Morning raving and ſtorming like a Madman, talks no more of Marriage, (ſo there's no Hope of making up Matters that way) but vows her Ruin, unleſs ſhe'll allow him the ſame Favour that he ſuppoſes ſhe granted you.

Barn. Muſt ſhe be ruin'd, or find her Refuge in another's Arms?

Mill. He gave me but an Hour to reſolve in; that's happily ſpent with you——And now I go——

Barn. To be expoſs'd to all the Rigours of the various Seaſons: the Summer's parching Heat, and Winter's Cold; unhouſed, to wander, friendleſs, thro' the unhoſpitable World, in Miſery and Want; attended with Fear and Danger, and purſued by Malice and Revenge. Woud'ſt thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a Pity, there can be no way found out.

Barn. O where are all my Reſolutions now? Like early Vapours, or the Morning Dew, chas'd by the Sun's warm Beams, they're vaniſh'd and loſt, as tho' they had never been.

Lucy. Now I adviſed her, Sir, to comply with the Gentleman; that would not only put an End to her Troubles, but make her Fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting Fiend, away! I had rather periſh, nay, ſee her periſh, than have her ſaved by him. I will myſelf prevent her Ruin, tho' with my own. A Moment's Patience; I'll return immediately.

[*Exit* Barnwell.

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had loſt him.

Mill. That, I muſt confeſs, was a Danger I did not foreſee; I was only afraid he ſhould have come without Money. You know, a Houſe of Entertainment, like mine, is not kept without Expence.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you ſhould be reaſonable in your Demands; 'tis pity to diſcourage a young Man.

Mill. Leave that to me.

Re-enter

Re-enter Barnwell, *with a Bag of Money.*

Barn. What am I about to do?——Now you, who boast your Reason all sufficient, suppose yourselves in my Condition, and determine for me; whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my Faults, or, by this small Addition to my Guilt, prevent the ill Effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young Sinners think every Thing in the Ways of Wickedness so strange!——But I cou'd tell him, that this is nothing but what's very common; for one Vice as naturally begets another, as a Father a Son. But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough. [*Aside.*

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your Deliverance; return to your House, and live in Peace and Safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the Agonies of my Remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to Want and Misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my Fate, my Heaven, or my Hell; only leave me now, dispose of me heareafter as you please. [*Exeunt* Millwood *and* Lucy.

Barn. What have I done? Were my Resolutions founded on Reason, and sincerely made? Why then has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the Occasion; and, if my Heart deceives me not, Compassion and Generosity were my Motives. Is Virtue inconsistent with itself? or are Vice and Virtue only empty Names? Or do they depend on Accidents, beyond our Power to produce, or to prevent; wherein we have no Part, and yet must be determined by the Event?—But why should I attempt to reason? All is Confusion, Horror, and Remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected Hope, and plunged again in Guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd Horrors make my Brain.
Like Hell, the Seat of Darkness and of Pain.

[Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *Houſe.*

Enter Thorowgood *and* Trueman.

THOROWGOOD.

METHINKS I would not have you only learn the Method of Merchandize, and practiſe it hereafter merely as a Means of getting Wealth: It will be well worth your Pains to ſtudy it as a Science, to ſee how it is founded in Reaſon, and the Nature of Things; how it promotes Humanity, as it has open'd, and yet keeps up, an Intercourſe between Nations, far remote from one another in Situation, Cuſtoms and Religion; promoting Arts, Induſtry, Peace and Plenty; by mutual Benefits diffuſing mutual Love from Pole to Pole.

Tr. Something of this I have conſider'd, and hope, by your Aſſiſtance, to extend my Thoughts much farther. I have obſerv'd thoſe Countries where Trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make Diſcoveries to deſtroy, but to improve Mankind; by Love and Friendſhip to tame the Fierce, and poliſh the moſt Savage; to teach them the Advantage of honeſt Traffick, by taking from them, with their own Conſent, their uſeleſs Superfluities; and giving them, in return, what, from their Ignorance in manual Arts, their Situation, or ſome other Accident, they ſtand in need of.

Thor. 'Tis juſtly obſerv'd, The populous Eaſt, luxuriant, abounds with glittering Gems, bright Pearls, aromatick Spices, and Health-reſtoring Drugs: The late-found Weſtern World's rich Earth glows with unnum-

ber'd

ber'd Veins of Gold and Silver Ore. On every Climate and on every Country, Heaven has bestow'd some Good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious Merchant's Business to collect the various Blessings of each Soil and Climate; and, with the Product of the whole, to enrich his native Country——Well! I have examin'd your Accounts: They are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd. I commend your Diligence. Method in Business is the surest Guide: He who neglects it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplex'd, uncertain, and in Danger. Are *Barnwell*'s Accounts ready for my Inspection? He does not use to be the last on these Occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your Orders he retir'd, I thought, in some Confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any Neglect.

Thor. I'm now going to the *Exchange*; let him know at my Return I expect to find him ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria *with a Book. Sits and reads.*

Ma. How forcible is Truth? The weakest Mind, inspir'd with Love of that, fix'd and collected in itself, with Indifference beholds the united Force of Earth and Hell opposing. Such Souls are rais'd above the Sense of Pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The Martyr cheaply purchases his Heaven; small are his Sufferings, great is his Reward. Not so the Wretch who combats Love with Duty; whose Mind, weaken'd and dissolv'd by the soft Passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own Desires——What is an Hour, a Day, a Year of Pain, to a whole Life of Tortures such as these?

Enter Trueman.

Tr. O *Barnwell!* O my Friend! how art thou fallen!

Ma. Ha! *Barnwell!* What of him? Speak, say what of *Barnwell!*

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've News to tell of him that will afflict your generous Father, yourself, and all who know him.

Ma.

Ma. Defend us Heaven!

Tr. I cannot ſpeak it. See there

[Trueman *gives a Letter*; Maria *reads.*

I Know my Abſence will ſurpriſe my honour'd Maſter and yourſelf; and the more, when you ſhall underſtand, that the Reaſon of my withdrawing is my having embezzled Part of the Caſh with which I was intruſted. After this 'tis needleſs to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my Accounts; yet to prevent that unneceſſary Trouble, and to cut off all fruitleſs Expectations of my Return, I have left this from the loſt

George Barnwell.

Tr. Loſt indeed! Yet how he ſhould be guilty of what he there charges himſelf withal, raiſes my Wonder equal to my Grief. Never had Youth a higher Senſe of Virtue. Juſtly he thought, and, as he thought he practiſed; never was Life more regular than his. An Underſtanding uncommon at his Years, an open, generous Manlineſs of Temper; his Manners eaſy, unaffected and engaging.

Ma. This, and much more you might have ſaid with Truth. He was the Delight of every Eye, and Joy of every Heart that knew him.

Tr. Since ſuch he was, and was my Friend, can I ſupport his Loſs? See the faireſt happieſt Maid this wealthy City boaſts, kindly condeſcends to weep for thy unhappy Fate, poor ruin'd *Barnwell!*

Ma. Trueman, do you think a Soul ſo delicate as his, ſo ſenſible of Shame, can e'er ſubmit to live a Slave to Vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm ſure this Act of his, ſo contrary to his Nature, muſt have been cauſed by ſome unavoidable Neceſſity.

Ma. Is there no Means yet to preſerve him?

Tr. O that there were! But few Men recover Reputation loſt, a Merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, tho' I ſhould find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd Maſter in the Face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my Father know it.

Tr.

Tr. That's impossible.

Ma. What's the Sum ?

Tr. 'Tis considerable : I've mark'd it here to shew it, with the Letter, to your Father at his Return.

Ma. If I should supply the Money, cou'd you so dispose of that and the Account, as to conceal this unhappy Mismanagement from my Father ?

Tr. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it ? Will you save a helpless Wretch from Ruin ? Oh ! 'twere an Act worthy such exalted Virtue as *Maria*'s. Sure Heaven, in Mercy to my Friend, inspired the generous Thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a Happiness at a much dearer Price. But how shall he be found ?

Tr. Trust to my Diligence for that: In the mean time, I'll conceal his Absence from your Father, or find such Excuses for it, that the real Cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from Shame, one who we hope may yet return to Virtue, to Heaven, and you, the only Witnesses of this Action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming my Sex and Character.

Tr. Earth must approve the Deed, and Heaven I doubt not will reward it.

Ma. If Heaven succeeds it, I am well rewarded. A Virgin's Fame is sullied by Suspicion's lightest Breath : And therefore as this must be a Secret to my Father and the World, for *Barnwell*'s Sake ; for mine, let it be so to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Millwood's *House.*

Enter Lucy *and* Blunt.

Lucy. WELL ! what do you think of *Millwood*'s Conduct now ?

Blunt. I own it is surprising : I don't know which to admire most, her feigned or his real Passion ; tho' I have some-

ſometimes been afraid that her Avarice would diſcover her. But his Youth and Want of Experience, make it the eaſier to impoſe on him.

Lucy. No, it is his Love. To do him Juſtice, notwithſtanding his Youth, he don't want Underſtanding. But you Men are much eaſier impoſed on in theſe Affairs, than your Vanity will allow you to believe. Let me ſee the wiſeſt of you all as much in love with me as *Barnwell* is with *Millwood*, and I'll engage to make as great a Fool of him.

Blunt. And, all Circumſtances conſider'd, to make as much Money of him too?

Lucy. I can't anſwer for that. Her Artifice in making him rob his Maſter at firſt, and the various Stratagems by which ſhe has obliged him to continue that Courſe, aſtoniſh even me, who know her ſo well.

Blunt. But then you are to conſider, that the Money was his Maſter's.

Lucy. There was the Difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the World his, ſhe might have it for a Smile. But thoſe golden Days are gone; he's ruin'd, and *Millwood*'s Hopes of farther Profits there are at an End.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd by his Maſter to make up his Accounts, he was forc'd to quit his Houſe and Service, and wiſely flies to *Millwood* for Relief and Entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before: How did ſhe receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wonder'd what he meant, was aſtoniſh'd at his Impudence, and with an Air of Modeſty, peculiar to herſelf, ſwore ſo heartily, that ſhe never ſaw him before, that ſhe put me out of Countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did *Barnwell* behave?

Lucy. He griev'd, and at length, enraged at this barbarous Treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making

making towards the Door, ſhew'd a Sum of Money, which he had brought from his Maſter's, the laſt he is ever like to have frem thence.

Blunt. But then *Millwood?*

Lucy. Ay, ſhe, with her uſual Addreſs, returned to her old Arts of lying, ſwearing and diſſembling; hung on his Neck, wept, and ſwore 'twas meant in Jeſt. The amorous Youth melted into Tears, threw the Money into her Lap, and ſwore he had rather die than think her falſe.

Blunt. Strange Infatuation!

Lucy. But what enſued was ſtranger ſtill. As Doubts and Fears, followed by Reconcilement, ever increaſe Love where the Paſſion is ſincere; ſo in him it caus'd ſo wild a Tranſport of exceſſive Fondneſs, ſuch Joy, ſuch Grief, ſuch Pleaſure, and ſuch Anguiſh, that Nature ſeem'd ſinking with the Weight, and his charm'd Soul diſpoſed to quit his Breaſt for hers. Juſt then, when every Paſſion with lawleſs Anarchy prevail'd, and Reaſon was in the raging Tempeſt loſt, the cruel, artful *Millwood* prevail'd upon the wretched Youth to promiſe ——— what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amazed! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more ſo, to hear it is to attempt the Life of his neareſt Relation, and beſt Benefactor.—

Blunt. His Uncle! whom we have often heard him ſpeak of, as a Gentleman of a large Eſtate, and fair Character, in the Country where he lives!

Lucy. The ſame. She was no ſooner poſſeſſed of the laſt dear Purchaſe of his Ruin; but her Avarice, inſatiate as the Grave, demanded this horrid Sacrifice. *Barnwell's* near Relation, and unſuſpected Virtue muſt give too eaſy Means to ſeize this good Man's Treaſure; whoſe Blood muſt ſeal the dreadful Secret, and prevent the Terrors of her guilty Fears.

Blunt. Is it poſſible ſhe could perſuade him to do an Act like that? He is by Nature honeſt, grateful, compaſſionate and generous. And tho' his Love, and her artful Perſuaſions, have wrought him to practiſe what

he

he moſt abhors ; yet we all can witneſs for him, with what Reluctance he has ſtill complied : So many Tears he ſhed o'er each Offence, as might, if poſſible, ſanctify Theft, and make a Merit of a Crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the Murder of his Uncle, he ſtarted into Rage ; and, breaking from her Arms, (where ſhe 'till then had held him with well-diſſembled Love, and falſe Endearments) called her cruel, Monſter, Devil, and told her ſhe was born for his Deſtruction. She thought it not for her Purpoſe to meet his Rage with her Rage, but affected a moſt paſſionate Fit of Grief, railed at her Fate, and curs'd her wayward Stars, that ſtill her Wants ſhou'd force her to preſs him to act ſuch Deeds, as ſhe muſt needs abhor as well as he. She told him Neceſſity had no Law, and Love no Bounds ; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant in her Neceſſity to forſake her. Then ſhe kneel'd and ſwore, that ſince by his Refuſal he had given her Cauſe to doubt his Love, ſhe never wou'd ſee him more ; unleſs to prove it true, he robb'd his Uncle to ſupply her Wants, and murder'd him to keep it from Diſcovery.

Blunt. I am aſtoniſhed ! What ſaid he ?

Lucy. Speechleſs he ſtood ; but in his Face you might have read, that various Paſſions tore his very Soul. Oft he in Anguiſh threw his Eyes towards Heaven, and then as often bent their Beams on her ; then wept and groan'd, and beat his troubled Breaſt ; at length, with Horror not to be expreſs'd, he cry'd, Thou curſed Fair ! have I not given dreadful Proofs of Love ? What drew me from my youthful Innocence, and ſtain'd my then unſpotted Soul, but Love ! What cauſed me to rob my worthy gentle Maſter, but curſed Love ? What makes me now a Fugitive from his Service, loath'd by myſelf, and ſcorn'd by all the World, but Love ? What fills my Eyes with Tears, my Soul with Torture, never felt on this Side Death before ? Why Love, Love, Love : And why, above all, do I reſolve (for, tearing his Hair, he cried, I do reſolve) to kill my Uncle.

Blunt.

Blunt. Was ſhe not moved? It makes me weep to hear the ſad Relation.

Lucy. Yes——with Joy, that ſhe had gain'd her Point. She gave him no Time to cool, but urged him to attempt it inſtantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and eſcapes, there's more Money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then ſhe's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis Time the World were rid of ſuch a Monſter.

Lucy. If we don't uſe our Endeavours to prevent the Murder, we are as bad as ſhe.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her Barbarity to *Barnwell* makes me hate her. We have run too great a Length with her already. I did not think her or myſelf ſo wicked, as I find, upon Reflection we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have been all too much ſo. But there is ſomething ſo horrid in Murder, that all other Crimes ſeem nothing when compared to that; I would not be involv'd in the Guilt of it for all the World.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourſelves, by doing all that is in our Power to prevent it. I have juſt thought of a Way, that to me ſeems probable. Will you join with me to detect this curſed Deſign?

Blunt. With all my Heart. He who knows of a Murder intended to be committed, and does not diſcover it, in the Eye of the Law and Reaſon, is a Murderer.

Lucy. Let us loſe no Time; I'll acquaint you with the Particulars as we go. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

A Walk at ſome Diſtance from a Country Seat.

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. A Diſmal Gloom obſcures the Face of Day Either the Sun has ſlipt behind a Cloud, or journeys down the Weſt of Heaven with more than common

common Speed, to avoid the Sight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd Design, where-e'er I tread, methinks, the solid Earth trembles beneath my Feet. Yonder limpid Stream, whose hoary Fall has made a natural Cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful Accents seem'd to murmur——Murder! The Earth, the Air, and Water seem'd concern'd. But that's not strange: The World is punish'd, and Nature feels a Shock, when Providence permits a good Man's Fall. Just Heaven! then what should I feel for him that was my Father's only Brother, and since his Death has been to me a Father! that took me up an Infant and an Orphan, rear'd me with tendereſt Care, and still indulged me with most paternal Fondness! Yet here I stand his destin'd Murderer!——I stiffen with Horror at my own Impiety——'Tis yet unperform'd——What if I quit my bloody Purpose, and fly the Place! [*Going, then stops*] ——But whither, O whither shall I fly? My Master's once friendly Doors are ever shut against me; and without Money *Millwood* will never see me more, and she has got such firm Possession of my Heart, and governs there with such despotick Sway, that Life is not to be endured without her. Ay, there's the Cause of all my Sin and Sorrow: 'Tis more than Love; it is the Fever of the Soul, and Madness of Desire. In vain does Nature, Reason, Conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous Passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to Lust, to Theft and Murder. Oh Conscience! feeble Guide to Virtue! thou only shew'st us when we go astray, but wanteſt Power to stop us in our Course—— Ha! in yonder shady Walk I see my Uncle——He's alone——Now for my Disguise. [*Plucks out a Vizor.*] ——This is his Hour of private Meditation. Thus daily he prepares his Soul for Heaven, while I——But what have I to do with Heaven? Ha! No Struggles, Conscience——

Hence, hence, Remorse, and ev'ry Thought that's good!
The Storm that Lust began, must end in Blood.

[*Puts on the Vizor, draws a Pistol, and* [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A close Walk in a Wood.

Enter Uncle.

Un. IF I were superstitious, I should fear some Danger lurk'd unseen, or Death were nigh. A heavy Melancholy clouds my Spirits. My Imagination is fill'd with ghastly Forms of dreary Graves, and Bodies changed by Death; when the pale lengthen'd Visage attracts each weeping Eye, and fills the musing Soul, at once with Grief and Horror, Pity and Aversion. I will indulge the Thought. The wise Man prepares himself for Death, by making it familiar to his Mind. When strong Reflections hold the Mirror near, and the Living in the Dead behold their future Self; how does each inordinate Passion and Desire cease, or sicken at the View! The Mind scarce moves; the Blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the Veins: Fix'd, still, and motionless we stand, so like the solemn Object of our Thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; 'till Curiosity awakes the Soul, and sets it on Inquiry.

[*Enter* George Barnwell *at a Distance.*] O Death, thou strange mysterious Power, seen every Day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative Dead, what art thou? The extensive Mind of Man, that with a Thought circles the Earth's vast Globe, sinks to the Centre, or ascends above the Stars, that Worlds exotick finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick Clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewilder'd in the horrid Gloom, defeated she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of Labour lost.

During this Speech Barnwell *sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.*

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible! [*throwing down the Pistol. Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his Sword.*

Uncle. A Man so near me! arm'd and masqu'd——

Barn. Nay, then there's no Retreat.

[*Plucks a Poynard from his Bosom, and stabs him.*

Uncle.

Unclo. Oh! I am ſlain! All gracious Heaven regard the Prayer of thy dying Servant: Bleſs with the choiceſt Bleſſings my deareſt Nephew, forgive my Murderer, and take my fleeting Soul to endleſs Mercy.

[Barnwell *throws off his Maſk, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raiſes and chafes him.*

Barn. Expiring Saint! O murder'd, martyr'd Uncle! Lift up your dying Eyes, and view your Nephew in your Murderer.——O do not look ſo tenderly upon me—Let Indignation lighten from your Eyes, and blaſt me ere you die————By Heaven he weeps in Pity of my Woes.——Tears, Tears, for Blood———The Murder'd, in the Agonies of Death, weeps for his Murderer. ————O! ſpeak your pious Purpoſe; pronounce my Pardon then, and take me with you———He wou'd, but cannot.—O why, with ſuch fond Affection, do you preſs my murdering Hand?———What! will you kiſs me? [Barnwell *kiſſes his Uncle, who groans and dies.*] Life, that hover'd on his Lips but till he had ſealed my Pardon, in that Kiſs expired. He's gone for ever—and oh! I follow——[*Swoons away upon his Uncle's dead Body.*] Do I ſtill live to preſs the ſuffering Boſom of the Earth? —Do I ſtill breathe, and taint with my infectious Breath the wholeſome Air?———Let Heaven from its high Throne, in Juſtice or in Mercy, now look down on that dear murdered Saint, and me the Murderer; and if his Vengeance ſpares, let Pity ſtrike and end my wretched Being.——Murder the worſt of Crimes, and Parricide the worſt of Murders, and this the worſt of Parricides. *Cain*, who ſtands on Record from the Birth of Time, and muſt to it's laſt final Period, as accurſed, ſlew a Brother favour'd above him: Deteſted *Nero*, by another's Hand, diſpatch'd a Mother that he fear'd and hated: But I with my own Hand have murder'd a Brother, Mother, Father, and a Friend moſt loving and belov'd. ————This execrable Act of mine is without a Parallel.————O may it ever ſtand alone, the laſt of Murders as it is the worſt!

The rich Man thus, in Torment and Deſpair,
Preferr'd his vain, but charitable Pray'r:

The

The Fool, his own Soul lost, won'd fain be wise
For others Good; but Heaven his Suit denies.
By Laws and Means well known we stand or fall;
And one eternal Rule remains for all.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Enter Maria.

MARIA.

HOW falsly do they judge, who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here? I know I am unhappy; yet cannot charge myself with any Crime, more than the common Frailties of our Kind, that shou'd provoke just Heaven to mark me out for Sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsly to accuse ourselves, Heaven must abhor. Then it is just and right that Innocence should suffer; for Heaven must be just in all its Ways. Perhaps by that we are kept from moral Evils, much worse than penal, or more improv'd in Virtue. Or may not the lesser Ills that we sustain be made the Means of greater Good to others? Might all the joyless Days and sleepless Nights that I have past, but purchase Peace for thee.

Thou dear, dear Cause of all my Grief and Pain!
Small were the Loss, and infinite the Gain,
Tho' to the Grave in secret Love I pine,
So Life and Fame, and Happiness were thine.

Enter Trueman.

What News of *Barnwell?*

Tr. None: I have sought him with the greatest Diligence but all in vain.

Ma.

Ma. Does my Father yet ſuſpect the Cauſe of his Abſence?

Tr. All appear'd ſo juſt and fair to him, it is not poſſible he ever ſhould. But his Abſence will no longer be conceal'd. Your Father is wiſe; and though he ſeems to hearken to the friendly Excuſes I wou'd make for *Barnwell*, yet, I am afraid, he regards 'em only as ſuch, without ſuffering them to influence his Judgment.

Man. How does the unhappy Youth defeat all our Deſigns to ſerve him? yet I can never repent what we have done. Shou'd he return, 'twill make his Reconciliation with my Father eaſier, and preſerve him from future Reproach of a malicious unforgiving World.

Enter Thorowgood *and* Lucy.

Thor. This Woman here has given me a ſad, and (bating ſome Circumſtances) too probable an Account of *Barnwell*'s Defection.

Lucy. I am ſorry, Sir, that my frank Confeſſion of my former unhappy Courſe of Life ſhould cauſe you to ſuſpect my Truth on this Occaſion.

Thor. It is not that; your Confeſſion has in it all the Appearance of Truth. Among many other Particulars, ſhe informs me, that *Barnwell* has been influenced to break his Truſt, and wrong me at ſeveral Times, of conſiderable Sums of Money. Now as I know this to be falſe, I wou'd fain doubt the Whole of her Relation, too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Ma. Sir, your Pardon; I find myſelf on a ſudden ſo indiſpos'd that I muſt retire. Providence oppoſes all Attempts to ſave him. Poor ruin'd *Barnwell!* Wretched loſt *Maria!* [*Aſide.* *Exit* Maria.

Thor. How am I diſtreſs'd on every Side? Pity for that unhappy Youth, Fear for the Life of a much valued Friend,——and then my Child——the only Joy and Hope of my declining Life!——Her Melancholy increaſes hourly, and gives me painful Apprehenſions of her Loſs——O *Trueman!* this Perſon informs me that your

your Friend, at the Instigation of an impious Woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable Uncle.

Tr. O execrable Deed; I am blasted with the Horror of the Thought!

Lucy. This Delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my Hope.

Tr. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a Moment's Time. Even now the horrid Deed may be doing——dreadful Imagination!———or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the Means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This Earnestness convinces me, that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What, ho! without there, who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Order the Groom to saddle the swiftest Horse, and prepare to set out with Speed; an Affair of Life and Death demands his Diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose Behaviour on this Occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your further Assistance. Return and observe this *Millwood*, till I come. I have your Directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit* Lucy.] *Trueman*, you I am sure will not be idle on this Occasion. [*Exit* Thorowgood.

Tr. He only who is a Friend can judge of my Distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Millwood's *House*.

Enter Millwood.

Mill. I Wish I knew the Event of his Design. The Attempt without Success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The Mischief being only intended, his Friends, thro' Pity of his Youth, turn all their Rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the

Deed done. Then, and then only, I ſhall be ſecure. Or what if he returns without attempting it at all? [*Enter* Barnwell *bloody*.] But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody Hands ſhew he has done the Deed, but ſhew he wants the Prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where ſhall I hide me? Whither ſhall I fly, to avoid the ſwift unerring Hand of Juſtice?

Mill. Diſmiſs your Fears: Though Thouſands had purſued you to the Door, yet being enter'd here, you are as ſafe as Innocence. I have a Cavern, by Art ſo cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing Eyes of Jealouſy and Revenge may ſearch in vain, nor find the Entrance to the ſafe Retreat. There will I hide you, if any Danger's near.

Barn. O hide me——from myſelf, if it be poſſible; for while I bear my Conſcience in my Boſom, tho' I were hid where Man's Eye never ſaw, nor Light e'er dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For oh! that Inmate, that impartial Judge, will try, convict and ſentence me for Murder, and execute me with never-ending Torments. Behold theſe Hands, all crimſon'd o'er with my dear Uncle's Blood: Here's a Sight to make a Statue ſtart with Horror, or turn a living Man into a Statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it ſeems you are afraid of your own Shadow, or what's leſs than a Shadow, your Conſcience.

Barn. Tho' to Man unknown I did the accurſed Act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-ſeeing Eye?

Mill. No more of this Stuff. What Advantage have you made of his Death, or what Advantage may yet be made of it? Did you ſecure the Keys of his Treaſure, which no doubt were about him? What Gold, what Jewels, or what elſe of Value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added Sacrilege to Murder! Oh! had you ſeen him as his Life flow'd from him in a crimſon Flood, and heard him praying for me by the double Name of Nephew and of Murderer; (alas! alas! he knew not then, that his Nephew was his Murderer) how would you have wiſh'd, as I did, though you had

a thou-

a thousand Years of Life to come, to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one Hour. But being dead, I fled the Sight of what my Hands had done; nor could I, to have gain'd the Empire of the World, have violated by Theft his sacred Corpse.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting Villain! to murder your Uncle, rob him of Life, Nature's first, last, dear Prerogative, after which there's no Injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your Penury and Guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my Reputation, nay, my Life, to entertain you?

Barn. O *Millwood!*——this from thee?——But I have done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for oh! 'tis sure my Grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his Madness he will discover all, and involve me in his Ruin. We are on a Precipice from whence there's no Retreat for both.——Then to preserve myself ——[*Pauses.*]——There is no other Way.—— 'Tis dreadful, but Reflection comes too late when Danger's pressing, and there's no Room for Choice.—— It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a Bell, enter a Servant.*] Fetch me an Officer, and seize this Villain. He has confess'd himself a Murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. O *Millwood!* sure you do not, cannot mean it. Stop the Messenger; upon my Knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this Instant deliver myself into the Hand of Justice, indeed I will; for Death is all I wish. But thy Ingratitude so tears my wounded Soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than Death with Torture.

Mill. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your Death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a Pitch of Wickedness that sets the Author beyond the Reach of Vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal Dungeon, hard-galling Fetters, an awful Trial, and an ignominious Death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd?

After Death to be suspended between Heaven and Earth, a dreadful Spectacle, the Warning and Horror of a gaping Croud! This I cou'd bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any Hand but thine.

Enter Bluut, *Officer and Attendants.*

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a Murderer! Here, Sir, take this Youth into your Custody. I accuse him of Murder, and will appear make good my Charge.

[*They seize him.*

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her: The Hand of Heav'n is in it, and this the Punishment of Lust and Parricide. Yet Heaven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live; perhaps to punish others. Tremendous Mercy! So Fiends are curs'd with Immortality, to be the Executioners of Heaven.

Be warn'd, ye Youths, who see my sad Despair:
Avoid lewd Women, false as they are fair.
By Reason guided, honest Joys pursue:
The Fair to Honour, and to Virtue true,
Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
By my Example learn to shun my Fate:
(How wretched is the Man who's wise too late!)
Ere Innocence, and Fame and Life be lost,
Here purchase Wisdom cheaply, at my Cost.

[Exeunt *Barnwell*, Officers, and Attendants.

Mill. Where's *Lucy?* Why is she absent at such a Time?

Blunt. Wou'd I had been so too! *Lucy* will soon be here; and I hope to thy Confusion, thou Devil!

Mill. Insolent! This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the Devil is, that he first seduces to Sin, and then betrays to Punishment.

[*Exit* Blunt.

Mill. They disapprove of my Conduct then, and mean to take this Opportunity to set up for themselves. ——My Ruin is resolved.——I see my Danger, but scorn both it and them; I was not born to fall by such weak Instruments.

[*Going.*

Enter

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Where is the Scandal of her own Sex, and Curse of ours?

Mill. What means this Insolence? Whom do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am *Millwood.*

Thor. Then you are the most impious Wretch, that e'er the Sun beheld.

Mill. From your Appearance I should have expected Wisdom and Moderation, but your Manners bely your Aspect. What is your Business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am *Barnwell*'s Master.

Mill. Then you are Master to a Villain, which, I think, is not much to your Credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy Arts, as my Credit is above thy Malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

Mill. My Arts! I don't understand you, Sir, if he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my Servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon Impudence in one arriv'd to such a Height of Wickedness? When Innocence is banished, Modesty soon follows. Know, Sorceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the Arts, by which you first deceiv'd the unwary Youth. I know how, Step by Step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from Crime to Crime, to this last horrid Act, which you contrived, and by your cursed Wiles even forced him to commit.

Thor. Ha! *Lucy* has got the Advantage, and accused me first: Unless I can turn the Accusation, and fix it upon her and *Blunt* I am lost. [*Aside.*

Thor. Had I known your cruel Design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punish'd as the Law directs, is all that now remains. Poor Satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But

Heaven who knows our Frame, und graciouſly diſtinguiſhes between Frailty and Preſumption, will make a Difference, tho' Man, who ſees not the Heart, and only judges by the outward Action, cannot do it.

Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our Servants. I was ſurpriſed at ſuch ill Treatment without Cauſe from a Gentleman of your Appearance, and therefore too haſtily return'd it; for which I aſk your Pardon. I now perceive you have been ſo far impoſed on, as to think me engaged in a former Correſpondence with your Servant, and ſome way or other acceſſary to his Undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the Cauſe, the ſole Cauſe of all his Guilt, and all his Suffering, of all he now endures, and muſt endure, till a violent and ſhameful Death ſhall put a dreadful Period to his Life and Miſeries together.

Mill. 'Tis very ſtrange. But who's ſecure from Scandal and Detraction? So far from contributing to his Ruin, I never ſpoke to him till ſince the fatal Accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a Servant, on whoſe Account he hath of late frequented my Houſe. If ſhe has abus'd my good Opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not *Barnwell* done the ſame by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been inform'd he had a violent Paſſion for her, and ſhe for him; but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expenſive Pleaſures. Now who can tell but ſhe may have influenced the amorous Youth to commit this Murder, to ſupply her Extravagances.——It muſt be ſo. I now recollect a thouſand Circumſtances that confirm it. I'll have her, and a Man Servant whom I ſuſpect as an Accomplice, ſecured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aſide your ill-grounded Suſpicions of me, and join to puniſh the real Contrivers of this bloody Deed.

[*Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you paſs not this Way, I ſee your Deſign, but ſhall protect them from your Malice.

Mill.

Mill. I hope you will not uſe your Influence, and the Credit of your Name, to ſkreen ſuch guilty Wretches. Conſider, Sir, the Wickedneſs of perſuading a thoughtleſs Youth to ſuch a Crime.

Thor. I do——and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my Innocence. She who loves him, though ſhe contriv'd the Murder, would never have delivered him into the Hands of Juſtice, as I, ſtruck with Horror at his Crimes, have done.

Thor. How ſhould an unexperienc'd Youth eſcape her Snares? The powerful Magick of her Wit and Form might betray the wiſeſt to ſimple Dotage, and fire the Blood that Age had froze long ſince. Even I, that with juſt Prejudice came prepar'd, had by her artful Story been deceiv'd, but that my ſtrong Conviction of her Guilt makes even a Doubt impoſſible. Thoſe whom ſubtilly you would accuſe, you know are your Accuſers; and (which proves unanſwerably their Innocence and your Guilt) they accuſed you before the Deed was done, and did all that was in their Power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have a Proof, which, when produc'd, will ſilence all Objections. [*Exit* Millwood.

Enter Lucy, Trueman, Blunt, *Officers*, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourſelves, ſome on one Side of that Door, and ſome on the other; watch her Entrance, and act as your Prudence ſhall direct you. This Way, [*to* Thorowgood] and note her Behaviour. I have obſerv'd her, ſhe's driven to the laſt Extremity, and is forming ſome deſperate Reſolution. I gueſs at her Deſign.

Re-enter Millwood *with a Piſtol.* Trueman *ſecures her.*

Tr. Here thy Power of doing Miſchief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody Woman!

Mill. Fool, Hypocrite, Villain, Man! thou canſt not call me that.

Tr. To call thee Woman were to wrong thy Sex; thou Devil!

Mill. That imaginary Being is an Emblem of thy curſed Sex collected: A Mirror, wherein each particular Man may ſee his own Likeneſs, and that of all Mankind.

Thor. Think not by aggravating the Faults of others to extenuate thy own, of which the Abuſe of ſuch uncommon Perfections of Mind and Body is not the leaſt.

Mill. If ſuch I had, well may I curſe your barbarous Sex, who robb'd me of 'em ere I knew their Worth; then left me too late, to count their Value by their Loſs. Another and another Spoiler came, and all my Gain was Poverty and Reproach. My Soul diſdain'd, and yet diſdains, Dependance and Contempt. Riches, no Matter by what Means obtain'd, I ſaw ſecured the worſt of Men from both. I found it therefore neceſſary to be rich, and to that End I ſummon'd all my Arts. You call 'em wicked; let them be ſo, they were ſuch as my Converſation with your Sex had furniſh'd me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worſt of Men convers'd with thee.

Mill. Men of all Degrees, and all Profeſſions, I have known, yet found no Difference, but in their ſeveral Capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmoſt of their Power. In Pride, Contention, Avarice, Cruelty, and Revenge, the Reverend Prieſthood were my unerring Guides. From Suburb Magiſtrates, who live by ruin'd Reputations, as the unhoſpitable Natives of *Cornwall* do by Shipwrecks, I learn'd, that to charge my innocent Neighbours with my Crimes, was to merit their Protection; for to ſcreen the Guilty, is the leſs ſcandalous, when many are ſuſpected; and Detraction, like Darkneſs and Death, blackens all Objects, and levels all Diſtinction. Such are your venal Magiſtrates, who favour none but ſuch as by their Office they are ſworn to puniſh. With them, not to be guilty is the worſt of Crimes, and large Fees privately paid are every needful Virtue.

Thor. Your Practice has ſufficiently diſcovered your Contempt of Laws, both human and divine; no Wonder then, that you ſhould hate the Officers of both.

Mill. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no Mercy, and I aſk for none; I follow'd my Inclinations, and that the beſt of you do every Day. All Actions

ſeem

ſeem alike natural and indifferent to Man and Beaſt, who devour, or are devour'd, as they meet with others weaker or ſtronger than themſelves.

Thor. What Pity it is a Mind ſo comprehenſive, daring and inquiſitive, ſhould be a Stranger to Religion's ſweet and powerful Charms!

Mill. I am not Fool enough to be an Atheiſt, tho' I have known enough of Mens Hypocriſy to make a thouſand ſimple Women ſo. Whatever Religion is in itſelf, as practis'd by Mankind, it has caus'd the Evils, you ſay it was deſign'd to cure. War, Plague, and Famine, have not deſtroy'd ſo many of the human Race, as this pretended Piety has done; and with ſuch barbarous Cruelty, as if the only Way to honour Heaven, were to turn the preſent World into Hell.

Thor. Truth is Truth, tho' from an Enemy, and ſpoken in Malice. You bloody, blind, and ſuperſtitious Bigots, how will you anſwer this?

Mill. What are your Laws, of which you make your Boaſt, but the Fool's Wiſdom, and the Coward's Valour, the Inſtrument and Screen of all your Villanies? By them you puniſh in others what you act yourſelves, or wou'd have acted, had you been in their Circumſtances. The Judge, who condemns the poor Man for being a Thief, had been a Thief himſelf, had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceiv'd, harraſſing, plaguing and deſtroying one another. But Women are your univerſal Prey:

Women, by whom you are, the Source of Joy,
With cruel Arts you labour to deſtroy:
A thouſand Ways our Ruin you purſue,
Yet blame in us thoſe Arts firſt taught by you.
Oh! may from hence each violated Maid,
By flattering, faithleſs, barb'rous Man betray'd,
When robb'd of Innocence, and Virgin Fame,
From your Deſtruction raiſe a nobler Name,
To right their Sex's Wrongs devote their Mind,
And future Millwoods *prove to plague Mankind.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter Thorowgood, Blunt, *and* Lucy.

THOROWGOOD.

I HAVE recommended to *Barnwell* a Reverend Divine, whose Judgment and Integrity I am well acquainted with. Nor has *Millwood* been neglected; but she, unhappy Woman, still obstinate, refuses his Assistance.

Lucy. This pious Charity to the Afflicted well becomes your Character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their Trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him; and I and my Family bear so great a Part in his Distress, that to have been present wou'd but have aggravated our Sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. *Barnwell*'s Youth and modest Deportment, as he pass'd, drew Tears from every Eye. When placed at the Bar, and arraigned before the Reverend Judges, with many Tears and Interrupting Sobs he confess'd and aggravated his Offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on *Millwood*, the shameless Author of his Ruin. But she dauntless and unconcern'd stood by his Side, viewing with visible Pride and Contempt the vast Assembly, who all with sympathizing Sorrow wept for the wretched Youth. She, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her Innocence, and made an artful and a bold Defence; but, finding all in vain, the impartial Jury and the learned Bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor *Barnwell*, us, her Judges, all Mankind! But what

cou'd

could that avail ? She was condemn'd, and is this Day to suffer with him.

Thor. The Time draws on. I am going to visit *Barnwell* as you are *Millwood.*

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this Interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful and unforgiving. To be the branded Instruments of Vengeance, to suffer in her Shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the Tribute we must pay for our former ill-spent Lives, and long Confederacy with her in Wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against *Millwood* I know proceeded from a just Abhorrence of her Crimes, free from Interest, Malice, or Revenge. Proselytes to Virtue should be encourag'd ; pursue your purposed Reformation, and know me hereafter for your Friend.

Lucy. This is a Blessing as unhoped for as unmerited. But Heaven that snatch'd us from impending Ruin, sure intends you as its Instrument to secure us from Apostacy.

Thor. With Gratitude to impute your Deliverance to Heaven is just. Many less virtuously disposed than *Barnwell* was, have never fallen in the Manner he has done. May not such owe their Safety rather to Providence than to themselves ? With Pity and Compassion let us judge him. Great were his Faults, but strong was the Temptation. Let his Ruin teach us Diffidence, Humanity and Circumspection ; for if we, who wonder at his Fate, had like him been tried, like him perhaps we had fallen.

SCENE II.

A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp. Barnwell *reading.*

Enter Thorowgood *at a Distance.*

Thor. THERE see the bitter Fruits of Passion's detested Reign, and sensual Appetite indulg'd, severe Reflections, Penitence and Tears.

Barn.

Barn. My honoured injured Maſter, whoſe Goodneſs has covered me a thouſand times with Shame, forgive this laſt unwilling Diſreſpect: Indeed I ſaw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well; I hope you were better employ'd in viewing of yourſelf; your Journey's long, your Time for Preparation almoſt ſpent. I ſent a Reverend Divine to teach you to improve it, and ſhould be glad to hear of his Succeſs.

Barn. The Word of Truth, which he recommended for my conſtant Companion in this my ſad Retirement, has at length removed the Doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learn'd the infinite Extent of Heavenly Mercy; that my Offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my Intereſt only, but my Duty, to believe and to rejoice in that Hope: So ſhall Heaven receive the Glory, and future Penitents the Profit of my Example.

Thor. Proceed.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful that Words ſhould charm Deſpair, ſpeak Peace and Pardon to a Murderer's Conſcience; but Truth and Mercy flow in every Sentence, attended with Force and Energy divine. How ſhall I deſcribe my preſent State of Mind? I hope in Doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my Grief increaſe, even as my Fears give way. Joy and Gratitude now ſupply more Tears, than the Horror and Anguiſh of Deſpair before.

Thor. Theſe are the genuine Signs of true Repentance; the only Preparatory, the certain Way to everlaſting Peace. O the Joy it gives to ſee a Soul form'd and prepar'd for Heaven! For this the faithful Miniſter devotes himſelf to Meditation, Abſtinence and Prayer, ſhunning the vain Delights of ſenſual Joys, and daily dies, that others may live for ever. For this he turns the ſacred Volumes o'er, and ſpends his Life in painful Search of Truth. The Love of Riches and the Luſt of Power, he looks upon with juſt Contempt and Deteſtation; he only counts for Wealth the Souls he wins, and his highest Ambition is to ſerve Mankind. If the Reward of all his Pains be to preſerve one Soul from wandering, or

turn one from the Error of his Ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little Labours overpaid?

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous Kindness? But tho' I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is Joy too great for Words. Farewell.——Heaven strengthen thee!——Farewell.

Barn. O! Sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling Heart would give me Leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a Friend——'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous Example might persuade—Cou'd I not see him once, before I go from whence there's no Return?

Thor. He's coming, and as much thy Friend as ever. I will not anticipate his Sorrow; too soon he'll see the sad Effect of this contagious Ruin. This Torrent of domestick Misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire to indulge a Weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much lov'd——and much lamented Youth!——Farewel.——Heaven strengthen thee.——Eternally Farewel.

Barn. The best of Masters and of Men——Farewel. While I live let me not want your Prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. Thy Peace being made with Heaven, Death is already vanquish'd. Bear a little longer the Pains that attend this transitory Life, and cease from Pain for ever. [*Exit* Thorowgood.

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a Power within, that bears my Soul above the Fears of Death, and, spite of conscious Shame and Guilt, gives me a Taste of Pleasure more than mortal.

Enter Trueman *and Keeper.*

Keep. Sir, there's the Prisoner, [*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Trueman!——My Friend whom I so wish'd to see, yet now he's here, I dare not look upon him. [*Weeps.*

Tr. O *Barnwell! Barnwell!*

Barn.

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! For Death, but not for this, I was prepared.

Tr. What have I suffered since I saw thee last! What Pain has Absence given me!———But oh! to see thee thus!———

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the Anguish of thy generous Soul:———But I was born to murder all who love me. [*Both weep.*

Tr. I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you Comfort; but I'm deceiv'd, for I have none to give: I came to share thy Sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My Sense of Guilt indeed you cannot know: 'tis what the Good and Innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive: But other Griefs at present I have none, but what I feel for you. In your Sorrow I read you love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am.

Tr. No more of that: I can remember nothing but thy Virtues, thy honest, tender Friendship, our former happy State and present Misery. O! had you trusted me when first the fair Seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas! thou knowest not what a Wretch I've been. Breach of Friendship was my first and least Offence: So far was I lost to Goodness, so devoted to the Author of my Ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,———I think———I should have done it.

Tr. Prithee, aggravate thy Faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murder'd you!

Tr. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted: Come to my Arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such Joys on Earth; never will I so soothe my just Remorse. Are these honest Arms and faithful Bosom fit to embrace and to support a Murderer? These Iron Fetters only shall clasp, and flinty Pavement bear me; [*throwing himself on the Ground*] Even these too good for such a bloody Monster.

Tr.

Tr. Shall Fortune ſever thoſe whom Friendſhip joined! Thy Miſeries cannot lay thee ſo low, but Love will find thee. Here will we offer to ſtern Calamity; this Place the Altar, and ourſelves the Sacrifice. Our mutual Groans ſhall echo to each other through the dreary Vault; our Sighs ſhall number the Moments as they paſs, and mingling Tears communicate ſuch Anguiſh, as Words were never made to expreſs.

Barn. Then be it ſo. [*Riſing*] Since you propoſe an Intercourſe of Woe, pour all your Griefs into my Breaſt, and in Exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the Anguiſh that you promis'd? You've taken mine, and make me no Return. Sure Peace and Comfort dwell within theſe Arms, and Sorrow can't approach me while I am here. This too is the Work of Heaven; which having before ſpoke Peace and Pardon to me, now ſends thee to comfirm it. O take, take ſome of the Joy that overflows my Breaſt!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty Power! how haſt thou made us capable to bear at once the Extremes of Pleaſure and of Pain.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Sir.

Tr. I come. [*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Muſt you leave me? Death would ſoon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O my *Barnwell!* there's yet another Taſk behind: Again your Heart muſt bleed for others Woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on Earth: What is there more for me to do or ſuffer?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it muſt be known: *Maria*——

Barn. Our Maſter's fair and virtuous Daughter?——

Tr. The ſame.

Barn. No Misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that lovely Maid! Preſerve her, Heaven, from every Ill, to ſhew Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

Tr. Thy, thy Misfortunes, my unhappy Friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more; if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a Lye, and would not trifle with his dying Friend. This is indeed the Bitterness of Death. [*Aside.*

Tr. You must remember, (for we all observ'd it) for some time past, a heavy Melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seem'd, and pin'd and languish'd from a Cause unknown; 'till, hearing of your dreadful Fate, the long-stifled Flame blaz'd out; she wept, and wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair, and in the Transport of her Grief discover'd her own lost State, while she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the Pain I feel restore thy Ease, lovely unhappy Maid! [*Weeping.*] Why did you not let me die, and never know it?

Tr. It was impossible. She makes no Secret of her Passion for you; she is determined to see you ere you die, and waits for me to introduce her.

[*Exit* Trueman.

Barn. Vain, busy Thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been? I now am——— what I've made myself.

Enter Trueman *with* Maria.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal Scene. This is the Seat of Misery and Guilt. Here awful Justice reserves her publick Victims. This is the Entrance to a shameful Death.

Ma. To this sad Place then no improper Guest, the abandon'd lost *Maria* brings Despair. And see the Subject and the Cause of all this World of Woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his Soul had quitted her Abode, and the lifeless Form alone was left behind; yet that so perfect, that Beauty and Death, ever at Enmity, now seem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not. Just Heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming Eyes still fix'd below, as tho thou'dst give the greedy Earth thy Sorrows, and

rob

rob me of my Due? Were Happineſs within your Power, you ſhould beſtow it where you pleas'd; but in your Miſery I muſt and will partake.

Barn. Oh! ſay not ſo, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my Fate. Conſider what you are, how vaſt your Fortune, and how bright your Fame. Have Pity on your Youth, your Beauty, and unequall'd Virtue; for which ſo many noble Peers have ſigh'd in vain. Bleſs with your Charms ſome honourable Lord. Adorn with your Beauty, and by your Example improve, the *Engliſh* Court, that juſtly claims ſuch Merit: So ſhall I quickly be to you ———— as tho' I had never been.

Ma. When I forget you, I muſt be ſo indeed. Reaſon, Choice, Virtue, all forbid it, Let Women like *Millwood*, if there are more ſuch Women, ſmile in Proſperity, and in Adverſity forſake. Be it the Pride of Virtue to repair, or to partake, the Ruin ſuch have made.

Tr. Lovely ill-fated Maid! Was there ever ſuch generous Diſtreſs before! How muſt this pierce his grateful Heart, and aggravate his Woes!

Burn. Ere I knew Guilt or Shame, when Fortune ſmiled, and when my youthful Hopes were at the higheſt; if then to have raiſed my Thoughts to you, had been Preſumption in me never to have been pardon'd, think how much beneath yourſelf you condeſcend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her bluſh, who proffering Love, invades the Freedom of your Sex's Choice, and meanly ſues in hopes of a Return. Your inevitable Fate hath render'd Hope impoſſible as vain. Then why ſhou'd I fear to avow a Paſſion ſo juſt and ſo diſintereſted?

Tr. If any ſhou'd take occaſion from *Millwood*'s Crimes to libel the beſt and faireſt Part of the Creation, here let them ſee their Error. The moſt diſtant Hopes of ſuch a tender Paſſion from ſo bright a Maid, might add to the Happineſs of the moſt happy, and make the greateſt proud; yet here 'tis laviſh'd in vain. Tho' by the rich Preſent the generous Donor is undone, he on whom it is beſtow'd receives no Benefit.

Barn.

Barn. So the aromatick Spices of the Eaſt, which all the Living covet and eſteem, are with unavailing Kindneſs waſted on the Dead.

Ma. Yes, fruitleſs is my Love, and unavailing all my Sighs and Tears. Can they ſave thee from approaching Death? ——— from ſuch a Death? ——— O terrible Idea! What is her Miſery and Diſtreſs, who ſees the firſt, laſt Object of her Love, for whom alone ſhe'd live, for whom ſhe'd die a thouſand thouſand Deaths, if it were poſſible, expiring in her Arms! Yet ſhe is happy, when compar'd to me. Were Millions of Worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her Condition. The moſt conſummate Woe is light to mine. The laſt of Curſes to other miſerable Maids, is all I aſk for my Relief, and that's deny'd me.

Tr. Time and Reflection cure all Ills.

Ma. All but this. His dreadful Cataſtrophe Virtue herſelf abhors. To give a Holiday to Suburb Slaves, and paſſing entertain the ſavage Herd, who elbowing each other for a Sight, purſue and preſs upon him like his Fate? ——— A Mind with Piety and Reſolution arm'd may ſmile on Death: ——— But publick Ignominy, everlaſting Shame, Shame the Death of Souls, to die a thouſand times, and yet ſurvive even Death itſelf in never-dying Infamy ——— is this to be endur'd? ——— Can I who live in him, and muſt each Hour of my devoted Life, feel all theſe Woes renew'd: ——— Can I endure this?

Tr. Grief has ſo impair'd her Spirits, ſhe pants, as in the Agonies of Death.

Barn. Preſerve her, Heaven, and reſtore her Peace, nor let her Death be added to my Crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I am ſummon'd to my Fate.

Enter Keeper and Officers.

Keep. Sir, the Officers attend you. *Millwood* is already ſummon'd.

Barn. Tell 'em, I'm ready. And now, my Friend, farewel. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort, the beſt

you

you can, this mourning Fair.——No more——Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to* Maria] Would you, bright Excellence, permit me the Honour of a chaste Embrace, the last Happiness this World cou'd give were mine. [*She inclines towards him; they embrace.*] Exalted Goodness! O turn your Eyes from Earth and me to Heaven, where Virtue, like yours, is ever heard: Pray for the Peace of my departing Soul. Early my Race of Wickedness began, and soon I reach'd the Summit. Ere Nature has finish'd her Work, and stamp'd me Man, just at the Time when others begin to stray, my Course is finish'd. Tho' short my Span of Life, and few my Days; yet count my Crimes for Years, and I have liv'd whole Ages. Thus Justice, in compassion to Mankind, cuts off a Wretch like me; by one such Example to secure Thousands from future Ruin. Justice and Mercy are in Heaven the same: Its utmost Severity is Mercy to the Whole; thereby to cure Man's Folly and Presumption, which else wou'd render even infinite Mercy vain and ineffectual.

If any Youth like you in future Times
Shall mourn my Fate, tho' he abhors my Crimes,
Or tender Maid like you my Tale shall hear,
And to my Sorrows give a pitying Tear;
To each such melting Eye and throbbing Heart,
Would gracious Heaven this Benefit impart,
Never to know my Guilt, nor feel my Pain,
Then must you own, you ought not to complain,
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[Exeunt *Barnwell* and Officers.

SCENE the LAST.

The Place of Execution. The Gallows and Ladders at the farther End of the Stage. A Crowd of Spectators, Blunt *and* Lucy.

Lucy. HEAVENS! What a Throng!

Blunt. How terrible is Death when thus prepar'd!

Lucy.

Lucy. Support them, Heaven; thou only canſt ſupport them; all other Help is vain.

Officer within. Make way there, make way, and give the Priſoners Room.

Lucy. They are here. Obſerve them well. How humble and compoſed young *Barnwell* ſeems: But *Millwood* looks wild, ruffled with Paſſion, confounded and amazed.

Enter Barnwell, Millwood, *Officers and Executioner*.

Barn. See, *Millwood*, ſee, our Journey's at an end: Life, like a Tale that's told, is paſt away. That ſhort; but dark and unknown Paſſage, Death, is all the Space 'tween us and enleſs Joys, or Woes eternal.

Mill. Is this the End of all my flattering Hopes? Were Youth and Beauty given me for a Curſe, and Wiſdom only to inſure my Ruin? They were, they were, Heaven, thou haſt done thy worſt. Or, if thou haſt in ſtore ſome untried Plague, ſomewhat that's worſe than Shame, Deſpair and Death, unpitied Death, confirm'd Deſpair, and Soul-confounding Shame; ſomething that Men and Angels can't deſcribe, and only Fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on this devoted Head, that I may feel the worſt thou canſt inflict, and bid defiance to thy utmoſt Power.

Barn. Yet ere we paſs the dreadful Gulph of Death, yet ere you're plunged in everlaſting Woe, O bend your ſtubborn Knees, and harder Heart, humbly to deprecate the Wrath divine. Who knows but Heaven, in your dying Moments, may beſtow that Grace and Mercy which your Life deſpiſed?

Mill. Why name you Mercy to a Wretch like me? Mercy's beyond my Hope, almoſt beyond my Wiſh. I can't repent, nor aſk to be forgiven.

Barn. O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miſerable, nor with vain Pride oppoſe a Power that's able to deſtroy you.

Mill. That will deſtroy me: I feel it will. A Deluge of Wrath is pouring on my Soul. Chains, Darkneſs, Wheels, Racks, ſharp-ſtinging Scorpions, molten

ten Lead, and whole Seas of Sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. O! add not to your vast Account Despair: A Sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you've yet committed.

Mill. O! I have sinn'd beyond the Reach of Mercy.

Barn. O say not so: 'tis Blasphemy to think it. As yon bright Roof is higher than the Earth, so and much more does Heaven's Goodness pass our Apprehension. O what created Being shall presume to circumscribe Mercy that knows no Bounds?

Mill. This yields no Hope. Tho' Pity may be boundless, yet 'tis free: I was doom'd before the World began to endless Pains, and thou to Joys eternal.

Barn. O gracious Heaven! extend thy Mercy to her: Let thy rich Mercy flow in plenteous Streams to chase her Fears, and heal her wounded Soul.

Mill. It will not be: Your Prayers are lost in Air, or else returned perhaps with double Blessings to your Bosom: They help not me.

Barn. Yet hear me, *Millwood.*

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee, Youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful Instance of its Power to punish. [Barnwell *seems to pray.*] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not me. How doth his fervent Soul mount with his Words, and both ascend to Heaven! that Heaven, whose Gates are shut with adamantine Bars against my Prayers, had I the Will to pray. I cannot bear it. Sure 'tis the worst of Torments to behold others enjoy that Bliss which we must never taste.

Officer. The utmost Limit of your Time's expir'd.

Mill. Encompassed with Horror, whither must I go? I wou'd not live——nor die——That I cou'd cease to be——or ne'er had been!

Barn. Since Peace and Comfort are denied her here, may she find Mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her Hell. From our Example may all be

taught

taught to fly the first Aproach of Vice; but if o'ertaken,

By strong Temptation Weakness, or Surprize,
Lament their Guilt, and by Repentance rise.
Th' Impenitent alone die unforgiv'n:
To sin's like Man, and to forgive like Heav'n.

Enter Trueman.

Lucy. Heart-breaking Sight! O wretched, wretched *Millwood!*

Tr. How is she disposed to meet her Fate?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable Woe?

Lucy. She goes to Death encompassed with Horror, loathing Life, and yet afraid to die: No Tongue can tell her Anguish and Despair.

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her Fears: May she prove a Warning to others, a Monument of Mercy in herself.

Lucy. O Sorrow insupportable! Break, break my Heart!

Tr. In vain

With bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes we show
A humane gen'rous Sense of others Woe;
Unless we mark what drew their Ruin on,
And by avoiding that——prevent our own.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

Written by

COLLEY CIBBER, *Esq*; *Poet Laureat*;

And spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

SINCE Fate has robb'd me of the hapless Youth,
For whom my Heart had hoarded up its Truth;
By all the Laws of Love and Honour, now,
I'm free again to chuse——and one of you.
But soft——With Caution first I'll round me peep:
Maids, in my Case, should look before they leap.
Here's Choice enough, of various Sorts and Hue,
The Cit, the Wit, the Rake cock'd up in Cue,
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawny Jew.
Suppose I search the sober Gallery?——No;
There's none but 'Prentices, and Cuckolds all-a-Row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so.
[Pointing to the Boxes.
'Tis very well, enjoy the Jest;——But you,
Fine powder'd Sparks,——nay, I am told 'tis true,
Your happy Spouses——can make Cuckolds too.
'Twixt you and them the Diff'rence this perhaps,
The Cit's ashamed whene'er his Duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your Hats, and take no Shame at all.
What if some favour'd Poet I cou'd meet?
Whose Love wou'd lay his Laurels at my Feet.
No——Painted Passions real Love abhors——
His Flame woud prove the Suit of Creditors.
Not to detain you then with longer Pause,
In short, my Heart to this Conclusion draws;
I yield it to the Hand that's loudest in Applause.

FINIS.

PLAYS in Twelves at 6d. each.

ARtifice, by Mrs. Centlivre.
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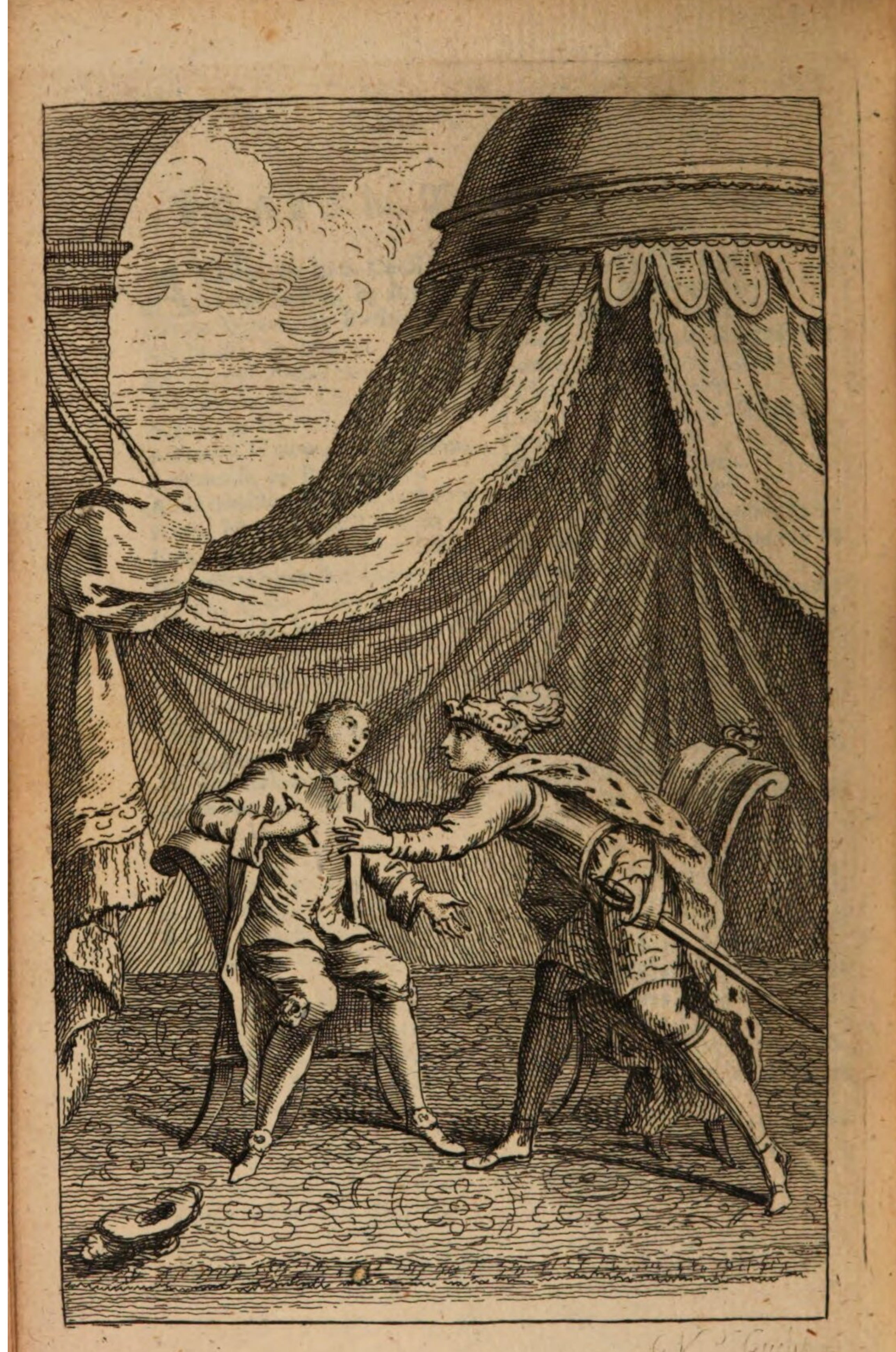
Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret, by Mrs. Centlivre.
Zara, by A. Hill, Esq.



KING *HENRY* THE FIFTH:

OR, THE

Conquest of *France* by the *English*.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

By AARON HILL, *Esq*;

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King *Henry*,	Mr. *Booth*.
Dauphin,	Mr. *Wilks*.
King of *France*,	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Princeſs *Catharine*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Harriet,	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Charlot,	Mrs. *Campbell*.
Duke of *Exeter*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Duke of *York*,	Mr. *Cory*.
Lord *Scroop*,	Mr. *Williams*.
Duke of *Bourbon*,	Mr. *Bridgwater*.
Duke of *Orleans*,	Mr. *Watſon*.
Earl of *Cambridge*,	Mr. *Mills*, jun.
Sir *Thomas Grey*,	Mr. *Oates*.
French Officer,	Mr. *Roberts*.

Guards, *Attendants*, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

THE inimitable *Shakeſpear*, about a hundred and thirty Years ſince, wrote a Play, on this Subject, and called it, The *Life* of King *Henry* the *Fifth* :———Mine is a *New Fabrick*, yet I built on *His* Foundation ; and the Reader, I am afraid, will too eaſily, diſcover, without the Help of a Compariſon, in what Places I am indebted to him.

The Succeſs, which this Tragedy will meet with on the Stage, is a Matter of no Conſequence : If it were otherwiſe, I ſhould be ſorry to have miſtaken, ſo unſeaſonably, the Taſte of the *Faſhionable !* There is a Kind of *Dumb Drama !* a new and wonderful Diſcovery ! that places the *Wit* in the *Heels !* and the Experience of Both our Theatres might have taught any Writer, but ſo dull a one as I am, that the *Harlequins* are Gentlemen, of better Intereſt than the *Harrys*.

The Maſters of the Stage act like very diſcreet Judges ; in falling in with a Humour, which they could not have oppoſed but to their Diſadvantage. What have *They* to do with *Reaſon*, to whom *Folly* is moſt profitable ?——To ſail with Wind and Tide is ſafeſt, and moſt eaſy : Nor is it any Part of their Buſineſs, to ſtem the Current of the Times ; and be *Wiſe*, with Empty Boxes.

No *French Tricks*, however, in the Days of *my* Hero, were able to ſtand before him : Fortune favoured him, *then*, againſt incredible Odds ! and who knows, (if

the Ladies will forgive me the Presumption of comparing *Small* Things with *Great)* but he may, *now*, become a Match, even for *Eunuchs*, and *Merry-Andrews!*

Yet the Victory, at *Agincourt*, was an Action not more wonderful! And it is, I fear, become impossible, since I have, imprudently, neglected to list those Squadrons of *light-arm'd* Forces, which have so often won the Day, for Our *Leaders*, in modern Poetry.

How poor a Thing is *Fame*, when so wretchedly *caball'd* for! It is hard to distinguish, which is strangest, and most ridiculous; the Noise and Violence of such Applause, in its first breaking out; or the Suddenness, with which it flattens and leaves the Monsters *aground!* like that straggling shoal of *Whales*, which the sea has, lately, lifted into the meadows of *Hamborough*.

After all, I am sanguine enough to hope, that a Taste for *Tragedy* may be restored:——Yet, who would not despair of it, when it is deserted by those Great Spirits, whose past Actions must adorn it!——When a Name may be read in the List of *Opera Directors*, which will furnish the Poets, of Ages, yet to come, with as wonderful a Character! and with Conquests gain'd as nobly, over the *French* and *Spanish* Arms, as any of the *Edwards*, or the *Henrys*, have left us, by the most glorious of their ancient Victories!

But, in all Events, I will be Easy, who have no better Reasons to wish well to Poetry, than my Love for a *Mistress*, I shall never be *married* to: For, whenever I grow *ambitious*, I shall wish to *build higher*; and owe my *Memory* to some Occasion of more Importance, than my *Writings*.

December 5, 1723.

A. HILL.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *WILKS.*

FROM *Wit's old Ruins, ſhadow'd o'er with Bays,*
We draw ſome rich Remains of Shakeſpear's *Praiſe.*
Shakeſpear!—*the Sound bids charm'd Attention wake:*
And our aw'd Scenes, with conſcious Rev'rence, Shake!
Arduous the Taſk, to mix with Shakeſpear's *Muſe!*
Raſh Game! where All who play are ſure to loſe.
Yet———*what our Author* cou'd, *he dar'd to try:*
And kept the fiery Pillar in his Eye.
Led by ſuch Light, as wou'd not let *him* ſtray,
He pick'd out Stars *from* Shakeſpear's milky Way.

Hid in the Cloud of Battle, Shakeſpear's *Care,*
Blind with the Duſt of War, o'erlook'd the Fair:
Fond of their *Fame, we ſhew their Influence here,*
And place 'em twinkling *through War's ſmoky Sphere.*
Without their *Aid, we loſe Love's quick'ning Charms;*
And ſullen Virtue mopes *in* ſteril Arms.
Now, rightly mix'd, th' enliven'd Paſſions move:
Love ſoftens *War;*——*and War* invig'rates *Love.*

Oh!——*cry'd that tow'ring* Genius *of the* Stage,
When, firſt, His Henry *charm'd a former Age:*
" *Oh! for a Muſe of* Fire, *our Cauſe to friend,*
" *That might Invention's brighteſt Heav'n aſcend!*
" *That, for a* Stage, *a* Kingdom *might be ſeen!*
" Princes *to* act, *grac'd with their native Mien:*
" *And* Monarchs *to* behold *the ſwelling Scene!*
" *Then,* like Himſelf, *ſhould warlike* Harry *riſe;*
" *And, fir'd with all his Fame, blaze in your Eyes!*
" *Crouch'd at his Heels, and, like fierce Hounds, leaſh'd in,*
" *Sword, Fire, and Famine, with impatient Grin!*

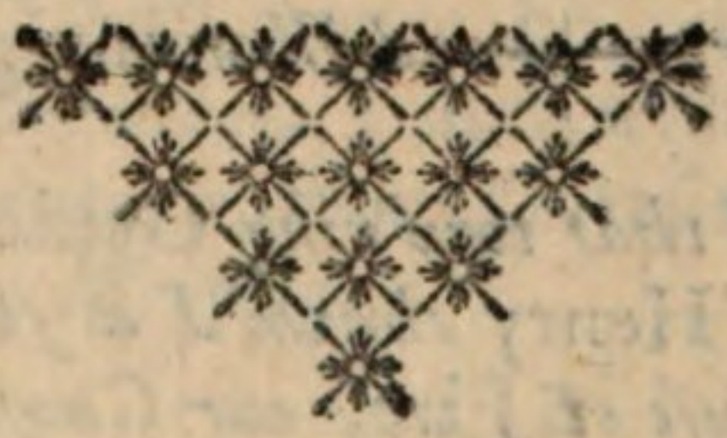
PROLOGUE.

" *Shou'd, fawning dreadful! but for* Orders *ſtay;*
" *And, at his Nod,*——ſtart, *horrible! away.*

No barren Tale t' amuſe, *our Scene imparts:*
But points Example *at your kindling* Hearts.
Mark, in their Dauphin, *to* our King *oppos'd,*
The diff'rent Genius of the Realms *diſclos'd:*
There, *the* French Levity—*vain,*—*boaſtful,*—*loud:*
Dancing in Death,——*gay, wanton, fierce, and proud.*
Here, *with a* ſilent Fire, *a* temper'd *Heat!*
Calmly reſolv'd, our Engliſh *Boſoms beat.*

Art *is too poor to raiſe the* Dead, *'tis true:*
But Nature *does it, by* their *Worth, in* You!
Your Blood, that warm'd their *Veins, ſtill flows the* ſame.
Still feeds your Valour, *and ſupports* their Fame.

Oh! let it waſte no more in Civil *Jarr:*
But flow, for glorious Fame, in Foreign *War.*



King

King HENRY *the Fifth:*

OR, THE

Conquest of France *by the* English.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The English *Camp before* Harfleur.

A Chair of State.

Enter Exeter, York, Cambridge, Scroop, Grey.

EXETER.

NOW, *France*, ſtand firm—See! where Great *Henry*'s Hand,
With thundring Summons, ſhakes the Gate of *Harfleur*,
And riſing War dawns horrible upon Thee!

Camb. Dreadfully footed on thy boaſtful Shore,
We feel thy trembling Genius bend beneath Us.

Scroop. Now all the Youth of *England* are on Fire,
And ſilken Dalliance ſleeps in duſty Wardrobes;
Now, thrive the Armourers; and Honour's Flame
Burns in the beating Breaſt of each rous'd Soldier.

Gray. Ev'n the ſlow Ruſtick, fir'd by fierce Example,
To buy the Horſe, now ſells the ſlighted Paſture.

York. O! noble Friends! now! now! our *England* shines!
Her shouting Cities pour their People forth,
To aid their matchless King, with wing'd Desire:
High in the Air sits wakeful Expectation!
And covers a drawn Sword with Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Henry*, and his glorious Followers.
Scroop. The *French*, alarm'd at our so swift Invasion,
Shake in their Fears; and, with pale Policy,
Seek to divert our threatning Purposes!
Encourag'd too, perhaps, by past Success,
They hope to find some hollow Breast among Us:
O *England!* Model to thy inward Greatness!
Thou little Body with a mighty Heart!
What might'st thou not attain, that Honour wishes,
Were all thy Children kind, and natural!
Were all thy Subjects worthy their great King!
Gray. The Courses of our glorious Master's Youth
Promis'd not this ———
Camb. The Joy that's least expected blesses double.
Exe. The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,
But Wildness, mortify'd in Him, dy'd too;
Sudden, and bright, in that one dazzling Moment,
Consideration, like an Angel, came,
And stript th' offending Darkness from his Soul;
Never was such a sudden Scholar made;
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such an heady Current, as in Him!
York. Hear him but reason in Divinity,
And, All admiring, with a ravish'd Zeal,
The pious Audience wish their King a Prelate!
If he unravel the thick Web of Policy,
The wond'ring Statesman speaks his Praise in Blushes:
If He but talk of War, the List'ners hear
A Battle's Terror, in the Charms of Musick;
Soon as He speaks, the hurried Air grows calm,
And dumb Amazement dwells on ev'ry Ear!
Exe. How wond'rous was the Progress of these Virtues!
Scr. So grows the Strawberry beneath the Nettle,
And wholsome Berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbourhood by Fruit of baser Quality:

Thus

Thus our wise King, obscuring Contemplation
Under the borrow'd Veil of youthful Wildness,
Grew, like the Summer-Grass, fastest by Night.
Camb. What Answer, think ye, will the King return
To this *French* Embassy? the proffer'd Princess
Wou'd hardly fail to stem the Tide of War,
Wou'd they, with her, give up some Provinces;
But that vain Cavil of their *Salic* Law,
He frown'd on, as 'twas urg'd!
Exe. He hears all gravely,
And, now retir'd, as is his constant Custom,
In private, weighs their Words, and suits his Answer:
See, where he comes, and smiles with awful Goodness!
Omnes. Health to your Majesty.

Enter King Henry, *and sits.*

K. *Hen.* Uncle of *Exeter!* and faithful *York!*
And You, Lord *Scroop! Cambridge,* and *Gray!* try'd Friends!
In whom a King may safely lodge Dependence!
Concerning this new Plea, so warmly urg'd
By these Ambassadors; we pray You, tell Us,
Why that fond *Salic* Law, they have in *France,*
Or shou'd, or shou'd not, bar our Right of Claim?
Be careful how You wrest, or bend, the Truth;
Speak cautiously, and give us well-weigh'd Counsel.
Exe. Clear is Your Title, as the Sun, dread Sovereign!
There is no seeming Spot to dim your Claim;
For while they vainly plead this *Salic* Law,
To bar your Race from urging female Right,
Unmindful, that their own three Royal Races,
All, from the Female, drew th' imperial Sway,
They hide them in a Net, to wrong Your Title.
K. *Hen.* What says th' experienc'd Duke of *York* to this?
York. A Truth so known can leave no Room for Doubt;
Fold not your bloody Ensigns, mighty Leader!
Look back on your most fam'd of famous Ancestors,
Who firm'd this envy'd Claim, you now pursue;
And here, in *France,* o'erthrew all *France*'s Power!
Whilst his pleas'd Father, on a neighb'ring Hill,

Hemm'd

Hemm'd with unbusied Squadrons, looking on,
Stood smiling, conscious of the Worth, he gave.
K. *Hen.* Call in the *French* Ambassador; for, now
We stand confirm'd yet more,--and, by Heav'n's Help,
And Yours, the noble Sinews of our Power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it into Pieces;

Enter the Duke of Bourbon, *attended by* French *Officers.*

Not to answer
The weak Objections, you have urg'd to-day,
We would be glad to hear that other Message,
From our good Cousin *Dauphin*——He, w'are told,
Has sent us rugged Greeting; pray ye speak it.
Bour. Please it Your Majesty to give me leave,
Freely to render what he gave in Charge?
Or shall I, sparingly, shew you, far off,
The *Dauphin*'s Meaning, soften'd o'er with Shadings?
K. *Hen.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Our Passions are the Subjects of our Reason:
Therefore with an uncurb'd, and vigorous Plainness,
Speak out the *Dauphin*'s Meaning.
Bourb. Thus then in brief:
Your Majesty, invading *France*, in Claim
Of certain Dukedoms, which you call your Right,
By your great Predecessor, the Third *Edward*;
In Answer to this Hope, our Prince, the *Dauphin*,
Says, that your Aim savours too much of Youth,
And bids you be advis'd:—There's Nought in *France*,
That with a nimble Galliard can be won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms, here!
He therefore sends you, suited to your Spirit,
A Tun of Treasure, and in lieu thereof,
He begs you let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you—This the *Dauphin* speaks.
K. *Hen.* What Treasure, Uncle?
Exe. Tennis-Balls, my Liege!
K. *Hen.* We are glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us,
And that he feels his Country's Woe so lightly:
We'll furnish fitter Balls ere long, than these,
And, if he stands his Challenge, play a Sett,

Shall

Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard:
He with mistaken Insult wrongs our Nature,
Who, by our wild Days past, would judge the present:
I have, 'tis true, in *England*, slept too long,
And, with a Spendthrift's Rashness, wasted Fame;
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Look *like* a King, and spread my Sails of *Greatness*,
When I have rous'd me in my throne of *France*.

[*King rises.*

Your pleasant Prince will mourn this vain Reproach,
When his proud Soul, charg'd with its rising Vengeance;
Shall answer to the Widows, and the Orphans,
Whose Husbands, and whose Fathers, falling Towers
Shall bury quick beneath their batter'd Ruins;
So get ye hence in Peace——Give 'em safe Conduct.

[*Exit Duke of* Bourbon.

Now, gallant Friends! the Soul of *England* smiles;
O! glorious *York!* Old as thou art, and drooping,
Thy sleepy Spirits, rous'd by our Country's Honour,
Start into Force, and snatch at future Action.

Enter an Officer from the Town attended by French *Soldiers.*

Offic. The Citizens of *Harfleur*, much distress'd,
'Twixt Loyalty and Danger, greet your Majesty.

K. *Hen.* How yet resolve they? As I am a Soldier,
A Name, that, in my Thoughts, becomes me best,
If I am forc'd to finish but yon Battery,
I'll bury your rash City in her Ashes;
The Gates of Mercy shall be shut against Ye,
And the flesh'd Soldier, rough, and hard of Heart,
In Liberty of bloody Hand, shall range,
With Conscience wide as Hell:——What is't to Me,
If then blind War, when you yourselves are Cause,
Match his foul Actions to his smear'd Complexion!
If your lov'd Infants shall be mow'd like Grass,
And your pure Virgins meet hot Violation;
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
When, down the Hill he drives his fierce Career?
Therefore, while yet the cool and temperate Breeze
Of Conduct overblows these Clouds of Rapine,
Take Pity of your Town, and spare your People.

Offic.

Offic. Their Expectation has this Day an End;
The *Dauphin*, whom for Succour they intreated,
Returns 'em, that his Powers are not yet ready;
Therefore, Great King! they yield to your hop'd Mercy;
Enter their Gates, diſpoſe of them and Theirs.

K. *Hen.* Stay, *Scroop*, and hold our Forces fit for Motion.

[*Exeunt, with the* French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers.*

King Henry, Exeter, York.

Scr. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray!*
It happens well, that we are thus together;
Our Hope grows rich! The *Dauphin* ſcruples nothing;
The Million of bright Gold, which we demanded,
Whate'er we wiſh, is Ours, ſo *Henry* dies.

Camb. My Letters ſpeak the ſame.

Gray. And mine; But tell me,
Think ye not this too much? This Death of *Henry?*
There, Treaſon ſeems to wear too deep a Grain!

Camb. I could be better pleas'd, were that excus'd us.
Why ſhould it not ſuffice, that our Intelligence,
Securely blaſting all His fear'd Deſigns,
Prevents the threatned Ill, and ſaves their Kingdom?

Scr. In Faith, my Friends! theſe Doubts diſgrace our Purpoſe.
The Man, who pauſes in the Paths of Treaſon,
Halts on a Quickſand, the firſt Stop engulphs Him!
Why muſt I urge ſo oft your Wrongs by *Henry?*
Have you not Both been Sufferers?—You, Lord *Cambridge?*
Is not your Blood wrong'd? *York*'s great Houſe dethron'd?
And your juſt Claim robb'd of a Crown, your Due?
What is a Cauſe, if this can fail to move you?
Sir *Thomas Gray!*——Why muſt I ſtill remind you,
What vile Indignities this *Henry*'s Hate
Has heap'd upon your Perſon!——He's my Friend!
My Boſom-Partner!——Yet, like *Roman Brutus*,
I ſacrifice his Love to Peace, and Liberty.
Why look You pale then? and grow ſick with Horror?
He, who betrays a Prince, He fears to kill,
Like ſome raſh Madman, holds a Lion's Tail,

He,

While the check'd Beast turns back in Rage, and tears
Him:
Camb. More than the Thoughts of Death I hate
This *Henry*,
I hate his Name, his Race, his Interest, Person;
To you, Lord *Scroop*, I lend a daring Will,
Point out the Means, and lead me at your Pleasure.
Gray. I cannot love a Man, who loves not me;
Thrice have I miss'd a Suit, I stoop'd to kneel for,
And thrice seen Low-born Peasant Clowns supplant me;
Drudges in War! the brawny Works of Nature!
Sturdy-limb'd Ruffians, fam'd for Fist, and Football;
Broad-shoulder'd Rogues, strong-built to carry Armour,
The human-Sumpter-Mules of haughty *Harry!*
Fellows, whose Souls seem'd seated in their Stomachs!
The Curse of Poverty involve my Fortune
If I forget the Scorn, till I've reveng'd it.
Scr. To Night, assembled in my Tent, we'll weigh
The fairest Means to reach the Point in View;
Meanwhile—a Secret This!—You Both remember
The lovely *Harriet*, my dead Brother's Daughter?
Gray. Alas! poor *Harriet!* she, too, owes much to
Henry!
The lawless Rover, ere his Father dy'd,
While the griev'd Nation rung with his Debauches,
Sullied your hapless Niece's Virgin Innocence.
Scr. But, tir'd, like some mean Prostitute, he left her;
On poor Pretence, that, by his Father's Death,
The Kingdom's Cares, reclining on his Breast,
Must banish Softness thence.——So turn'd her off
Disgraceful, with the cold Consideration
Of a vile Pension, which, had she accepted,
Had doubly punish'd Her in base Reward;
A sharp Memento, to remind her daily,
That even her Pride was owing to her Shame!
Camb. Something, like This, Report brought scat-
ter'd to Me;
I grieve to find it true——and hop'd it Slander;
Th' unhappy Lady, doubtless, feels much Woe.
Scr. No Woe, my Lord! the Blood of *Scroop* disdains it.
Her Soul, too strong for Grief, boasts nobler Passions;
Stung with the pointed Sense of Shame, and Scorn,

She

She labours with Revenge, and aids my Plottings;
Shading her Charms beneath a Boy's Appearance,
She baffles the keen Eye of watchful Policy,
And works out Wonders for the Cause we strive in:
Six Days are past, since I dispatch'd her hence
To the *French* Camp, whence I expect Her hourly,
With Notices of more than vulgar import:
My Lord, she comes—Perhaps 'twould be too sudden
At once to greet her with confess'd Detection;
Please you a Moment to retire, and leave me,
By gradual Preparation, to instruct Her,
How safely she may trust you with her Story.

Camb. The Caution is well weighed.

Gray. Pursue your Purpose.

[*Exeunt* Cambridge *and* Gray.

Enter Harriet.

Scr. Welcome thou guardian Genius of thy Country!
Born to revenge thy own and all our Wrongs!
Welcome as Peace to *Scroop*, or War to *Henry*.

Har. O, Uncle! must this Man for ever flourish?
Harfleur, as I now pass'd, receiv'd him Conqueror:
How long will he escape the Woes, he gives!
When will he fall, and the wrong'd World have Justice?
But down, big Heart—to-morrow, from the *Dauphin*
Your Hopes, I think, will all find happy End.

Scr. Saw you this peerless Pride of *France*, this *Catherine?*
Our Camp is fill'd with Rumours of her Beauty.

Har. Beauty!——by Heaven, there's Meaning in that Question,
And not in vain these *French* Ambassadors
Have urg'd the Match with *Catharine*—O! no sooner
They spread the Net, than caught the willing Prey!
This Traitor King, This Ruiner of Woman,
Fir'd with her Praise, grows mad to have Her His;
More to undo me, He would blast Himself;
To heap more Shame, more Mis'ry on my Head,
Wou'd meanly wed his Country's Enemy,
And lull a Wife to sleep with my curst Story.

Scr. Quiet the jealous Fiend, that starts within Thee,
And quell these furious Sallies of thy Soul.

There

There is some Reason in thy Fears, but none
In thy wild Transports.
Har. Reason ?——-I detest it——
'Tis that, which gives an Edge to all my Sufferings !
Am I not lost, disgrac'd, forsaken, scorn'd ?
And owe I not this Ruin to my Love ?
Has not the Man I doted on, destroy'd me ?
He, for whose sake I had no Ear for Honour !
Has he not left me like a common Creature,
And *paid* me, like a Prostitute ?—Death find Him !
Has he not offer'd me a saucy Pension,
Told out the Hire of Infamy ? and judg'd
Wealth an Equivalent for my Undoing ?
Has he not dar'd all This ?——and does he now,
While my Disgrace is new, fresh blown, and flagrant,
Now, does he think to live, and wed another !
Calm ? No—Let Cottage Fools, with helpless Sighs,
Bewail their ruin'd Innocence——My Soul,
Full charg'd with Hate, and Pride, breaks out in Passion,
Bold as my Wrongs, and dreadful as my Purpose.
Scr. At least be moderate, till——
Har. Touch me not——
For there's a Flame, that blazes round my Heart,
Will catch, and burn You up, like Fire-touch'd Flax :
Wou'd You be heard with Patience, teach my Fury,
Instruct my Wishes ; Let me learn a Way,
To leave my outstript Will behind my Vengeance ;
Teach me to hunt him thro' the Nights still Dreams ;
To pinch his Soul with Woe, his Heart with Pain,
To rack his restless Thoughts with Discontent,
To wear away his Life in endless Agony,
And feast upon the Joy of his Destruction.
Scr. Retire, where less observ'd, I may convince Thee,
That this new-offer'd Match is yet an Embryo ;
Is yet rejected, and, perhaps, dislik'd !
For I but doubt from some dark Words of *Henry*'s,
What You, with wild Excess of Fear, confirming,
With needless Rage perplex your hurried Soul,
And drive th' unwilling Torment thro' your Bosom.
Har. And was it only Doubt then ?—Pardon me,
In generous Pity of my lost Condition !
Who that is wrong'd like me, can sit down tamely,

And,

And, with dull Goodneſs, bleſs th' Undoer's Wiſhes?
You have forgiv'n me——but the barb'rous World
Meet me with ſpeaking Eyes, and ſilent Scorn;
The baleful Brow of each proud Girl upbraids me;
Where e'er I go, ſome new-born Anguiſh finds me;
And, when I ſtrive to drown the hated Memory
Of my paſt Guilt, ſome keen Reproach, unmeant,
Strikes on the jarring String, untunes my Soul,
And rouſes the pale Image of my Shame:
Heav'n! muſt the Traitor Man purſue our Sex,
With reſtleſs Artifice, and labour'd Vileneſs;
Hunt us thro' all the Wiles, and Turns of Caution,
'Till tir'd with vain Defence, his Snares ſurround us;
And ſhall he then, when, pitying his feign'd Torments,
We give him up our All——ſhall he *then* ſhun us?
With cold Diſdain, or curſt Indifference,
Repay the Fierceneſs of a Flame he rais'd?
And ſhall we not revenge the Traitor's Falſhood?
Religion never ſpoke it——Only Saints,
And cool-ſoul'd Hermits, mortify'd with Care,
And bent by Age and Palſies, whine out Maxims,
Which their briſk Youth had bluſh'd at.

Scr. Gentle *Harriet!*
No more——the Means are rip'ning for a Purpoſe,
Which, once ſucceſsful, will repay thy Sorrows
Back on his Head, who caus'd them;——Thou ſhalt have Means
To attend *Exeter* to the *French* Camp;
There, furthering our Intent, as I'll inſtruct Thee,
Crown wiſh'd Revenge, and diſappoint this Marriage.

Har. O! Uncle, you are wiſe, and ſhall conduct me;
Loſt as I am, I dare beyond my Sex:
Danger is ſcorn'd, when Life becomes a Burden;
And yet, my Soul, impartially ſevere,
Say, what but thy own Weakneſs caus'd this Ruin?

Cou'd Women be, at once, in Love, and wiſe,
And drive the Tell-tale Softneſs from their Eyes;
Th' encourag'd Tempter cou'd not, then, betray,
Aw'd by cold Looks, thoſe Rubs in Paſſion's way;
Then All his Arts wou'd ſooth our Sex in vain,
Nor Hours of Bliſs be paid with Years of Pain.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* French *Camp*.

King of France, Dauphin, *Duke of* Orleans, *as in Council.*

FRENCH KING.

COUSIN of *Orleans*, is their March confirm'd?
Orl. 'Tis certain they have pass'd the River *Soam*,
And Fear may teach us, from our late Examples,
That we can never be too provident;
For *England* her Approaches makes, as fierce,
As Currents to the sucking of a Gulph.
Dau. That we so timely arm'd was well advis'd,
For Peace itself should never sleep so soundly,
Tho' no fear'd War or Quarrel were in Question,
But that Defence, and warlike Preparation,
Should, at due Distance, awe the Eye of Boldness:
The present Cause, however, gives no Fear,
For Hare-brain'd *England* is so idly King'd,
Her Sceptre so fantastically borne,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous, Youth,
That Danger dwells not in her Menaces.
Orl. I doubt, Prince *Dauphin!* we mistake this King;
Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,
With what grave State he heard, and answer'd them:
How well supply'd with noble Counsellors,
How cautious in Exception; but withal,
How terrible in constant Resolution!
And You shall find, his youthful Vanities
But cloth'd Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As skilful Gard'ners thickest earth the Plants,
Which shou'd first shoot, and rise most delicate.

Dau.

Dau. Well! 'tis ſcarce ſo, my Lord of *Orleans!*
But let us think it ſo, it is no Matter!
In Cauſes of Defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he ſeems.

Fr. King. Be it as 'twill; think we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes! look ye ſtrongly arm to meet him;
The Kindred of him have been fleſh'd upon us;
And He is bred out of that bloody Strain,
That haunted us in our familiar Paths:
Witneſs our much too memorable Shame,
When mangled *France* groan'd loud at *Creſſy*'s Field,
And Horror, circling thence, o'er-ſhadow'd All.

Enter Duke of Bourbon.

Bour. The Duke of *Exeter*, from *England*'s King,
Aſks Audience of Your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Say, Couſin *Bourbon*, how near our Camp they lie?

Bour. So near, that *Exeter* this Morning left 'em.

Fr. King. You ſee, this Chace is hotly follow'd, Friends!

Dau. Turn Head, and ſtop Purſuit then—Coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their Mouths, when what they threaten runs
Fartheſt before them ———— Good my Sovereign!
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy You are the Head;
Self-Love was never half ſo vile a Sin,
As Self-neglecting: ———If they be not fought withal,
Let us not live in *France*; Let us quit All,
And give our Vineyards to a barb'rous People.

Fr. King. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, that a few Sprays of us,
Our Cyons on a wild and ſavage Stock,
Shou'd ſhoot thus ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And overtop their Grafters.

Bour. Baſtard *Normans!*
Death to the Fame of *France*, if they march on,
And are not, met and fought, I'll ſell my Dukedom.

Fr. King. Admit the Duke: We'll give him preſent Audience. [*Exit* Bourbon.

Dau.

Dau. Shame of Arms!
Whence is it that these *English* have their Mettle?
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
Does not the Sun, in Spite, look pale upon them?
Can their boil'd Water, muddy Barley-Broth,
Inspire their Blood with such a warlike Heat?
And shall ours, spirited with Wine, be frosty?
Oh! for the Honour of our blushing Country!
Let us not hang like roping Isicles,
Fix'd to our House's Thatch, while this cold People
Sweat in our Sun, and fatten on our Shame.

Fr. King. Be not too rash—a Kingdom's Care requires
Sedate Advice, and cool Resolves, in Danger.

Dau. Your Pardon, Royal Sir! by Faith, and Honour,
Our Madams mock us, and, in plain Terms, say,
Our Mettle is worn out; and that these *English*,
Men of more promising, and active Mould,
Must new-store *France* with bastard Warriors;
They bid us to the *English* Dancing-schools,
And teach *la Valta*'s high, and swift *Curranto's*:
For all our Grace, they say, is in our Heels,
And that we are most lofty Runaways!

Enter Duke of Exeter, *conducted by* Bourbon, *attended by* Harriet, *and other* English.

Fr. King. What would our Brother of *England?*

Exe. He greets You, Sir;
And wills You to divest your borrow'd Glories;
Namely the Crown, and all the wide-stretch'd Honours,
Annex'd by Custom, and the Growth of Time,
To the fam'd Throne of *France*, with all her Dukedoms;
And that you may not stile it an old Claim,
From the dry Dust of dark Oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable Line;
There, when you have o'erlook'd his Pedigree,
From the Third *Edward* evenly deriv'd,
He, from your Justice, hopes the Resignation
Of your large Kingdom, indirectly held
From Him, the Native, and True Challenger:
This is His Claim, and here my Purpose ends,
Unless the *Dauphin* be in Presence —— To *Him*
I bring a separate Greeting.

Dau.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*
I ſtand to anſwer;——What to him from *England?*
Exe. Defiance, ſlight Regard, Contempt, or any Thing,
Which may not miſbecome the mighty Sender;
If, by the Grant of all Demands at large,
You not atone your late preſumptuous Inſult,
He'll call You to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That *France* ſhall tremble for Her Prince's Folly.
Dau. Tell the too Proud Invader, that our Arms
Cou'd, at loſt *Harfleur*'s Gate, have check'd his Raſhneſs;
But 'tis held wiſe to wait an Injury's Ripeneſs ——
And then to bruiſe it——*Harry*'s a Man of Health,
But his poor Realm will ſicken at this War,
And his Exchequer die of a Conſumption,
Catch'd, in repaying *France* her little Loſſes.
Exe. There let it reſt—our King in Perſon comes.
Act as you ſpeak, and he'll forgive you all.
Fr. King. We will in Council weigh th' important Meſſage,
And you ſhall be diſpatch'd with fair Conditions.
[*Exeunt Omnes, but the* Dauphin *and* Harriet.
Dau. What new Diſcovery makes the friendly *Scroop*,
That brings my little *Hermes* back ſo ſuddenly?
Har. Great Prince, your *Engliſh* Friends commend them to you:
The Gold, your Bounty's Pledge, they have receiv'd,
And, with due Thanks accept the Princely Favour;
Warmly inſpir'd with Zeal for Peace, and You:
Their earneſt Care is bleſs'd, by full Detection
Of a baſe Plot, to ſhake your Country's Quiet,
With the deceitful Hand of feign'd Accord.
Dau. Come to my Arms, thou more than manly Spirit!
Dreſs'd in a Woman's Softneſs! why, Thou Charmer,
Thou Angel of a Traitor! what a Treaſure
Of Honour and Reward does All *France* owe Thee!
Say, my *Endymion!* my *Adonis!* tell me,
What wou'd thy Country do?——Can *Engliſhmen*
Be Plotters?——Policy, and They, of old,
Convers'd, like Strangers; Good, rough, heavy Meanings,
Plain Truths, and ſturdy Blows, were what they dealt in;
If they turn Stateſmen, 'twill, indeed, concern us.

Har.

Har. I am to urge your Highness's Consent,
That you wou'd hear my Message in the Presence
Of your illustrious Sister.

Dau. My Sister? Does it then concern the Marriage?

Har. It does surprisingly.

Dau. By Heaven, it pleases me; I'll bring Thee to Her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Princess's Pavilion.*

The Princess, *and* Charlot.

Prin. No, no, my *Charlot!* I disdain the Motive;
Love is a Flame, too bright, too clear, to burn
As Interest bids it;——What imports it me,
That coward *France* can shake at sudden Danger?
What are my Father's Fears to my Affections?
Shall I, because this hot-brain'd King of *England*
Sweeps o'er our Land with War and Devastation,
Shall I, for That, grow fond of the Destroyer?
Smile at the Waste of his unpunish'd Insolence,
Throw myself Headlong into hostile Arms,
And sell my Peace of Mind, to save my Country?
Rather shall Death possess me, than this *Harry.*

Char. O! who can blame you for so just an Anger!
How could your Royal Father think such Ruin?
Such Blasts to nip your Joy?—what! cross the Ocean,
To waste your lovely Youth in a cold Island,
Cloudy, and dull! cut off from all Mankind,
Stormy, and various, as the People's Temper!
While the wide Continent is fill'd with Kings,
Who court your Beauty, and wou'd die to please you.

Prin. Am I, because they call my Father Sovereign,
To be the Slave, the Property, of *France?*
Can nothing buy their Peace, but my Undoing?
How nobler were it to quell Rage with Fury!
In Arms to check the bold Invader's Pride,
Meet Storm with Storm, and buckle in a Whirlwind!
Then, if the dire Event swept me away,
My Ruin, though 'twere dreadful, would be glorious:
But to hold out a Proffer of my Person,
Poorly, and at a Distance! Hang me out,

Like

Like a ſhook Flag of Truce!—oh! 'tis a Meanneſs!
That ſhames Ambition, and makes Pride look pale!
Where is the boaſted Strength of Manhood now?
Sooner than ſtoop to This, were mine the Sceptre,
I wou'd turn *Amazon*;————My Softneſs hid
In glitt'ring Steel, and my plum'd Helmet nodding
With terrible Adornment, I wou'd meet
This *Henry* with a Flame more fierce than Love.

Enter Dauphin *and* Harriet.

Dau. How's this, my Siſter? Fir'd with Rage, and Menace?
What haplefs Object has inſpir'd this Tranſport?
Prin. The Kingdom, Brother; Is it then a Wonder,
That I, with due Diſdain, receive the News,
That I am doom'd your Victim?
Dau. You have Reaſon,
'Tis on that Subject, I would gladly ſpeak,
And wiſh your private Ear. [*Exit* Charlot.
Prin. This gentle Youth,
Th'experienc'd Friend of *France*, brings ſome Diſcovery,
Which nearly touching your lov'd Intereſt, moves me
To hear th' important Meſſage in your Preſence.
Har. Oh! matchleſs Pattern of imperial Beauty!
That Heav'n, that gave you Charms, protects 'em ſtrongly:
Your Royal Father, the known Friend of Peace,
Still nobly anxious for his Country's Safety,
Sent a late Embaſſy, and offer'd *You*:
You, fam'd for Beauty! You, much more a Princeſs
By your diſtinguiſh'd Charms, than by your Birth.
Prin. 'Tis well, young Orator! Flatt'ry, I find,
Is of your Iſland's Growth; ſo warm a Vice
Cou'd not, I thought, have brook'd ſo raw a Climate.
Dau. On with thy Tale;——If Flatt'ry is a Sin,
Her Mercy has been taught to give it Pardon.
Har. I need not tell you, how our ſtubborn Monarch,
Safe in blind Diſtance, and a Stranger yet
To thoſe all conqu'ring Eyes, refus'd the Offer;
Refus'd a Gem, whoſe countleſs Value, known,
Will make Refuſal its own Puniſhment:
Yet 'twas refus'd————But when th' Ambaſſadors Were,

Were, with ſevere Defiance, ſent away,
Henry a ſudden Council call'd together;
In which, forgetful of his boaſted Plainneſs,
That open, honeſt, Heart, he would lay Claim to:
He told his Lords, and gain'd their joint Concurrence,
That, when advanc'd ſtill farther into *France*,
When Fire and Sword ſhould ſpread his Fame before Him,
Means would be found to cloſe with courted Peace,
And wed the Princeſs with improv'd Conditions;
'Tis true, he cry'd, I hate Her, for her Race,
But what has Love to do in Prince's Weddings?
The Match will ſerve to lull their Arms aſleep;
And, when that fair Occaſion ſmiles upon me,
I'll ſeize th' unguarded Kingdom ———
Dau. Why, 'tis well!
Forewarn'd by this Intelligence, we'll match Him
With Treaſons, which become a Man's Deſigning:
He weaves the Web too courſe; not every Will
Is fram'd for Miſchief —— Policy requires
Spirit, and Thought! mere Blood and Bone can't reach it.
Prin. You, Brother, may content yourſelf with That;
But I not brook ſo well the Shame deſign'd me;
I am, on Both Sides, then, the Toy of State!
One King's Condition, and the other's Engine!
The Tool, which *Harry*'s Treaſon is to work with!
Whence ſhall I borrow Rage to ſpeak my Anger?
O! aid me, all ye Stings of Indignation!
Lend me thy Gall, thou bitter-hearted Jealouſy!
And ev'ry Fury, that can *laſh*, aſſiſt me!
What will my Peaceful Father ſay to this?
Yes! He has choſen nobly for his Daughter!
Charles has a gen'rous Son-in-Law in *Harry!*
O *France!* what lazy Froſt has chill'd your Blood?
Where is that Pride of Arms, that boaſted Courage,
Which your vain Tongues are ſwell'd with? ———
Where's the Soul,
That, in the warlike *Gauls*, your glorious Anceſtors!
Shook the proud World, and ſham'd the *Roman Cæſars?*
If there remains the Shadow of paſt Glory,
If any Spark yet glimmers in your Breaſts,

Of your once furious Fire, Go, down upon Him;
Scatter his Army, like the Wind-driven Sands,
Seize him alive, and bring him me a Priſoner.

Dau. Prithee, no more of this vain, Woman's, Raving;
What we can do, we will:——But, for the Marriage;
Spite of this new-giv'n Argument, I fear,
My Father's Love of Peace will force it forward.

Prin. Sooner ſhall the two Kingdoms join their Cliffs,
And, ruſhing with a ſudden Bound, together,
Daſh the dividing Sea, to waſh the Clouds.

Har. What I have ſaid, your Highneſſes will hold
As a fair Proof, however elſe unwelcome,
That you have watchful Agents;—well they know
The faithleſs *Henry*'s Love of Change, and Roving;
And, when they thought, with Pity, on the Crowds,
The countleſs Crowds of Beauties, He has ruin'd,
Then ſcorn'd, and left for new ones, they grew ſad,
And, ſighing, told each other, 'twere a Shame,
The lovely Princeſs ſhou'd be match'd ſo ill!

Enter Duke of Bourbon.

Bour. Prince *Dauphin!* our Deſigns miſcarry widely;
Your needful Preſence, only, can ſupport us:
The King, hemm'd in with cringing Paraſites,
Debates, what Anſwer ſhould be ſent to *Henry:*
And ſeems determin'd to propoſe an Interview
With *England*'s King, a ſhameful Interview!
To urge this Match!

Har. O, Madam, ſtrive to croſs it;
Or you are loſt for ever!———*Henry*'s Eye,
Shou'd he once ſee You, will reform his Will,
And he'll forego the Crown to conquer You.

Dau. Tarry, till I return, with ſwift Inſtruction,
What Anſwer you ſhall bear our *Engliſh* Friends.

[*Exeunt* Dauphin *and* Bourbon.

Prin. —What! and no more, than ſo? gone thus, and left me
Diſtracted, unaſſur'd, and torn with Terrors?
O! periſh all the wily Aims of Policy!
Theſe Stateſmens Craft confounds the tortur'd World:
And Truth, and Innocence, are hunted by them.
O! hard Condition ours! twin-born with Greatneſs!

What

What infinite Heart's Ease does high Birth lose,
That the low World enjoys!—and what boast we,
Save Ceremony, which low Life has not too?
And, what art Thou? thou, Idol Ceremony?
What else, but Place? Degree, and empty Form?
What drink'st thou of, instead of Homage sweet,
But poison'd Flatt'ry?—O! be sick, vain Greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee Cure?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the Beggar's Knee,
Command the Health of it?—No, thou proud Dream!
Laid in thy high-rais'd and majestick Bed,
Thou sleep'st less soundly, than the wretched Slave;
Who, with full Body, and a vacant Mind,
Gets him to Rest, cram'd with distressful Bread,
Never sees horrid Night, that Child of Hell!
But sweats in the Sun's Eye, from Rise to Set,
And follows so the ever-rolling Year,
With profitable Labour to his Grave!
And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Has greatly the Advantage of a King!
But I neglect the Stranger ——— Gentle Youth!
Forgive me, that my Sorrows, breaking o'er me,
Half drown'd Remembrance of the Thanks I owe You;
Why look you sad?—does any Grief oppress you?

Hur. Alas! great Princess! Grief, and I, have long,
Too long, been join'd—Perhaps, 'twou'd tire your Ear,
T' amuse you with a Tale of private Woe;
Else, I could melt your Pity into Tears,
And force some Sighs, to honour my Distresses:
I have a Sister—Ah! no——I *had* a Sister!
Whom flatt'ring Lovers call'd her Sex's Wonder!
Deceitful *Henry* saw, and, seeing, lov'd Her:
He knelt——he swore——he pray'd——he sigh'd——
he threaten'd ———
Like Heav'n, he promis'd Joys, beyond expressing:
My Sister, long resisting, felt, at last,
The rising Passion swell her struggling Soul;
The kindled Fire grew stronger by Resistance,
And warm'd her slow Desire to yielding Ruin:
There broke the Charm———the fancied Treasure
vanish'd,

And bitter Penitence, and conſcious Guilt,
Became the gnawing Vultures of her Boſom;
The treach'rous Prince no longer vow'd a Paſſion,
But baſely ſhun'd the Wretchedneſs he caus'd.

Prin. See if the tender Creature does not weep!
Alas! thy mournful Story fills my Heart
With Grief, almoſt as pow'rful as thy own;
Truſt me, 'twas baſe in *Henry*, thus to leave Her.

Har. O Princeſs! He's a general, known Deceiver!
Far may your Fate divide you from his Wiles!
I could ſwell Time, and wear away the Sun,
In diſmal Stories of his perjur'd Loves.

Re-enter the Dauphin.

Dau. Curſes unnumber'd blaſt the cank'ry Breath
Of yon vile Sycophants!———I came too late;
The mean Reſolve was paſt;—My Arts prevail'd not:
The two Kings meet, and all my Hopes are Air.

Har. Something muſt be reſolv'd, that may prevent
This dang'rous Treaty, or you're loſt for ever.

Dau. Fear not, I'll manage All to our Advantage;
But let us waſte no Moments;————Here, within,
I will inſtruct you further in my Purpoſe.

Now Fortune aid me, and inſpire my Soul
With Force, theſe peaceful Counſels to controul;
Meekneſs, tho' wiſe, ſits tott'ring on a Throne;
And ſuff'ring Kingdoms King's falſe Steps atone:
In me let *France* her ancient Fire reſume,
Or cruſh me nobly in my Country's Doom.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A* French *Pavilion.*

Princess, *and* Charlot.

PRINCESS.

O, *Charlot!* how will this new Trial shake me!
What shall I do to arm my threaten'd Mind
Against th' Assaults of Madness?--Tyrant Duty!
Why are thy Laws so binding?———If Obedience
Must thus be blind, then, sure! Command shou'd see
With Eagle-Ey'd Discernment!—Unkingly Father!
As if, to offer me, were Shame too gentle;
Curse on the blushful Thought!—I'll go to meet him!
Meanly obtrude myself upon his Scorn,
And hear the Bargain of my Price debated!
Is this to be a Princess? Perish Pride!
Oh let my base Example teach the Humble,
How happy 'tis to stand below Ambition.

Char. Were my poor Counsel worthy your Attention,
There's yet a Way, perhaps, to move the King;
His Tenderness is equal to his Fear,
And may be mov'd to counterpoise Your Danger:
Disclose, with speaking Tears, the fatal Secret;
Tell him, how All Your Heart, already fill'd,
Has Room for no new Comer.

Prin. Art thou mad?
That were a dreadful Means to wound me deeper:
The Pride of State would then new-fire his Anger,
And I, by Force, driv'n on, to wed this Monster,
This fighting Dæmon in the Dress of Royalty!
Should lose all Hope once more to see the Stranger,
The lov'ly, unknown, Conqu'ror!—whose Addresses,
Whose, not to be describ'd, un-nam'd, Perfections,

Twelve long Months ſince firſt charm'd my liſt'ning Soul'
Spite of unequal Birth, to wiſh him mine,
And even tho' hated *England* gave him Being.

Char. There I have ſomething new to warm Your Hope with:
Led, by kind Chance, among the ſhining Train
Of *Engliſh* Youth, who came with *Exeter*,
Occaſion gave me Scope to form ſome Queſtions,
Which paſt as an unmeaning Love of Novelty:
I aſk'd what Cavalier, ſome twelve Months ſince,
Glitt'ring with Gems, outſhone by his Behaviour,
Came with the Earl of *Weſtmoreland* to *France*;
Was call'd his Nephew, thrice appear'd at Court,
Then vaniſh'd, on Pretence of further Travel:
By this Deſcription, All, at once, agreed,
That *Owen Tudor* was the Perſon meant;
And laviſh'd Hours of Rhet'ric in his Praiſes.

Prin. Alas! did I not know all This before?
England boaſts no ſuch Charmer, but her *Tudor!*
This is not, what I hop'd, from thy Beginning.

Char. I further learnt, that *Tudor*'s Birth is ſuch,
As may intitle Him to Royal Love;
That fear'd Objection is of Force no longer,
When your great Father ſhall perceive your Flame,
Burning, undimn'd, for an Imperial Offſpring,
Deriv'd from a long Line of *Britain*'s Kings.

Prin. Ay! this indeed ſtrikes Luſtre thro' my Sorrows!
There's Promiſe in this Hope—O! gentle *Charlot!*
Secret, as Death, conceal the dear Intelligence,
As a laſt Prop to my endanger'd Paſſion:
Now, will I boldly meet this Champion Lover!
This courtly Sir—who wooes in War, and Thunder!

Enter Dauphin.

So, Brother, will the King conſent to ſpare me?
Or muſt I ſtoop to ſee this ſhameful Interview?

Dau. You muſt excite Your Spirits to Your Aid,
And bid a bold Defiance to Your Bluſhes;
I've try'd all Arts, in vain, that Reaſon teaches.
Come!——I muſt guide You to the Liſts of Love,
And You muſt teach Your Charms new Ways of Wounding:

The

The King will have Your Beauty take the Field,
And does not fear, he says, but You can conquer!—
Him, whom our Armies fly from, You must face.

Prin. Yes—I will go; but not, as He expects me,
I'll face this Foe of *France*; like *France*'s Daughter!
The Woes of Ruin overtake those Reptiles,
Whose dronish Souls, bent under Age, or Fear,
Have thus misled their Master!———Yes, my Eyes
Shall dart keen Glances—but the Wounds, they give,
Shall be of Shame, not Love— [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Dau. Hark! That shrill Trumpet's Notice summons Us!
Now, Sister! rouze your Gall; and loose those Storms,
Those restless Tempests, which, provok'd by Scorn,
Whirl, with impatient Rage, round Woman's Soul:
Fearless, defend the Freedom of your Choice,
And, with bold Innocence, assert your Hate:
I'll watch the rising Moments of Occasion,
And aid Your glorious Purpose, all I can.
Come—Let us dare the Brink of this rude Precipice,
Which, cutting off our Way, must stop our Journey,
Or, being bravely leapt, make Safety honourable. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to a Barrier, on a Bridge, Trumpets from Both Sides.*

Enter, on one Part, the French *King, on the Bridge, attended by the Dukes of* Orleans, *and* Bourbon, *&c. below:* ——— *On the other Side of the Bridge, King* Henry, *with the Dukes of* Exeter, *and* York, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Gray, *below:*

[*The Kings Embrace over the Bar.*]

Fr. King. The Peace, we wish for, smile upon this Meeting!
Health and the Joys of a long happy Life
To our lov'd Brother *England!*—Right glad we are
Thus to behold Your Face; bless'd be the Issue
Of this good Day! that these contending Kingdoms,
England, and neighb'ring *France!* whose Chalky Shores
Look pale with Envy, at Each other's Happiness,
May, henceforth, cease their Hate, and plant Accord!

'Till War no more advance her bleeding Sword,
To prey on Strife between them!

K. *Henry.* To This, Amen!

Fr. King. Since we thus meet You, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand th' Impediment, why Peace,
Dear Nurse of Arts! shou'd not in this best Garden
Of the fair World, lift up her lovely Visage?
Too plain, alas! the Marks of her short Absence!
Our Vine, the merry Chearer of the Heart,
Withers unprun'd;——Our Hedges, shooting wild,
Like careless Pris'ners, overgrown with Hair,
Thrust forth disorder'd Twigs; Darnel, and Hemlock,
Root on our fallow Lays, and, springing thick,
Beneath their Shade, hide the neglected Culter.

K. *Hen.* Not for Delight in Blood have we thus far
Advanc'd our Standard in the Eye of *France*;
Our deep-laid Purpose boasts a nobler Meaning:
The Eye of Kings shou'd watch their People's Safety:
And Ill shou'd I discharge the Trust, Heav'n lends me,
If, sleeping o'er the Wrongs, You do my Country,
I not demanded back the Power, You hold,
And turn, with threat'ning Point, against our Bosom.

Fr. King. Of this, already, we have let You know
Our Thoughts, and Purpose;—It remains, to weigh,
If, by wide-diff'ring Means, we may not reach
The End, we jointly aim at?———Many Arrows
Come to one Mark: Far distant Rivers flow
Ten thousand Ways, yet meet in one main Sea!
How many Lines close in the Dial's Centre!
So, may our various Purposes, at last,
Meet, in one fix'd Resolve, and please us Both.

Enter the Dauphin *on the Bridge, leading the* Princess *in a Veil, attended by* Charlot.

Our Son, the *Dauphin*, has, we hear, of late,
Fir'd with the first warm Flash of Provocation,
Return'd Defiance, with too fierce a Throw;
Young Blood will boil;--and You, so fam'd for Courage,
Will weigh that Error light;—Receive Him, Brother,
As one, who wishes Peace, and seeks Your Love.
[*Presenting the* Dauphin.

Dau.

Dau. Sir! Kings, and Fathers, claim a double Right
[*To King* Henry.
To tax our Duty; and *will* be obey'd;
I wou'd have met you with a warmer Grasp,
Had *France* been held by me; but since His Will,
Who governs mine, holds back the Edge of War,
And wou'd reach Peace, by Roads less sharp, and rugged,
I greet your Royal Presence; and submit
To Measures, which I cannot, yet, approve.

K. Hen. Approve is mine—I'm yet your Debtor, Sir,
But purpose to repay the Favour soon;
The Time is near, when you, perchance, may feel,
That wise Defiance should be arm'd with Safety,
And Fierceness, wanting Strength, but gnaws herself.

Dau. When that wish'd Time——

Fr. King. Our Son, reply no more;
Daughter! Your Hand.

Prin. Your Pardon, Royal Sir! if I offend,
Or seem to wrong the Promise of my Duty!
I came in forc'd Obedience to Your Will,
To attend this Interview;—But if your Majesty
Permits me to declare my secret Thoughts
Of *England*'s King, our public Enemy;
Then let that Duty which I owe my Country,
Inspire me to confess, what fix'd Aversion,
What rooted Hatred, Nature bids me bear
To Him, of all Mankind, the most abhorr'd;
Who brings Destruction on to mark his Way,
And wooes the Daughter, with the Father's Ruin.

Dau. Bravely declar'd, thou Sister of my Soul. [*Aside.*

K. *Hen.* Sorry we ought to be, that War's Offences
Have made the Fair our Foe:——You are an Enemy,
Whom we, spite of your being such, can fear!

Prin. Oh my high-beating Heart! 'tis *Tudor*'s Voice!

K. *Hen.* In vain you shade Your Charms——That lovely Face,
Hid, as it is, remains no Stranger to us;
We wear your Image, Lady! on our Heart.

Prin. 'Tis He!——'Tis *Tudor!*——O! amazing Chance! [*Aside.*
Where slept my soul, that, at our first Approach,
It flew not forth to meet him?—Support me, *Charlot*,

A ſudden Miſt dances before my Eyes.
O, *Charlot!* This is He! Whom we thought *Tudor*
[*To* Charlot.
Was Royal *Henry!* What a Chance is This?
Let me lean on Thee to devour his Accents,
And gaze him thro' at ev'ry Word He ſpeaks!
K. *Hen.* Drawn by the ſoft Remembrance of your Charms,
Which, in my late-loſt Father's Days, I ſaw,
When, at Your Court, I was a Gueſt unknown;
In Honour, Madam! of your hoſtile Beauty,
I ſtopt th' impetuous Progreſs of my Arms!
Rein'd *in* the Vigour of impatient War,
And waſted Fortune's Smiles to gain this Meeting:
If I, now, liſten to the Voice of Peace,
Whence muſt it come, but from the Call of Love?
When You, fair Foe! ſhall try your wondrous Pow'r.
I cannot promiſe Fame, t' oppoſe Your Will:
The healing Sweetneſs of Your ſoft Command,
Spread o'er your reſcued Land, might quiet War;
Might, like ſweet Muſick's Influence, ſtill your Air;
Might bid loud Diſcord die away, before it,
And drown th' inſpiring Trumpet's ſhrill Alarms.
Prin. Foe, as you are to *France*, there ſhines, methinks,
A kind of manly Merit in Your Meaning;
Something! I know not what, that Courage charms with,
Wakes my Diſcernment to admire your Worth,
And, ſpite of my Reſentment, bids me greet You:
Bow to your Virtues, and confeſs Your Glory:
Cou'd my Deſires incline Your Wills to Peace,
Th' unbrac'd Drum ſhou'd ſleep, and the glad Trumpet
Fall its fierce Hoarſeneſs, and inſpire Delight;
All ſhould be calm, and while th' unruffl'd Kingdoms
Huſh down the troubled Swell of dying Strife,
France ſhou'd no more, in her torn Bowels, feel
The ſtrong Convulſions which ſhe ſhakes with now.
Fr. King. Why, that's well ſaid —— So ſpeaks the Sex's Soſtneſs;
Your gentle Natures were not fram'd for Diſcord.
Dau. Siſter! That Miſt you talk'd of, has, I doubt,
Riſen o'er Your Senſes, and obſcur'd Your Memory.
Sir! on my Knees, ſince your too gracious Nature
[*To the* French *King.*
Stands

Stands bent to Quiet, and o'ervalues Danger,
I beg Permiſſion to unfold a Notice,
The welcome Import of whoſe ſmiling Promiſe
May rouſe Your Royal Soul to change its Purpoſe.

Fr. King. Riſe, and, with all juſt Freedom, ſpeak your Meaning.

Dau. Ev'n now, as I approach'd your Royal Preſence,
Poſts, from our ſeveral Camps, have brought Intelligence,
That theſe raſh *Engliſh* are inclos'd betwixt us;
Fully ſixty-thouſand *French*, this Night, ſurround 'em!
Yet, at this glorious Juncture, we ſubmit
To loſe in Treaty what is ours by Arms.

K. *Hen.* Enjoy, unenvy'd, that imagin'd Benefit:
Courage is poorly hous'd, that dwells in Number:
The Lion never counts the Herd about him,
Nor weighs how many Flocks he has to ſcatter:
My Followers ſcarce are more than one to ſix
Of Your incircling Swarms;—Sickneſs has ſhrunk us,
And the enfeebled Few, whom I command,
Are now ſcarce better than as many *Frenchmen*;
Yet, when we pleaſe to move, we ſhall come on,
Tho' *France*, conjoin'd with ſuch another Neighbour,
Stood in our Way;—Now, ev'n this Night, we'll march!
Paſſage left free, 'tis well!———if 'tis diſputed,
We ſhall your tawny Plains, with your hot Blood
Diſcolour.—Now, You know our State and Purpoſe.

Fr. King. Advantage cannot change my Love of Peace,
And I yet offer the propos'd Conditions.

K. *Hen.* What in my Flow of Fortune I refus'd,
Can never in its Ebb deſerve Acceptance.

Dau. *France* has but ſlept, proud King, tho' ſhe ſeem'd dead!
Now ſhall thy puniſh'd Folly ſhame thy Weakneſs;
Now ſhalt thou praiſe our Patience;———*England*'s Inſolence
Shall bow beneath the Ranſom of her Pride!
I cannot ſee what Chance can ſave Thee now;
Thou art ſo near the Gulph, thou need'ſt muſt drive
'Till catch'd, whirl'd round, and ſwallow'd!—Therefore, haſte,
Remind thy Followers of a ſhort Repentance,

That

That, from our vengeful Fields, their Souls aſcending,
May make a peaceful and ſedate Departure,
While their doom'd Bodies, mould'ring on our Plains,
Enrich our Harveſts, and atone thy Miſchief.

K. *Hen.* Madam! My Heart had Hopes, that Your ſweet Voice
Might, free from Interruption, have decided
The yet uncertain End of bloody War;
But This gay Prince, ambitious of Diſtinction,
Ill brooks, that any but himſelf ſhould talk:
Sir!——It is well——Your Words are full of Fire!
Take heed, the duſty Field choak not the Blaze:
My ſurly Soldiers cannot threaten thus;
Their ſpeaking Actions keep their Valour ſilent,
And when their Swords find Work, their Tongues are idle;
But for their Bodies, many ſhall, no doubt,
Find Native Graves; and Monuments, on which
Witneſs of this Day's Work ſhall live in Braſs:
For thoſe, who leave their ſcatter'd Bones in *France*,
Dying like Men, tho' bury'd on your Dunghills,
Ev'n there, your Sun ſhall greet them with his Beams,
And draw their reeking Honours up to Heav'n:
But I grow proud;——This Air of *France* infects me:
And I am ſwell'd with your contagious Vanity!
No more—when next we meet, our Swords ſhall argue.

Fr. King. Why then 'tis War!——

Dau. 'Tis Glory and Revenge!

[*Exeunt ſeverally the Kings, followed by the* Engliſh *and* French *Parties.*

Princeſs *and* Charlot *come forward on the Stage.*

Prin. Now! what can Flatt'ry find to give me Comfort?
Where are my Proſpects now? Did ever Fortune
Thus ſend Diſcovery in a Flaſh of Hope!
Juſt to ſhew Joy, then leave it loſt in Darkneſs!

Char. How happy had your Highneſs now been made,
Cou'd you have known, that All you wiſh'd was *Henry!*

Prin. Tormentor! So they paint the puniſh'd Fiends,
Stung by an envy'd View of diſtant Heaven!
Now is War's raging Tide again broke in,
And all my Hopes are ſwept away before it:

O,

O, cruel! Tantalizing! Curse of Fortune!
In high-try'd Malice just to shew him to me!
Just to convince me what a Bliss 'twou'd be,
To have him mine; then drag him ever from me!
Heaven! —— How he talk'd! —— His Words, like Summer Breezes,
Ruffled, and fann'd at once my glowing Soul:
O! what a Scorn of Danger grac'd his Eyes!
What wanton Gayness sparkled in His Smiles,
And made even Terror charming! Then his Courage!
With what a clear and equal Fire it blaz'd!
Not blown about, or spread, by Blasts of Anger:
How manly, yet how tender, was his Love!
O! I shall die with Shame of my own Folly;
Who ever labour'd thus to be undone,
And courted her own Misery? who knows,
If the two Armies join, whether his Breast
May not be gor'd by some ill-guided Spear?
And his Blood pay the Price of my mistaking!
It is too much! O *Charlot!* I am mad!
I cannot bear the Thought! Horror distracts me!

Char. Lord *Scroop*'s young Messenger not yet has left
Our Camp, but waits some Letters from the *Dauphin*;
Perhaps, if he were trusted with your Wishes,
He might propose some Means ——

Prin. Ha! —— say no more ——
For thou hast started something in my Soul,
That bears a Form too dreadful for Description.
The Letters, which my Brother sends, are meant
To bring on Treason, and inhuman Murder!
The Death of *Henry* was propos'd from *England*,
And who can answer for my Brother's Hate?
Crush the false Traitors, All-avenging Heav'n!
But Heav'n is slow to punish —— Let me think ——
Why may not I? —— I must —— I will prevent it ——

Ages to come, when they shall hear the Fame
Of my just Act, shall bless my living Name;
What tho' his Arms my Country's Peace oppose?
All who hate Treason, and strike gen'rous Blows,
Shall praise this Deed, which I to Honour owe;
And, in the Lover's Cause, forget the Foe.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* English *Pavilion.*

King Henry, *and Duke of* Exeter.

K. HENRY.

FROM the *French* Camp? to ſpeak with me in private!
What can it mean?—and talks of Traitors, ſaid you?
Exe. Brought to my Tent, ſhe earneſtly aſſur'd me,
I cou'd not more contribute to your ſafety,
Than by procuring Her a private Audience.
K. *Hen.* Admit Her, Uncle. [*Exit Duke of* Exeter.
A Woman Meſſenger from the *French* Camp!
There muſt be Myſt'ry in't———My wakeful Soul
With ſudden Hurry, beats the Alarm within me!
Were I inclin'd to ſuperſtitious Dreamings,
Or apt to build on Signs, or idle Omens,
There ſhou'd be Danger near me.—Welcome Lady?

Enter Charlot.

To what unuſual Cauſe are we oblig'd
For your fair Greeting?
Char. If my trembling Lips
Can ſpeak the Purpoſe of my beating Heart,
I, from the Princeſs *Catharine*, come to greet you;
Command a truſty Guard to follow me,
And I'll point out a diſcover'd Traitor;
But loſe no Time——The Lords of *France*, who came
To guide me hither, Strangers to my Purpoſe,
Hold him, without, in unſuſpected Conference:
Haſte——leſt he 'ſcape you, and your threaten'd Life
Be caught by ſudden Danger!
K. *Hen.* Life! what Life!
Cool thy Impatience, gentle Lady! ſtay,
And temperately explain thy dark Intention.

Char.

Char. O! do not trifle with th' important Moments:
Give me a Guard, and save yourself from Treason:
The Princess gives you Life, and bids me tell you,
She will not over-rate the gen'rous Merit;
But hopes, that thus disarming War's worst Meaning
Entitles Her to claim the Thanks of Peace.
K. *Hen.* Uncle of *Exeter!*

Enter Exeter.

Exe. What wills my Liege?
K. *Hen.* Call me a chosen Guard. [*Exit* Exeter.
Char. One thing I had forgot;
The Princess, fearful, for her Person's Safety,
Claims Leave to pass your interposing Camp,
And enter yon near Castle, *Agincourt*;
This was my only known and public Errand.
K. *Hen.* She shall have Royal, and illustrious Welcome;
The Safety she bestows, she must command;
We judge the Occasion happy, and we hope,
The noble-minded Princess, passing near,
Will honour us with Licence to declare,
What Thanks our Heart must owe Her; for our Words
Wou'd sully our Conceptions, and deceive Her!

Re-enter Exeter, *with a Guard.*

Go with this Lady, and observe Her Orders,
And whom she points you out, seize and secure.
[*Exeunt Omnes, but the King.*
My Soul, with keen Impatience, waits the Issue
Of this strange Notice—Treason?—'tis impossible!
Whom has my short Reign wrong'd?——what want a People,
Whom Wealth and Plenty smile upon at home,
And whom, abroad, the Fame of Arms makes dreadful?
What wou'd Complaint have more?--Ill-judging Vulgar!
Were it not glorious to make Millions happy,
Who that had Sense of Bliss, wou'd be a King!
Th' unbusied Shepherd, stretch'd beneath the Hawthorn,
His careless Limbs thrown out in wanton Ease,
With thoughtless Gaze perusing the arch'd Heav'n's,
And idly whistling, while His Sheep feed round him;

Enjoys

Enjoys a ſweeter Shade, than That of Canopies,
Hem'd in with Cares, and ſhook by Storms of Treaſon!

Re-enter Exeter.

Now Uncle! what Diſcovery?
Exe. Near Your Pavilion ſtood ſome *French* of Figure;
And with them a fair *Engliſh* Youth, whom oft
I have obſerv'd, and wonder'd at his Beauty;
The Lady mark'd him out, then took her leave,
And as ſhe left, we ſeiz'd him ———
K. *Hen.* Let him come in alone.

Exeter *goes out, enter* Harriet *in Confuſion.*

A very Boy!——Treaſon in thee buds early!
Who art Thou? ſay———to whom thou doſt belong?
Silent?—Nay, then there's Guilt! why art thou dumb?
Come farther this way———if thou ſhun'ſt the Light,
Thy Deeds have Darkneſs in them--Immortal Heav'n!
What is it, that I ſee?———Canſt Thou be *Harriet?*
Har. Canſt Thou be *Henry,* and alive to aſk it?
O! 'tis with Juſtice, Fate, thus, overtakes me,
For having meanly linger'd in my Vengeance!
High Heav'n will reach Thee, Tyrant! tho' I cannot;
Since thy ſtill fortunate Deceits protect Thee;
Since perjur'd Love does not alone upbraid Thee,
But thy Eternal Wiles win all alike,
And ev'n thy Foes grow treach'rous, and aſſiſt Thee.
K. *Hen.* But is it poſſible, that Thou conſpir'ſt?
That Thou canſt wiſh me dead?
Har. Inſulting Tyrant!
Cool, froſty-hearted Monſter!——Wiſh Thee dead?
Why, 'tis the only glorious Hope I live for!
Think on the Mis'ries, Thou haſt wrung my Soul with;
The biting Shame, the never-dying Anguiſh!
Think on the guilty Arts, the Oaths, the Subtleties!
The endleſs, inexpreſſible Deceits!
The Wiles, and Perjuries, which have undone me!
Think on the feign'd Endearments; ſtudied Graces!
Falſe Smiles; enticing Raptures! labour'd Flatt'ries!
And all that nameleſs Train of ſilent Treach'ries
Which help'd thy tempting Tongue to make me wretched!

Look

Look back on all this dreadful Pile of Baſeneſs,
And then, —— Oh! Heav'n! —— if then thou dar'ſt
look farther!
If frighted Mem'ry does not fly thy Soul;
Think, in the bitter Agonies of Conſcience,
What follow'd all this Train of Preparation:
See me abandon'd to the Laſh of Shame;
Turn'd out an Object for ſharp-ey'd Deriſion,
By Friends forſaken, and diſown'd by Kindred:
Wild, and diſtracted, with unconquer'd Sorrow!
Expos'd, to be the Mirth of wiſer Hypocrites,
And ſtand the Scorn-Mark of the hooting World:
Death!—Thou Deſtroyer! think of This! and then,
In the cool Inſolence of Pride, and Majeſty,
Aſk me again———if I can wiſh Thee dead?

K. *Hen.* 'Tis true, fair Murd'rer! I have greatly
wrong'd Thee!
And, yet, not I—but what I once was, wrong'd Thee:
'Tis a ſad Theme, and Reaſon trembles at it:
Yet, what *can* be—all that weak Words can give Thee,
And Grief, and Penitence, and Shame, and Love,
All this, ſit down, and hear, to calm thy Soul.
[*Takes her Hand.*

Har. Periſh that treacherous Smoothneſs ——
Unhand me, that my curdled Blood, all chill'd,
As at a Serpent's Sting, when thou com'ſt near me,
May flow in Freedom, and give Pow'r to curſe Thee.
[*Breaks from Him.*

K. *Hen.* Have you not Prudence? Are you mad?—
Come hither!
I muſt, by gentle Force, compel thy Paſſion,
Since Reaſon cannot guide tempeſtuous Sorrow:
Calm thy loud Ravings——If thy Shame offends thee,
Why wou'dſt thou thus proclaim it? Be wiſer, *Harriet!*
The quick-ear'd Camp will ſpread the Tell-tale Sorrow:
Nay, 'tis in vain to ſtruggle; ſit, and hear me.
[*He forces her into a Chair, and ſits down by her.*
Sit, and be patient, while Repentance pleads,
And Love's ſoft Sympathy condoles thy Woe;
As yet, this Dreſs, and its too bloody Purpoſe
Conceal Thee, and thou may'ſt be ſtill conceal'd.

Har. What wilt thou do? Why doſt thou thus compel
me Helpleſs,

Helpleſs, to liſten to the Voice of Ruin?
[*Snatches at his Sword.*
Give me thy Sword——thy Words have loſt all Pow'r
To give me Comfort?——Is that too deny'd me?
Then I muſt I hear Thee; hear thy baſe Upbraidings;
Friendleſs, and deſtitute of all Aſſiſtance,
Muſt ſit, and tremble at my loſt Condition:
Yet, Thou art guiltier far than I can be!
O! Thou wert born to pull down Miſery on me. [*Weeping.*
And every Way to ruin and deſtroy me.

K. *Hen.* If, in this dreadful Conflict of thy Soul,
Diſtracted Judgment holds her ruffled Empire,
Liſten, and mark what my ſad Heart ſhall utter.
Fatal our Courſe of Paſſion!——Its Effect
Proves bitter——but the Cauſe was tend'reſt Love!
Youth is unbridled, blind, and void of Fear,
Ever determin'd,——deaf to Conſequence,
And rolling forward upon Pleaſure's Byas:
All Youth is thus——but mine was worſe than All!
Wild, and diſorderly, beyond Example!
Why did not thy diſcerning Reaſon tell thee,
A Wretch, like me, deſerv'd no Pity from thee!
How cou'd a Madman's Hurry weigh thy Worth?
But Thou wilt ſay, my Oaths and Vows deceiv'd thee!
Aſcribe that Guilt to thy own Pow'r of Charming:
When the Blood boils, and Beauty fires the Soul,
What will the Tongue not ſwear?——Diſcretion then,
Does, with a Peacock's Feather, fan the Sun;
Yet, in the midſt of all thoſe wild Deſires,
Which then divided my impatient Mind,
Thou wert the warmeſt Wiſh my Soul purſu'd!
My Love to thee, was permanent and ſtrong;
Thy Beauties were my waking Theme; and Night
Grew charming by ſoft Dreams of thy Perfection.
Were I now what I was, when *Harriet* bleſs'd me,
Still were I Hers——My Love can never die!
And I think on thee, *Harriet*, with ſuch Tenderneſs,
As dying Fathers bleſs their weeping Sons with:
And were I not a King, Thou ſtill wert happy.

Har. Canſt Thou, then, mourn the Sorrows thou haſt caus'd me?
Am I ſtill lov'd?—I thought thou hadſt deſpis'd me.

K. *Hen.*

K. *Hen.* Still I regard Thee, with the same Desires;
Gaze, with the same transporting Pleasure, on Thee,
As when our bounding Souls first flew together,
And mingled Raptures in consenting Softness.
But Kings must have no Wishes for Themselves!
We are our People's Properties! Our Cares
Must rise above our Passions! The public Eye
Shou'd mark no Fault on Monarch's; 'Tis contagious!
Else I, to Death, had borne the dear Delight,
And, bless'd in mutual Transport, still liv'd Thine!
Call it not Guilt then, 'twas a dire Necessity!
And what remains is tend'rest Penitence,
And wish'd Atonement.—For the first, my Soul
In never-ceasing Anguish mourns thy Mis'ry:
Were the last possible, my Love wou'd reach it;
But where the Ill's incurable, how vain!
To rack the Suff'rer with our useless Cordials!
What I cou'd do, was done; but thy Disdain
Made frustrate all my Watchings o'er thy Fortune;
And, now ———

Har. Enough; O! Yet too lovely *Henry!*
My aking Heart oppress'd, 'twixt Joy and Pain,
Can bear no longer the fierce Pangs it feels:
Take, now—but bless me yet once more; say, *Henry!*
Once Mine!—Dost thou, with Pity, think on *Harriet?*

K. *Hen.* Pity's too mean a Word to reach my Woe;
The Grief it gives me to behold thee thus,
Can but be *felt!*——'Tis not in Language, *Harriet,*
To clothe its mighty Bulk with due Description.

Har. Take then these Letters, and be happy still.
[*Gives him Letters.*
They will bring Safety to thee; Canst thou pardon me?
I shou'd have been consenting to thy Murder!

K. *Hen.* My sad Heart pardons thee, and hopes it from thee.

Har. Perhaps, when I go hence, we part for ever!
Pardon me, therefore, if I gaze upon thee;
My Eyes may never more behold thy Face!
The chilling Call of Death has warn'd me from thee;
And I shall be at Peace, e'er long, and Happy.

K. *Hen.* O! let me kiss away that mournful Sound.

Har. Forbear—My Soul, too sad to soften more,

Shrinks

Shrinks from the fatal Folly!——much oblig'd
By this Forgiveneſs, which has bleſs'd my Ruin;
By that kind Pity, which you heal my Woes with;
I have but one Way left to thank your Goodneſs;
I have one new Diſcov'ry, yet to make You,
[*Feeling in her Pocket.*
Containing the laſt Secret of my Soul;
I did not think, ſo ſoon, to have diſclos'd it:
But ſince, without it, you can ne'er be happy,
I ſend it, thus——— directed to my Heart.
[*Draws a Dagger, and ſtabs herſelf.*

K. *Hen.* Raſh Girl! What haſt thou done?—Uncle of *Exeter!*
Help me! Who waits without? oh! help! ſupport her!

Enter Exeter, *and* York.

Harriet! the injur'd *Harriet*, dies!——O, Uncle!
Her catching Graſp, by Fits, ſtrives hard to hold me!
Her ſtraining Eyes half burſt their wat'ry Balls!
Vainly they glare, to ſnatch a parting Look!
And Love, convulſive, ſhakes her ſtruggling Boſom:
Care comes too late;—Her quiv'ring Lips grow pale;
And frighted Beauty, loth to leave its Manſion,
Ebbs ſlow, with th' unwilling Blood, away:
O! ſee, the fatal Fruits of guilty Love!

Exe. The ſudden Wonder ſo confounds my Thoughts,
I know not what Advice to give your Grief:
Poor *Harriet!* was it Thee, I ſeiz'd for Treaſon?

York. Who waits there?--Gently take away this Body,
Place it within, till you have further Orders;
The mournful Object will but feed his Sorrow.
[*They carry off the Body.*

K. Henry *opens, and reads the Letters.*

K. *Hen.* O Uncles! Here is Treaſon will ſurpriſe You!
Letters to ſome, moſt near us, from the *Dauphin*,
Concerning a large Sum of Gold, in Bribe,
For our intended Murder, when the *French*
Shou'd firſt join Battle with us.

Exe. Heav'n forbid!
That ſuch falſe Traitors ſhou'd be near Your Perſon.

York. Have not the Villains Names?

K. *Hen.*

K. *Hen.* Would ye believe it? *Scroop!*
Exe. Lord *Scroop!* Your Bosom Favourite!
York. Is this possible?
K. *Hen. Cambridge*, and He, join'd with Sir *Thomas Gray*:
These Letters lay all open: Their Delivery
Was the last Token of poor *Harriet*'s Love:
How false, and slipp'ry, are the Wills of Men?
—— Admit the Counsel;——we'll take instant Care
To crush this Treason; for the rest in Hand,
Delay we, till to-morrow, all Debate.

Enter Scroop, Cambridge *and* Gray, *with others; who, with the* King, Exeter *and* York, *sit down at the Table.*

K. *Hen.* Surrounded, as we are, give us Your Thoughts,
My faithful Friends! for, sure, none here have Cause
To wish us Evil?——Think ye, the Troops, we head,
Will cut their Passage thro' th' opposing *Frenchmen?*
Scroop. No doubt they will, if Each Man do his Best.
K. *Hen.* Can we doubt That?
Camb. There's not a single Heart in Your whole Army,
That gives not full Consent to all your Wishes.
Gray. Never was Monarch more belov'd, and fear'd,
Than is Your Majesty——There's not, I think,
Among Your happy Millions, one griev'd Subject.
Scroop. The Men, who were your Father's Enemies,
Have steep'd their Gall in Honey; and obey You,
With Hearts brimful of Duty, and of Zeal.
K. *Hen.* We judge no less——Uncle of *Exeter!*
Enlarge the Man committed Yesterday,
For railing at our Person;——we consider,
It was Excess of Wine, that push'd him forward,
And, on more serious Thoughts, we pardon Him.
Exe. Your Majesty is rich in Clemency;
And 'tis a Princely Virtue!
York. Kings, not more
By Pow'r grow dreadful, than rever'd for Mercy.
Scroop. Yet Mercy, sometimes, savours of Security;
Presumption should be punish'd, lest Example
Spread by Forbearance.
K. *Hen.* Oh! let us still be merciful!

Camb.

Camb. So may Your Majesty, yet punish, too.
Gray. You shew great Mercy, if this Fellow lives,
After due Taste of sharp Correction.
Exe. O! do not thus, with Cruelty's keen Breath,
Blow off, and scatter, the sweet Dew of Mercy;
When, from the Heav'n of Pow'r, that soft Rain falls,
The thriving State looks fresh; Dominion prospers,
And parch'd Rebellion shuts her drowthy Gapings.
Mercy is the becoming Smile of Justice;
This makes her lovely, as her Rigour dreadful:
Either, alone, defective:——but when join'd,
Like Clay and Water in the Potter's Hands,
They mingle Influence, and together rise,
In Forms, which neither, separate, cou'd bestow.
Scroop. Well has his noble Grace of *Exeter*
Declaim'd on Mercy!———Mercy is a Topic,
Copious and fair; but Men, who counsel Monarchs,
Must smile at naked Nature's moral Dreams,
And, skill'd in manly Rigour, cast off Pity:
Pity! that Waster of a Prince's Safety!
What! shall a Villain Hind defy his King?
Spurn at his Laws, and then cry——Help me, Mercy!
I wou'd have us'd my Sov'reign like a Slave,
And, therefore, must have Mercy———Out upon't!
'Tis the Priest's Rattle! Heav'n's Ambrosial Diet!
Too thin a Food for Mortals!—Men wou'd starve on't:
Mercy is soft, indeed, as his Grace says,
And so is Rottenness in hoarded Fruit;
Yet, is such Softness so far wide of adding
To the Fruit's Value, that, if not cut off,
It spreads Contagion, and o'er-runs the Sound.
Gray. Th'Advice is just, and I stand up to second it.
Camb. He cannot love the King, who counsels Mercy.
K. *Hen.* My Lords! Your too warm Love and Care of me,
Are heavy Orisons against this Wretch:
But, if small Faults, arising from Distemper,
May not be wink'd at, how must we stretch our Eye,
When capital, cool crimes, ripe and digested,
Shall come before us;—We'll howe'er enlarge Him;—
Now, to our other Business—Our *French* Cares.
We have thought fit to name three new Commissioners,

For

For what, the written Causes here will show:
My Lord of *Cambridge*, there is one to you?
This, *Scroop*, is yours? This yours, Sir *Thomas Gray!*
Read them and know, I know your Worthiness!
[*Gives them the* Dauphin's *Letters.*
Look! how they change! Why, how now, Gentlemen?
What find you in those Papers, that you thus
Lose your Complexions?
Camb. Sir, I confess my Fault; and 'twere in vain,
Now, to deny what may be prov'd too plainly!
Gray. I, also, own my Guilt.
Scroop. We throw us on your Mercy.
K. *Hen.* Mercy?——Dare Mercy's Foes lay claim
to Mercy?
You must not dare, for shame, to think of Mercy!
Your own Advice turns short upon yourselves,
And worries you, as Dogs devour their Masters.
Why shou'd you reap a Good, you envy Others?
See you, my noble Lords, these *English* Monsters!
My Lord of *Cambridge*, here; you all remember,
How he has shar'd our Favour;——yet this Man
Has, for a worthless Sum of shameful Gold,
Conspir'd to kill us, in the Cause of *France!*
So has this Knight, tho' no less bound to us,
By Acts of Grace, than *Cambridge*—But, Lord *Scroop!*
What shall I say to Thee? Thou, who didst bear
The Key of all my Counsels? Thou, who might'st
Have coin'd my Crown out into Gold, to serve Thee!
Canst thou wish Death to *Henry?*—Is it possible,
That foreign Hire can bribe my *Scroop* against me?
If that vile Dæmon, who seduc'd thee thus,
Shou'd, with his Lion Gait, walk round the World,
He might return and say to his fellow Fiends!
I cannot, in my boundless Compass, find
One Soul so easy, as that *Englishman*'s!
O! how hast thou, with Jealousy, infected
The Confidence of Friendship?--A Guard here instantly!

Enter a Guard.

Touching our Person seek we no Revenge;
But we our Kingdom's Safety must so tender,
Whose Ruin you have sought, that to her Laws
We must deliver you——Go, bear e'm hence.
[*Exeunt*

Exe. This, as an Earneſt of Heav'n's Favour, promiſes
A glorious Iſſue of our noble Enterpriſe.
York. So black a Treaſon, ſtrangely brought to light,
Removes a dang'rous Rub, from *England*'s Way.
[*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Exeter, *looking out.*

The Princeſs, in her Way to *Agincourt*,
Enters your Royal Camp, and paſſes nigh.

Enter Princeſs, *with* Charlot *and Attendants.*

K. *Hen.* Inſtruct my Wiſhes, fair and gen'rous Enemy!
What ſhall I do to thank you as I ought?
You have, in ſpite of Fortune, conquer'd me,
And I grow weak in Arms, as love grows ſtronger.
Prin. Tho' by the Duty which I owe my Country,
I muſt perforce regard you as a Foe;
Yet cou'd I not permit ſuch Worth to fall
By Treaſon, which by Arms I ought to wiſh
O'erthrown—but ſhou'd be glad to ſave, ev'n there.
K. *Hen.* From Honour's Leſſons I have learnt to know,
That He, whoſe Life you ſav'd, ſhou'd live for you:
I thought when, in your Father's Court, I firſt
Fed my devouring Eye with your Perfection;
I thought, fond Novice, and unlearn'd in Love!
I then felt Paſſion, which cou'd ne'er be heighten'd;
But now, inflam'd by growing Admiration,
As I come nearer your amazing Excellence,
Dazzled with Luſtre, I adore your Virtue,
Feel your whole Influence, and am loſt in Love.
Prin. It pleaſes me, that You thus own my Favour!
This noble Gratitude adorns your Nature;
I hope I ſhall not vainly put to Trial
This gen'rous Temper of your Royal Soul:
If I am half ſo dear to *Henry*'s Wiſhes,
As his too flatt'ring Tongue has painted me,
He will not, cannot, then deny my Prayer:
Accept the Terms my Father lately offer'd,
And pay me back the Debt you owe my Care.
K. *Hen.* That were to prove unworthy your Regard.
[*Alarm of Drums, Trumpets, and Shouts.*

Enter

Enter Exeter.

Exe. The *French* advance, on ev'ry side, upon us,
Spreading, like Mists, they cloud the neighb'ring Hills!
The *Dauphin* heads them; and they come determin'd,
To force us on a Battle.
Prin. Restless Brother!
Unhappy Accident!——O! Royal *Henry!*
How shall my Wishes speak, divided thus?
Kind Heav'n, at least, watch o'er thy noble Person.
And shield thee from the Danger of the Battle.
K. *Hen.* The Night comes on; and 'twere a braver Part,
To have their Courage witness'd by the Morning.
Madam! you see, I am not fond of Blood,
Your furious Brother throws himself upon me,
And if his Country bleeds, He gives the Wound:
Whate'er the doubtful Chance of War may be,
I bear such Memory of your Excellence,
As cannot die, but with me——Uncle of *Exeter!*
Be it your Care to see the Princess safe,
To *Aginncourt*'s near Castle——May you live
Long to adorn the World with your Perfections!
Prin. Farewell! and if we never more must meet,
Think 'tis our Fate, and not my Choice divides us.
[*Exeunt* Princess, Charlot, *and* Exeter.

Enter Duke of York.

K. *Hen.* Who's that?——Good *York.*
York. York, on his aged Knees,
Most humbly begs, since the proud Foe comes on,
He may command your Vanguard.
K. *Hen.* Gallant *York!*
Take and enjoy with Glory thy brave Wish:

Night's sable Scene is now so closely drawn,
The Foe, however rash, must wait the Dawn;
Then Skill in Arms assist my lab'ring Brain,
And give that Conquest Valour scarce cou'd gain:
The Souls of Leaders must inspire their Bands,
For all War's Fate lies in the Gen'ral's Hands.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a large Champian, with the Castle of* Agincourt *at a Distance: on the one Side, the* English *Camp; on the other, the* French.

Enter, on the French *Side, the* Dauphin, Orleans *and* Bourbon.

BOURBON.

NAY, never go about to dispute it; 'tis the best Armour in the World.

Orl. The Armour is excellent; but then rob not my Horse of his Due.

Dau. Will it never be Morning?——My Lords of *Orleans* and *Bourbon!* you talk of Horse and Armour; I'll not change my Horse for a Diadem —— Cha-ha —— Cha-ha —— he bounds from the Earth as if his Entrails were Hares! he's the Horse of the Muses! the *Pegasus!*——with Nostrils of Fire! when I once get astride him, I soar! I'm a Hawk!——He trots thro' the Air; the Earth sings when he touches it, and the basest Horn of his Hoof is more musical than the Harp of *Apollo*.

Orl. He's of the Colour of a Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the Heat of the Ginger! 'Tis a Beast for a *Perseus!* pure Air, and Fire —— The dull Elements of Water and Earth, never appear in him, but only in patient Stilness, while I mount him;—— *He* is indeed a Horse, and all others of his Kind, you may call Jades.

Bour. Indeed, my Lord! it is a most absolute, and excellent Horse!

Dau.

Shakespeare Les: Lairs / air

Dau. He is the Prince of Palfreys; ——Hs Neigh is, like the Bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. Well, but enough of him, Cousin!

Dau. Psha!——The Man has no Wit, who can't, from the rising of the Lark, to the Lodging of the Lamb, vary deserv'd Praises on my Palfrey! the Theme is as fluent as the Sea! Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse will be Argument for them All!——Will it never be Day?——I will trot him to-morrow, a Mile and a half, and my Way shall be pav'd with *English* Faces.

Orl. I wou'd it were Morning; for I wou'd fain be about the Ears of the *English!*

Bour. Who'll go to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Dau. Alas, poor *Harry!* He longs not for the Dawning, as we do! What a wretched, peevish, Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers, so far out of his Knowledge?

Orl. If the *English* had any Apprehension, they wou'd run away.

Bour. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Mastiffs!

Dau. Foolish Curs!——that run winking into the Mouth of a Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like a rotten Apple; you may e'en as well say, 'tis a valiant Flea, that dares breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Orl. Just!—— Just!—— and the Men, too, are much akin to the Mastiffs!—— rough, and robust, in coming on; but they leave all their Wit with their Wives;——And then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron, and Steel, and they'll eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Dau. Aye; but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef——Come, now we'll in, 'tis about two o'Clock.
And —— let me see by Ten,
We shall have, Each, a hundred *Englishmen.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, *from the* French *Side.*

K. *Hen.* Willing to view 'em near, I've been endanger'd
Beyond a Leader's Prudence —— Here I am safe:

Let me look back awhile, and pauſe for Thought. —
The Night wears off with ſlow and heavy Pace;
Now, creeping Murmur and the poring Dark,
Fill the wide Veſſel of the Univerſe:
From Camp to Camp, thro' the *thick Shade* of Night,
The Hum of Either Army ſtilly ſounds!
The outfix'd Centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret Whiſpers of Each others Watch:
Fire anſwers Fire; and thro' their paly Flames,
Each Battle ſees the Other's umber'd Face!
Steed threatens Steed in high and boaſtful Neigh,
Piercing the Night's dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armourers, accompliſhing the Chiefs,
With Clink of Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation:
The Country Cocks crow round us——mournful Bells,
From diſtance, ſend their ſlow and ſolemn Sounds —
The luſty *French* invite the drowſy Morning;
Proud of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soul,
They the low-rated *Engliſh* play at Dice for:
My poor, condemn'd, and thoughtful Followers
Sit, patiently, round their ſmall watchful Fires,
And inly ruminate the Morning's Danger:
Their lank, lean Cheeks, ſad Air, and War-worn Coats,
Preſent them to the diſtant gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghoſts!——Oh! Thou Supreme!
Thou! in whoſe Hand alone lies Victory!
Thou Maker of the Soul, that bows before thee!
Judge 'twixt my Foes and me ——If thou decreeſt
To bleſs me with the Pow'r of bleſſing others,
Preſerve my Life, for all my People's Safety!
But, if my Death can free my dear-lov'd Country
From any deep Diſtreſs my Life might cauſe her,
Oh, then! accept Me, as my Subjects Sacrifice,
And I have liv'd enough.——Safe, in thy Hands,
I reſt.——Receive me, if I'm doom'd to fall!
And, if to triumph, guide me! —— [*Exit.*

Enter Duke of York *and Soldiers, meeting* Exeter *and Soldiers.*

York. Stand! ——Who goes there?
Exe. The Duke of *Exeter.*

York.

York. Saw you the King, my Lord?
Exe. He, Royal Captain of our ruin'd Band!
Walks out from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Bids all good Morrow, with a gentle Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen:
Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
How dread an Army has surrounded him:
Nor does he dedicate one Jot of Colour
To the o'erwatch'd and weary Night——but looks
Fresh and Serene, and covers Apprehension
With chearful Air, and smiling Majesty;
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding Him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.
York. —— Oh! He's a noble King! Good Heav'n protect Him!
Of fighting Men They have full Sixty-thousand!
Exe. That's five to one—Besides they are all fresh!
York. Heaven's Arm strike with us—'Tis a fearful Odds!
O! *Exeter*, farewel! Embrace we close,
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven,
Then joyfully, my noble Friend and Brother!
Adieu, for ever!
Exe. Noble *York*, farewel!
O, that we now had here but One Ten-thousand
Of those in *England*, who do no Work to-day!

Enter King Henry.

K. *Hen.* Whence was that fruitless Wish? my Uncle *Exeter!*
No! my good Uncle! If we are mark'd to die,
We are enough for Loss!———and, if to live,
The fewer Men, the greater Share of Honour!
I am not covetous of Gold or Plunder,
Gay outward Things dwell not in my Desires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.
No; pr'ythee, wish not one Man more from *England*;
Let easy Passports make the fearful safe.
We wou'd not die in that Man's Company,
Who fears his Fellowship to fall with us;
Uncle! what Day is this?

Exe. St. *Crispin*'s Day.

K. *Hen.* He who outlives this Day, and comes safe
Home,
Will rouse him, at St. *Crispin*'s well-known Name;
The Man, who sees this Day, and lives old Age,
Shall yearly, on the Vigil, feast his Neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is St. *Crispin*'s Day!
Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars,
Old, as he shall be then, he'll not forget
What Feats he did this Day——Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his Mouth, as Houshold Words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury*, *York*, and *Glostet*!
Be, in his flowing Cups, freshly remember'd!
This Story shall the Good Man teach his Son,
And *Crispin*'s Day, henceforth, shall ne'er go by,
But we shall be remember'd in it!——We,
We Few, we happy Few! we Band of Brothers!
For He, to-day, who sheds his Blood with me,
Shall be my Brother, be he ne'er so mean.

Exe. Now shall our Country's Courage meet a Danger,
Worthy Her Warrior's Wishes.

K. *Hen.* Out-number'd, as we are, beyond Proportion,
Solely to trust our Valour, were but Rashness:
Discretion weighs the utmost Grain of Danger.
The Ground we cover, by yon Village fenc'd,
Secures our Rear;——On either Flank, strong Hedges,
And deep-trench'd Ditches guard us from Approach:
Line these with chosen Bands of *English* Archers,
And let Sir *Walter Orpington* command them;
Close let them shrowd their Terror, till the *French*,
Strong in fierce Cavalry, come pouring on,
To break our Front:——Then let our Archers rise,
And drifted Clouds of Death-wing'd Arrows gall
Their open Flanks——Hence will Disorder follow,
And, spreading dreadful, mix their Troops together:
Be that, brave *York*, the Signal for Your Onset;
Furious, attack, and making Inroad thro' them,
O'er the cast Horsemen, break upon their Foot,
And tread down Number, weakned by Confusion:
What more we wou'd have done, shall, as we pass,
Be order'd:—This Way, Uncle *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Orleans *and* Bourbon.

Orl. Well! Cousin *Bourbon*, is the Foe embattled?
Bour. When will the long'd-for Trumpet sound to Horse?
Do but behold yon poor and half-starv'd Band,
Our Show-dress'd War will suck away their Souls,
And leave them but the Shells—the Husks of Men!
There is not Work to busy half our Hands;
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each Sword a Stain—we need but blow on 'em,
The Vapour of our Valour will o'erturn 'em.
Orl. 'Tis positive, beyond Exception, Cousin!
That our superfluous Crowds, who swarm unuseful,
About our Squares of Battle, were enough
To clear the Field of such a weakned Foe.

Enter the Dauphin.

Dau. Sound out the Note to mount, Ha, ha, ha—Cousins! [*Sound to Horse.*
Yon Island Carrions, desp'rate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our Air shakes them, passing scornfully:
Big *Mars* seems Bankrupt, in their beggar'd Host,
And, faintly, thro' a rusty Bever peeps:
Their Horsemen sit unmov'd,——and the poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips;
And in their pale, dull Mouths, the moldy Bit
Lies foul, with chew'd Grass, still, and motionless;
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.
Bour. They've said their Pray'rs, poor Rogues! and stay for Death.
Orl. In mere Compassion, we should send them Dinners;
These *English* hate to die with empty Stomachs.
Dau. See! my Guard waits me yonder!——On, to the Field!
Come, the Sun's high, and we outwear the Day.
[*Exeunt.*

Sound

Sound of a Charge, with Drums, Trumpets, &c.

The Genius of England *rises, and sings.*

SONG.

Earth of Albion! *open wide:*
And give thy rising Genius way!
Swell with the Trumpet, and triumph with Pride,
At the glorioue Renown of this Day!
Look! behold! the marching Lines!
See! the dreadful Battle joins!
Hark! like two Seas, the shouting Armies meet!
Ecchoing Hills the Shock repeat!
And the Vale rings beneath their rushing Feet.

Now, hoarse and sullen beats the dead, deep Drum,
And mourns in sad, slow Sound the Overcome!
Now, thick'ning loud, insults the Ranks, that yield,
And rolls a rumbling Thunder, round the Field!
Now the Trumpet's shrill Clangor enlivens Despair,
And, in Circles of Joy, floats, alarming in Air!
Till the Wind, become musical, charms, as it blows,
And inflames, and awakens, the Foes!
Hark! Hark! ——— 'tis done!
The Day is won!
They bend! they break! the fainting Gauls *give way!*
And yield, reluctant, to their Victor's Sway!
Happy Albion! ——— *strong to gain!*
Let Union teach Thee, not to win in vain!

Enter in Confusion, Dauphin, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.

Dau. Death to my Hopes! All is confounded, All!
Reproach, and everlasting Shame,
Sit mocking on our Plumes! O! damn'd Witch, Fortune!
Fortune!
Let us not run away!
Orl. Why, All our Ranks are broke.
Bour. O! Shame, beyond Example? Let us stab
ourselves!
Are these the Wretches, whom we play'd at Dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?
Dau. Shame, and Eternal Shame! Nothing but Shame!

Let

Let us, once more, fly in, rush back again;
Disorder, that has spoil'd, befriend us now:
Let us, on Heaps, go die, and hide our Enemy.

Bour. We are enough yet living in the Field,
To smother up the *English* in our Throng,
If any Order might be thought upon.

Dau. Confound all Order now —— I'll to the Press.
Let Life be short, or Shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

After another Alarm, Enter King Henry, Exeter, *and Soldiers.*

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majesty.

K. *Hen.* Lives He, good Uncle!—Thrice, within this Hour,
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From Helmet to the Spur, all Blood He was.

Exe. In which Array, brave Soldier! now he lies,
Hack'd, and trod on, by the o'ertrampling Horse,
Larding the Plain:——and by his bloody Side,
Yoke-fellow to his Honour-giving Wounds,
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies:
Suffolk first dy'd; and *York*, all haggl'd over,
Comes to him, where, insteep'd in Gore he lay,
And grasps him by the Neck——kisses the Gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his Face;
Then cries aloud, Stay for me, Cousin *Suffolk!*
My Soul shall keep thine Company to Heav'n,
As in this glorious, and well-fought Field,
We kept together:——On these Words, I came,
And cheer'd him up; He smil'd me in the Face,
Reach'd me his Hand, and with a feeble Gripe,
Said, Dear my Lord! commend me to my Sovereign!
Groaning, he turn'd, and over *Suffolk*'s Neck
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiss'd his Lips;
And so, espous'd to Death, seal'd with his Blood
A Testament of noble-ending Love!
The moving and sweet Manner of it, forc'd
A Flood of Grief, which I wou'd fain have stop'd,
But had not left so much of Man about me;
For all my Mother came into my Eyes,
And gave me up to Tears.

K. *Hen.*

K. *Hen.* I blame You not;
For, hearing this, I muſt, perforce, compound
With wat'ry Eyes, or mine will guſh out too.

Enter Bourbon.

Exe. The Duke of *Bourbon*, from the *French*, my Liege!
K. *Hen.* Come you again for Ranſom?
Bour. No, Great King!
I come for free, and charitable Licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,
To book our Dead; and ere we bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common Men;
This my firſt Errand, Sir:
His Highneſs, the Prince *Dauphin*, comes to greet You,
And wou'd, if ſo Your Majeſty permits,
Propoſe new Terms, and meet in friendly Parley.
K. *Hen.* Our Ear is even open to the Call
Of honourable Peace——He has ſafe Conduct.

Enter the Dauphin, *the Princeſs* Catharine, *and* Orleans.

Dau. Once more victorious, and high-fated *Henry*,
We meet——Our Siſter, anxious after Peace,
And our dread Sovereign, and Imperial Father,
Committing to our Care the Public Safety,
We come, with mighty tho' unwilling Wonder,
To own the Hand of Heav'n in Your Succeſs:
Ten-thouſand *French* lie, breathleſs on yon Field,
Of whom but ſixteen-hundred Common Men!
On Your Side, if the ſtrange Report not errs,
Beſides the Duke of *York*, and Earl of *Suffolk*,
None elſe of Name——and of all other Men,
But five and twenty——Heav'n! thy Arm was here!
When in plain Shock, and even Play of Battle,
Was ever known ſo great, ſo little Loſs?
But we've not loſt to You——the Shame of Loſing,
Is overpaid by ſuch a Victor's Glory.
Stand in my Place: Be Regent over *France*,
Ev'n while my Father lives——and when his Days
Reach their nigh Period, Reign——and join the Kingdoms!

Take

Take my lov'd Sister, and be happy, Ever!
For me, prophetic Hope foreshews me Comfort!
I shall not long survive my squander'd Fame.
Sister! farewel;——the rest we leave to You.
[*Exit* Dauphin.

K. *Hen.* The Prince, high-minded, swells with gen'rous Sorrow,
And 'twere to injure him, to urge him back.
Now, since I call these matchless Beauties mine,
Peace shall break out, and, with enliv'ning Lustre,
Chase moist Affliction from the Widow's Eye;
All shou'd be bless'd, and gay, when You thus smile;
Nature shou'd dance with Joy, when Love, and Peace,
Thus twin'd together, shade the shelter'd World.

Prin. O! Noble *Henry!* spite of that Esteem
Thy glitt'ring Virtues strike my wond'ring Soul with!
Some Sighs must be allow'd to sad Reflexion,
How dear our promis'd Joys have cost my Country.

K. *Hen.* The tender Woe becomes thy gentle Nature;
Compassion is the humblest Claim of Misery,
And They, who feel not Pity——taste not Love:
Uncle of *Exeter!* send out, to stop
Pursuit, and stay the Hand of Desolation:
We must not waste a Country, we have won:
Command, that in their undissolv'd Array,
Our Foot kneel humbly, and our Horsemen bow,
And, ere they take their Rest, pay Heav'n its Due.

Thus have our Arms triumphant purchas'd Fame,
And warlike *England* boasts a dreadful Name;
O! that the bright Example might inspire!
And teach my Country not to waste her Fire!
But, shunning Faction and Domestic Hate,
Bend All her Vigour, to advance her State.

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EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

WE've *shewn Ye, Sirs! how* France, *of Old, was* got:
And, now, I'll tell ye, why we kept *it* not——
This Hero's *Son and Heir,——no warring Ranger!*
Luv'd Grace, *obey'd his* Wife, *and* hated Danger.
Our Harry *fought all* Day, *and* slept *all* Night:
Nor dreamt of gentler Joys than those of Fight.
Tho' bold in War, *His Feats in* Love *were faint!*
And this fam'd Champion *gave the World a*——Saint!
There *was a* Bliss!——*Oh! how was* Kate *mistaken!*
Such thund'ring Fame *must* mighty Hopes *awaken:*
But, tir'd with Action, Her Heroic *Lover*
Was found, in Peace *and* Wedlock, *no great* Mover.

There *lay the* Guilt:——*nor went unpunish'd, long;*
Weak *tho' the* Son *was, his ill Fate was strong.*
Urg'd by slack Reins, and quite broke loose, at last,
The Horse of Pow'r *th' unequal Rider* cast.
Then rose Division, Faction, and Debate;
And that rank Weed, Rebellion, *choak'd the State:*
Plunder was Law; *and Force, on both Sides,* Right;
And Rogues in Red ravish'd *with all their* Might!
Widows and Wives, were task'd to their full Skill!
And stubborn Maids *were*——pleas'd *against their* Will.
No Plots, *to hoodwink* Horns, *were then of Use;*
For the whole Sex made One allow'd Excuse:
Why, Dear, *what* Help for't?—I was vex'd, I swear;
But——had not been so serv'd, had You been there.

Now, for some grave Instruction, *from the Play,*
To send you, warn'd, *as well as* pleas'd, *away:*
Who,——by the Woes of a weak *Prince's Rule,*
Learns not to bless *the* steady, brave, *and* cool?
All that a Kingdom feels, of good, *or* ill,
She owes to her King's Weakness, *or his* Skill;
Still what the Monarch is, still such the State,
For a King's Conduct, *is his* People's Fate.

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